

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XVI, No. 3 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. SEPT. 1894

Orientalism at War

There are more Japanese in Korea than of any other nation, and her commerce is greater there than that of all other nations combined. According to treaty with China, however, Korea was recognized as a sovereign State by Japan, though China has from time immemorial been the suzerain of Korea. In 1885, when China was occupied in Tonquin with the French, Japan took occasion to profit by events and secured a treaty giving the Japanese equal rights with the Chinese to land troops whenever it became necessary for the preservation of order. Some months ago there was an uprising of the Koreans and the Chinese hastily deposited some 2,000 soldiers on her territory. The Japanese were not slow to follow suit, and when the armies met old feuds stirred them to acts which have resulted in a declaration of war. Geographically Korea lies between the islands of Formosa and Japan and the vast mainland of China, and she has been a bone of contention for countless years. We find a very readable account of the remote origin of hostilities between Chinese and Japanese in a paper by William Elliot Griffis, the author of *Korea, the Hermit Nation*, in *The Outlook*. "Korea," he writes, "has had her story of civil war, of feudalism, and of union. Yet even now, under what professes to be a monarchy, the two great groups of ex-feudal chiefs, represented respectively by the Queen and the Min clan, and the King and the Ni clan, devour the people. Little or no encouragement is given to industry, and Korea's story is one of chronic oppression and poverty. Her geographical situation is most lamentable. The jealousy between Japanese and Chinese is age-old and age-enduring. The Japanese, making a claim which before the bar of history is little short of mythological, say that in the second century they, through their Amazonian Queen Jingo, conquered the whole peninsula. Very probably one of the chieftainesses of a Japanese tribe in that misty era, when there were no clocks or almanacs in the little portion of Japan then known, did make a successful raid somewhere on the neighboring coasts. Certain it is, however, that during the Middle Ages Japanese armies fought often and valiantly in the land of tigers and ginseng, both against the natives and the Chinese. Japanese poetry, history, folk-lore and common speech are full of reminiscences of these patent facts. Furthermore, in 1592, Hidéyoshi sent over armies of veterans, which in eighteen days occupied the capital and all the fortresses between Seoul and the sea-coast, and which in one month reached the northern frontier. Then came the shock of battle between the hosts from China and the little Japanese armies. Valor and science often won the day against brute force united to local knowledge and patriotism. There is little doubt that had Hidéyoshi properly sustained his army the Japanese could have held Korea. As it was, they won "peace with honor," and retired after having

literally carried Korean industry, art, and skill bodily into Japan. The poor little country, devoured for seven years by friends that were worse than foes, and foes that ate up her organized industries as well as her food, remained a pitiable object, to be again, only thirty years later, overrun by the Manchu hosts. These Tartars allowed the Koreans to keep their hair, while imposing on the hundreds of millions of China the pigtail, which, from Emperor to laundryman, is still the badge of Tartar conquest and of Chinese submission. For centuries "the little kingdom" paid tribute heavily to China and lightly to Japan, but over forty years ago the peaceful armada of Commodore Matthew Perry changed the whole situation, and, by opening Japan, rendered China's ancient system of diplomacy hopelessly obsolete. Feudal and disintegrated Japan, like three hundred old bits of shoe-iron heated by fires within and beaten by the hammers of foreign diplomacy into a single Masamuné blade, became a startling apparition before the eyes of China. Welding into one Japanese and Latin rhetorical allusion, we may say that the sword of Masamuné hung by a hair over China. It threatened to cut to pieces her claims of Whang-Ti, or universal supremacy. With an alacrity and a sincerity that aroused the wrath of China and drew forth almost incredible insults from Korea, Japan adopted modern civilization, tore up China's almanac and threw the lunar calendar to the winds, accepted frankly and fully international law. Then, organizing a national army and navy on the best modern principles, Dai Nippon stood forth a girded athlete. Intimating to Korea that all past Japanese claims of vassalage would be forgotten, and her insults forgiven, Japan, following the example of the United States, sent the Japanese Perry, Kuroda, with a fleet prepared like Perry to do the right thing but to stand no nonsense. A treaty was made in which Korea was recognized as a sovereign State. Since that time the course of love, true or otherwise, has not always flowed smoothly between the two nations, and blood has more than once been spilled; but, apart from Japan's conceit, pride, and bullying (if these there be), China still acts according to her old precedents. She claims Formosa, the Riu Kiu (Loo Choo) Islands, and, apparently, Korea as part of her territory, or at least appanage."

Sport vs. Vivisection

An interesting problem but an old one, is put in a new light by a Dr. Robinson in the *Fortnightly Review*. It has been brought out by the warm discussions of the propriety of vivisection, which are a constant bone of contention in England. "What would all the good humanitarians say," he writes, "if some man of science, pursuing knowledge rather than pleasure, were deliberately to smash the leg of an animal, and lacerate its flesh with some blunt instrument, and, merely to save himself a little trouble, were to let it crawl about the laboratory with a com-

pound fracture and wounds unattended to, while he busied himself with something else? What if he were to commence an operation on a pigeon by wrenching off a wing and gouging out an eye, and then were to stroll off to lunch, and a game of billiards, intending to come back and finish the business when he had leisure? What if he were to tear open the abdominal cavity of a rabbit, and, rather than spend a quarter of an hour in completing the operation he had begun, were callously to let it die in all the unspeakable agonies of peritonitis? What, again, would they say, if, when the vicar dropped in to afternoon tea, and asked about the result of the experiments, our investigator were to smile and rub his guilty hands as he replied that he had had a most enjoyable morning? And, lastly, what would they say about the vicar, if, on hearing this shameless avowal, he joined in the abominable rejoicings of his host, and accepted a gift of the mangled carcasses of the victims? It may, perhaps, be argued that the animals wounded during an average day's shooting are not so numerous as are those annually subjected to painful experiments within the British Isles. Even if this be so, there can be no question that the creatures mutilated in "sport" suffer far more torture, in nine cases out of ten, than those experimented upon without an anæsthetic. When discussing the difficulty in measuring the sufferings of creatures which differ from man so widely in their mental functions, I ventured to express the opinion that hunted hares and foxes do not experience any very great amount of distress either from terror or from actual pain. But the case is different with the wounded hare or bird, which, for the time being, makes its escape. Here we may, with fair safety, apply our own experience of physical suffering. If we are suffering from violent toothache (to take an experience common enough to be of use as an illustration), we find that the moving incidents of the day so distract our attention as to render the pain endurable, and even the factitious bustle of a novel is often found to be an alleviation. But how different is our state in the long watches of the night, when the attention is perforce concentrated upon the source of pain, and that microcosm, fraught with hell-fire within, eclipses the universe and wraps us in an atmosphere of torment! This must be somewhat akin to the state of the mangled wretch which has been wounded by the sportsman's pellets and has crept away into some dark hole to die in peace. Its poor mind can have no range outside the consciousness of present agony. Every movement stirs up fresh tortures from the fractured bones and lacerated flesh. Food or water can only be obtained at the cost of acuter repetitions of its throes. So the hideous monotony of torture goes on, unalleviated by a touch of sympathy or a glimmer of hope, aggravated from time to time by burning thirst or the pangs from enforced change of position, until death, from exhaustion or the merciful jaws of a foe, puts an end to the tragedy. There is no man who habitually indulges in the sport of shooting but has repeatedly been the creator of such a situation."

The Business Depression

The past six or eight months has the distinction, according to Bradstreet's Journal, of containing the largest number of recorded failures in business in the history of the country. Nevertheless, the total amount involved was less than a corresponding period last year. Altogether there have been since January 6,528 failures of indi-

viduals or concerns. "The increased number of failures compared with six months of 1893 is 289, or 4.6 per cent.; with 1892 it is 1,177, nearly 22 per cent.; with 1891, following the Baring collapse, it is 491, or 8.1 per cent., and as compared with 1890 the increase is 1,062, or 19 per cent. The fact that relatively few large business failures have been reported during the past six months, particularly as compared with either the first or second six months in 1893, is made plain by an examination of totals of assets and liabilities in an accompanying table. Whereas, during the first half of 1893, the total indebtedness of failing individuals, firms and corporations, amounted to more than \$170,000,000, the corresponding total the past six months is only \$82,555,339, or 49 per cent. of last year's aggregate; the total assets of failing traders this year are \$44,970,825, only 47 per cent. of the corresponding total a year ago. The extraordinarily high proportion of assets to liabilities in the first half of last year—61 per cent.—was the natural consequence of the panic and consequent extreme restriction of credits, many highly capitalized concerns being forced to the wall which would not ordinarily have had to succumb. When the groups of States are considered, it is of interest to note that in New England, as elsewhere, there have been more business failures than in the first half of last year, although the liabilities have shrunk 70 per cent. In the four Middle States there have been 1,607 failures, compared with only 1,299 in the first half of last year, an extraordinary increase, although gross liabilities this year are 44 per cent. smaller. In thirteen Southern States and the District of Columbia there are only a few more failures this year, although liabilities have fallen away nearly 40 per cent. Five Pacific States show a somewhat more marked increase in number of failures, but the decrease in liabilities is heavier, fully 50 per cent. Eight Western States report only 1,455 failures in six months of this year, against 1,633 last, a decrease of 178, accounted for principally by fewer failures in Illinois and Kansas. Liabilities of failing concerns in Western States were 60 per cent. less in six months of this year than last."

The Strike not over yet

Among the contributions to the North American Review upon the subject of the recent strike is a paper by H. P. Robinson, editor of the Railway Age, which contains an interesting if somewhat alarming view of the ultimate objects of the defeated organizations: "The grievance of the men at Pullman—the question whether they should receive twenty-five cents more or less for a day's labor—was not the cause of the strikes and riots which followed. It was only an excuse for precipitating a conflict which had been already decided upon, and which must have come sooner or later. Those who have been in any measure conversant with the currents of thoughts in what are known as 'labor circles' have seen the clouds that were gathering, not only for months past, but for some years. Had the country not encountered the financial depression of the last twelve months, their breaking might have been delayed for some time yet. But it was a question of time only. The storm could not have been finally averted. The plans of campaign, which have been so long maturing, will not be abandoned because one premature and ill-advised excursion has miscarried. The writer has no

wish to be an alarmist, but it is desirable the people of the United States should understand thoroughly what the 'cause of organized labor' means to-day. The leaders of the cause may not consider that the ends which they seek to attain will necessarily have to be attained through bloodshed and by the force of armed rebellion. If it should prove possible through the instrumentality of the Third Party, and by combination with the various miscellaneous elements of discontent which are now abroad in the land, to reach by peaceful and constitutional means that mastery of society and that control of the machinery of government to which they aspire, they would unquestionably prefer it so. But let it not be forgotten that, whatever their preference for peaceful means may be, they fully believe themselves capable in the last resort of having the power to gain their ends by force, and clearly contemplate the possibility of having to use that power. When Senator C. K. Davis, of Minnesota, warned the members of the American Railway Union of his State, before the Government had decided to intervene with its military force, that they were "rapidly approaching the overt act of levying war upon the United States," he only stated a fact which was already entirely familiar to the leaders of the labor orders. They knew that they were embarking upon rebellion. The word had no terror for them, because as we have seen, they believed themselves to be strong enough to win. This is the situation which confronts the public. The labor organizations do not include a majority of all the workmen of the United States, nor all the organizations inspired with the same lawless and desperate spirit. In some organizations, whose leaders are parties to the conspiracy, it is uncertain how far, in the last resort, the rank and file of the members would give those leaders the support which they count upon. There still remains, however, a sufficient residuum of treason to make the prospect of an united uprising something altogether too serious to be lightly treated. The forces of rebellion have upon their side some members of the United States Senate, more members of the lower House of Congress, and three or four Governors of States; though how far these gentlemen have their eyes open to the real meaning of the doctrines which they encourage, they alone perhaps can say. The movement itself is not strictly a movement of anarchy, though it would have all the force of anarchy upon its side. That it is a conspiracy against the public peace there can be no question. The ear of the country is always ready to hearken to the cry of the workman. The heart of the country is tender and quick to be touched by the tale of the wage-earner's suffering. But the country cannot afford to be kind or soft-hearted to treason. Let no man flatter himself that these strikes are no more, and bear no deeper significance, than other strikes."

*Literature
of the Future*

A very ingenious and not improbable forecast of the future of authorship and reading is told by Octave Uzanne, in Scribner's, under title of *The End of Books*, from which we select this prophetic outline of the art which shall replace the printed book of to-day: "I take my stand, therefore, upon this incontestable fact, that the man of leisure becomes daily more reluctant to undergo fatigue, that he eagerly seeks for what he calls the comfortable, that is to say for every means of spar-

ing himself the play and the waste of the organs. You will surely agree with me that reading, as we practice it to-day, soon brings on great weariness; for not only does it require of the brain a sustained attention which consumes a large proportion of the cerebral phosphates, but it also forces our bodies into various fatiguing attitudes. If we are reading one of our great newspapers it constrains us to acquire a certain dexterity in the art of turning and folding the sheets; if we hold the paper wide open it is not long before the muscles of tension are overtaxed, and finally, if we address ourselves to the book, the necessity of cutting the leaves and turning them one after another ends by producing an enervated condition very distressing in the long run. The art of being moved by the wit, the gayety, and the thought of others must soon demand greater facilities. I believe, then, in the success of everything which will favor and encourage the indolence and selfishness of men; the elevator has done away with the toilsome climbing of stairs; phonography will probably be the destruction of printing. Our eyes are made to see and reflect the beauties of nature, and not to wear themselves out in the reading of texts; they have been too long abused, and I like to fancy that some one will soon discover the need there is that they should be relieved by laying a greater burden upon our ears. This will be to establish an equitable compensation in our general physical economy. There will be registering cylinders as light as celluloid penholders, capable of containing five or six hundred words and working upon very tenuous axles, and occupying not more than five square inches; all the vibrations of the voice will be reproduced in them; we shall attain to perfection in this apparatus as surely as we have obtained precision in the smallest and most ornamental watches. As to the electricity, that will often be found in the individual himself. Each will work his pocket apparatus by a fluent current ingeniously set in action; the whole system may be kept in a simple opera-glass case, and suspended by a strap from the shoulder. As for the book, or let us rather say, for by that time books 'will have lived,' as for the novel, or the storyograph, the author will become his own publisher. To avoid imitations and counterfeits he will be obliged, first of all, to go to the Patent-Office, there to deposit his voice, and register its lowest and highest notes, giving all the counter-hearings necessary for the recognition of any imitation of his deposit. The Government will realize great profits by these patents. Having thus made himself right with the law, the author will talk his work, fixing it upon registering cylinders. He will himself put these patented cylinders on sale; they will be delivered in cases for the consumption of hearers. Men of letters will not be called Writers in the time soon to be, but rather, Narrators. Little by little the taste for style and for pompously decorated phrases will die away, but the art of utterance will take on unheard-of importance. Certain Narrators will be sought out for their fine address, their contagious sympathy, their thrilling warmth, and the perfect accuracy, the fine punctuation of their voice. The ladies will no longer say in speaking of a successful author, 'What a charming writer!' All shuddering with emotion, they will sigh, 'Ah, how this "Teller's" voice thrills you, charms you, moves you! What adorable low tones, what heart-rending accents of love! There is no ravisher of the ear like him!'"

ANDREO'S LOVE: THE VENGEANCE OF PADRE ARROYO*

A SHORT STORY. BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Pilar, from her little window just above the high wall surrounding the big adobe house set apart for the women neophytes of the Mission of Santa Ines, watched, morning and evening, for Andreo, as he came and went from the rancheria. The old women kept the girls busy, spinning, weaving, sewing, but age nods and youth is crafty.

The tall young Indian who was renowned as the best huntsman of all the neophytes, and who supplied Padre Arroyo's table with deer and quail, never failed to keep his ardent eyes fixed upon the grating so long as it lay within the line of his vision. One day he went to Padre Arroyo and told him that Pilar was the prettiest girl behind the wall—the prettiest girl in all the Californias—and that she should be his wife. But the kind, stern old padre shook his head.

"You are both too young. Wait another year, my son, and if thou art still in the same mind thou shalt have her."

Andreo dared make no protest, but he asked permission to prepare a home for his bride. The padre gave it willingly, and the young Indian began to make the big adobes, the bright red tiles. At the end of a month he had built him a cabin among the willows of the rancheria a little apart from the others: he was in love, and association with his fellows was distasteful. When the cabin was builded his impatience slipped its curb, and he besought the priest to allow him to marry. Padre Arroyo was sunning himself on the corridor of the Mission, shivering in his heavy brown robes, for the day was cold.

"Orion," he said, sternly—he called all his neophytes after the celebrities of earlier days, regardless of the names given them at the font—"have I not told thee thou must wait a year? Do not be impatient, my son. She will keep. Women are like apples: when they are too young they set the teeth on edge; when ripe and mellow they please every sense; when they wither and turn brown it is time to fall from the tree into a hole. Now go and shoot a deer for Sunday: the good padres from San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara are coming to dine with me."

Andreo, dejected, left the padre. As he passed Pilar's window and saw a pair of wistful black eyes behind the grating his heart took fire. No one was within sight. By a series of signs he made his lady understand that he would place a note beneath a certain adobe in the wall.

Pilar, as she went to and fro under the fruit-trees in the garden, or sat on the long corridor weaving baskets, watched that adobe with fascinated eyes. She knew that Andreo was tunneling it, and one day a tiny hole proclaimed that his work was accomplished. But how to get the note? The old women's eyes were very sharp when the girls were in front of the gratings. Then the civilizing development of Christianity upon the heathen intellect triumphantly asserted itself. Pilar, too, conceived a brilliant scheme. That night, the padre, who encouraged any industry, no matter how eccentric,

gave her a little garden of her own—a patch where she could raise sweet peas and Castilian roses.

"That is well, that is well, my Nausicaa," he said, stroking her smoken braids. "Go cut the slips and plant them where thou wilt. I will send thee a package of sweet pea seeds."

Pilar spent every spare hour bending over her "patch," and the hole, at first no bigger than a pin's point, was larger at each setting of the sun behind the mountain. The old women, scolding on the corridor, called to her not to forget vespers.

On the third evening, kneeling on the damp ground, she drew from the little tunnel in the adobe a thin slip of wood covered with the labor of sleepless nights. She hid it in her smock—that first of California's love-letters—then ran with shaking knees and prostrated herself before the altar. That night the moon streamed through her grating, and she deciphered the fact that Andreo had loosened eight adobes above her garden, and would await her every midnight.

Pilar sat up in bed and glanced about the room with terrified delight. It took her but a moment to decide the question; love had kept her awake too many nights. The neophytes were asleep; as they turned now and again, their narrow beds of hide, suspended from the ceiling, swung too gently to awaken them. The old women snored loudly.

Pilar slipped from her bed and looked through the grating. Andreo was there, the dignity and repose of primeval man in his bearing. She waved her hand and pointed downward to the wall; then, throwing on the long, coarse gray smock that was her only garment, crept from the room and down the stair. The door was protected against hostile tribes by a heavy iron bar, but Pilar's small hands were hard and strong, and in a moment she stood over the adobes which had crushed her roses and sweet peas.

As she crawled through the opening, Andreo took her hand bashfully, for they had never spoken. "Come," he said: "we must be far away before dawn."

They stole past the long Mission, crossing themselves as they glanced askance at the ghostly row of pillars; past the guard-house, where the sentries slept at their post; past the rancheria; then, springing upon a waiting mustang, dashed down the valley. Pilar had never been on a horse before, and she clung in terror to Andreo, who bestrode the unsaddled beast as easily as a cloud rides the wind. His arm held her closely: fear vanished, and she enjoyed the novel sensation.

Glancing over Andreo's shoulder she watched the mass of brown and white buildings, the winding river, fade into the mountain. Then they began to ascend an almost perpendicular steep. The horse followed a narrow trail; the crowding trees and shrubs clutched the blanket and smock of the riders; after a time trail and scene grew white; the snow lay on the heights.

"Where do we go?" she asked.

"To Zaca lake, on the very top of the mountain, miles above us. No one has ever been there but myself. Often I have shot deer and birds beside it. They will never find us there."

* From *Before the Gringo Came*. Eleven stories of old California. By Gertrude Atherton. (J. Selwin Tait & Co.)

The red sun rose over the mountains of the east. The crystal moon sank in the west. Andreo sprang from the weary mustang and carried Pilar to the lake.

A sheet of water, round as a whirlpool, but calm and silveren, lay amidst the sweeping willows and pine-forested peaks. The snow glittered beneath the trees, but a canoe was on the lake, a hut on the marge.

Padre Arroyo tramped up and down the corridor, smiting his hands together. The Indians bowed lower than usual, as they passed, and hastened their steps. The soldiers scoured the country for the bold violators of Mission law. No one asked Padre Arroyo what he would do with the sinners, but all knew that punishment would be sharp and summary: the men hoped that Andreo's mustang had carried him beyond its reach; the girls, horrified as they were, wept and prayed in secret for Pilar.

A week later, in the early morning, Padre Arroyo sat on the corridor. The Mission stood on a plateau overlooking a long valley forked and silvered by the broad river. The valley was planted thick with olive-trees, and their silver leaves sparkled in the rising sun. The mountain-peaks about and beyond were white with snow, but the great red poppies blossomed at their feet. The padre, exiled from the luxury and society of his dear Spain, never tired of the prospect; he loved his Mission children, but he loved Nature more.

Suddenly he leaned forward on his staff and lifted the heavy brown hood of his habit from his ear. Down the road winding from the Eastern mountains came the echo of galloping footfalls.

He rose expectantly and waddled out upon the plaza, shading his eyes with his hand. A half-dozen soldiers, riding closely about a horse bestridden by a stalwart young Indian supporting a woman, were rapidly approaching the Mission. The padre returned to his seat and awaited their coming.

The soldiers escorted the culprits to the corridor; two held the horse while they descended, then led it away, and Andreo and Pilar were alone with the priest. The bridegroom placed his arm about the bride and looked defiantly at Padre Arroyo, but Pilar drew her long hair about her face and locked her hands together.

Padre Arroyo folded his arms and regarded them with lowered brows, a sneer on his mouth.

"I have new names for you both," he said, in his thickest voice. "Antony, I hope thou hast enjoyed thy honeymoon. Cleopatra, I hope thy little toes did not get frostbitten. You both look as if food had been scarce. And your garments have gone in good part to clothe the brambles, I infer. It is too bad you could not wait a year and love in your cabin at the rancheria, by a good fire, and with plenty of frijoles and tortillas in your stomachs."

He dropped his sarcastic tone, and, rising to his feet, extended his right arm with a gesture of malediction. "Do you comprehend the enormity of your sin?" he shouted. "Have you not learned on your knees that the fires of hell are the rewards of unlawful love? Do you not know that even the year of sackcloth and ashes I shall impose here on earth will not save you from those flames a million times hotter than the mountain fire, than the roaring pits in which evil Indians torture one another? A hundred years of their scorching breath, of roasting flesh, for a week of love! Oh, God of my soul!"

Andreo looked somewhat staggered, but unrepentant. Pilar burst into loud sobs of terror. The padre stared long and gloomily at the flags of the corridor. Then he raised his head and looked sadly at his lost sheep.

"My children," he said, solemnly, "my heart is wrung for you. You have broken the laws of God and of the Holy Catholic Church, and the punishments thereof are awful. Can I do anything for you, excepting to pray? You shall have my prayers, my children. But that is not enough; I cannot—ay! I cannot endure the thought that you shall be damned. Perhaps"—again he stared meditatively at the stones, then, after an impressive silence, raised his eyes. "Heaven vouchsafes me an idea, my children. I will make your punishment here so bitter that Almighty God in his mercy will give you but a few years of purgatory after death. Come with me."

He turned and led the way slowly to the rear of the Mission buildings. Andreo shuddered for the first time, and tightened his arm about Pilar's shaking body. He knew that they were to be locked in the dungeons.

Pilar, almost fainting, shrank back as they reached the narrow spiral stair which led downward to the cells. "Ay! I shall die, my Andreo!" she cried. "Ay, my father, have mercy!"

"I cannot, my children," said the padre, sadly. "It is for the salvation of your souls."

"Mother of God! When shall I see thee again, my Pilar?" answered Andreo. "But, ay! the memory of that week on the mountain will keep us both alive."

Padre Arroyo descended the stair and awaited them at its foot. Separating them, and taking each by the hand, he pushed Andreo ahead and dragged Pilar down the narrow passage.

At its end he took a great bunch of keys from his pocket, and raising both hands commanded them to kneel. He said a long prayer in a loud, monotonous voice which echoed and re-echoed down the dark hall and made Pilar shriek with terror. Then he fairly hurled the marriage ceremony at them, and made the couple repeat after him the responses. When it was over, "Arise," he said. The poor things stumbled to their feet, and Andreo caught Pilar in a last embrace.

"Now bear your incarceration with fortitude, my children; and if you do not beat the air with your groans I will let you out in a week. Do not hate your old father, for love alone makes him severe, but pray, pray, pray."

And then he locked them both in the same cell.

NOTE: Padre Arroyo was famous in his day for his sense of humor. Like all of that devoted band of priests who exiled themselves from civilization in order to plant ideas in the most hopeless soil ever confined within a human skull, he was a very clever and versatile man: he could do anything, from irrigating this same soil with holy-water to building missions, making nails, wine and tortillas, and illuminating manuscripts.

But cleverness was so universally distributed among these men—unquestionably they were a picked band—that they have acquired fame as a body: few of them stand out. People marvel at the ingenuity displayed in the decaying remnants of these old missions; the happy variety, yet racial resemblance in the architecture; the aqueducts; the massive fountains and fountains; the images of virgin and saints, carved by hand; the comfort and completeness of the dwelling-wings; the unfailing beauty of the situation; the tunnels for escape; the symmetrical vineyards. Consequently few attained individual fame. Sunipero Serra is the saint, Padre Arroyo the humorist of the band. The latter's favorite method of punishment for flirtatious neophytes was to couple them at the ankles and, after this infliction, he promptly set them to work in the potato patch.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

As Daylight Dies.....Bettie Garland.....Southern Magazine

This poem received the prize in a contest in the Southern Magazine, with over 300 competitors.

Afar beyond the range of old gray hills
The day's great stirrup-cup doth fuller grow,
All bubbling and aflame it overfills
Its gilded brim, pours forth in golden glow,
And red and yellow beads toss up and dye
The still, white clouds that bank the western sky.
A distant horn comes echoing through the trees,
The fluttering swirl about a new-made nest,
A quivering leaf, a stir of summer breeze,
The lowing herd around the silent crest,
The softened chirp of birds, low tinkling bells,
And night to day her plaintive secret tells.
The sky's deep wine no longer bubbles up,
Its red and yellow stain has paler grown,
And slowly settling down the emptied cup,
Leaves only rosy gleamings—thither blown
To light the gloomy disc of dusk's gray shield,
That lowers o'er the landscape, wood and field.
With muffled tread the silent hours move on,
And, tiptoe, Sleep, with wand of lotos flower,
Has smoothed Night's drooping eyelids down
And whispers in her ear from hour to hour.
So 'neath the mellowed light of starry beams
She silent lies enwrought in mist of dreams.

To a Canary (In Winter)...Wm. Hamilton Hayne...Sylvan Lyrics (Stokes)

The rill of music in your throat
Flows outward with each faultless note,
To touch the wintry gloom profound
With tremors of ethereal sound!
Perhaps in some miraculous way
You once imbibed the breath of May,
And in requital you are bound
To turn sad silence into sound.

Autumn.....William Watson.....Poems (Macmillan & Co.)

Thou burden of all songs the earth hath sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young,
And therefore blest and wise—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendor, strange and full of fear!
In vain her pageant shall the Summer rear?
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.
Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
Of Summer's bloom, the legend of the Spring!
And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing,
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme;
Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou at height of thy magnificence
A figment and a dream.
Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
And cold is August's panting heart of fire;
And in the storm-dismantled forest-choir
For thine own elegy the winds attune
Their wild and wizard lyre:
And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
The pathos of thy beauty, and the sting,
Thou parable of greatness vanishing!
For me, thy woods of gold and skies of gray
With speech fantastic ring.

For me, to dream resigned, there come and go,
'Twixt mountains draped and hooded night and morn,
Elusive notes in wandering wafture borne,
From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn;
And spectral seem thy winter-boding trees,
Thy ruinous bowers and drifted foliage wet—
O Past and Future in sad bridal met,
O voice of everything that perishes,
And soul of all regret!

Galway Bay...Archibald Perceval Graves...Harper's Magazine

In the golden Autumn gloaming
Our sweethearts loosed away,
And their hookers brown went foaming
Full race o'er Galway Bay;
But through all their shouts and singing
Broke in the breakers' tune,
And the ghostly gulls came winging
In flocks to the frowning doon,
And angry red was ringing
The rising harvest-moon.

Then we girls went back to our spinning;
But soon grew sore distressed
To hear the storm beginning
Far off in the wailing west,
Till fearful lightning flashes
Came darting round our reels,
And dreadful thunder crashes
Made dumb our dancing wheels,
While with lips as white as ashes
We prayed for our fishing-keels.

With the wild wet dawn we started
In grief to the groaning shore,
Where so lightly we had parted
From our boys but the eve before:
Then sure no angel's story
Ever spake such comfort sweet
As the cry of the coast-guard hoary,
As he sighted each craft complete:
"Our God has saved—to His glory—
All hands of the herring fleet!"

A Thames Picture....Robert Bridges....Shorter Poems (Macmillan)

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine:
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeplly the thickets to his floods decline.
Straight trees in every place
Their thick tops interlace,
And pendant branches trail their foliage fine
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows.
His stream alert to seek the pleasant shade,
Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes
Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.

His winter floods lay bare
The stout roots in the air:
His summer streams are cool, when they have played
Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows crunch many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees:
And laden barges float
By banks of myosote:
And scented flag, and golden flower-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

GEORGE MEREDITH: THE AUTHOR AT HOME*

BY GILSON WILLETS

George Meredith's new book, *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, just published by the Scribners, proves the author more than ever to be in prose what Robert Browning is in poetry. Each must first be understood before he can be enjoyed. Each makes the reader think, and thinking is exactly what only few of the great world of novel readers wish to do. His style in this, his latest book, is as intricate and as labored as ever. In this regard, Mr. Meredith is an intentional offender, for he believes intricate thoughts are most fitly expressed in an intricate style.

As I think all will concede, George Meredith's fame has come rather late in life. Nearly all his contemporaries, such as Mrs. Humphrey Ward, William Black, Thomas Hardy, and his special protégé Robert Louis Stevenson, have all surpassed him in popularity with the masses of novel readers. If a popular novelist means a widely-read novelist, then Mr. Meredith is certainly not popular. His novels are an illustration of the pitiful fact that the better the work in letters nowadays, the smaller becomes an author's circle of readers. In the meanwhile, however, good work tells, and Rhoda Fleming, Richard Feverel, and *The Egoist* have become classic literature and are taking their places on the shelf alongside the masterpieces of George Meredith's old friends, Reade, Kingsley, and George Eliot.

Many of his readers wonder if Mr. Meredith is as much of a "stylist"—for he has been called the greatest "stylist" in modern literature—wonder if he is as much of a "stylist" in private life as he is in his public writings. For the satisfaction of this wondering it might as well be known that, according to one who knows him well, he is a delightful talker but is never wearisome, and with all due respect and admiration he might be described as delightfully garrulous. He dominates the dinner table, and his sentences are marvelously apt. He stimulates your interest with his epigrams, enlivens you with occasional drolleries, and rests you with his ease and fluency of thought and expression. His voice, too, is very sweet, well modulated, and magnetic; though he speaks with a peculiar drawl after the manner of Mark Twain. Yet he is always gracious and graceful in all he says and does, and acts the courtier even with those he rather dislikes.

In person he is tall and slender, with a pale face delicately cut like a cameo, with frosted hair and beard, all bearing a strong resemblance to the elder Lytton. His dress at his country-place, in the county of Surrey, always consists of a belted Norfolk jacket, gray trousers to match, immaculate linen, with a very low turned-down collar and a soft hat. His house is in the outskirts of dull, quiet, Box Hill—one of your good, old-fashioned country-houses with large square rooms, standing amid a grove of trees older than their owner. It is all plain and unpretentious, the furnishings are modest almost to bareness; but the supreme content and uniform good spirits of its lord, and the sweet presence of its mistress, the novelist's daughter, make it a home in the truest sense of the word. From the front windows of the house the author has a view for miles across sloping

meadows, while at the back of the house there is a small wood in the edge of which the novelist has built a summer-house which he uses for his study and oftentimes for a sleeping-room. He has been twice married, but is now a widower. Besides the daughter already mentioned, who presides over his home, he is fortunate in having a son, a fine, manly young fellow of courtly presence.

The novelist's habits are quite similar to many writers of the time; that is, he writes for three or four hours early in the day, say from 1,100 to 1,200 words. The afternoons he devotes to study and translation of and from the classic authors. He is a thorough linguist, and is saturated with the literature of many nations, especially with that of Germany, where his education was partly obtained. He was born in Hampshire, was trained in the law, but abandoned it in the days of Dickens and Thackeray for literature. He is a special lover of children, who often flock to his house in the afternoons.

His latest story is an elaborate illustration of the philosophy which has perverted Scripture so as to read, "What man has joined together true love may put asunder." For here is the story of *Aminta*, Countess of Ormont, who, having no love for her elderly husband, leaves him at last and goes away across seas with his private secretary, the old love of her school-girl days.

In conclusion, let me give the plot in silhouette. Lord Ormont is a British officer rapidly nearing his three-score and ten years. He is the idol of two schools, a boys' school and a girls' school. The lion of the boys' school is "Matey" Weyburn; the lioness of the girls' school is "Browney" Farrell. These schools pass and repass every day in the streets of the town. One day the eyes of Browney Farrell met the eyes of Matey Weyburn. That began it, and they soon learn that they were made for each other. But an officious aunt separates them. Seven years roll by and Browney weds the old officer and becomes *Aminta*, Countess of Ormont. The old soldier carries his discipline even to affairs of the heart, and is the marshal even in his emotions. After a while, Matey is introduced into their house as Lord Ormont's secretary. Then begins for *Aminta* the long struggle between duty and love. Duty wins now, then love; then a sense of duty holds sway again. The denouement comes at last, a denouement described as only a master could describe it. They had parted as romantic people usually part, forever. Weyburn, en route to found an international school in Switzerland, is standing on the deck of the "*Susan*," outward bound, close in shore on the southern coast. He sees Browney bathing, pointing for the sea. A grand smooth swell of the waters lifts her, and her head rises to see the world. The desire to be alongside of her sets his fingers fretting at his buttons. The impulse is too strong. Free of boots and socks, and singing out, he goes in. She sees the dive and waves her white arm. Then she swims away from him. He overtakes her, they swim together awhile, then turn toward the ship—and that's the end. *Aminta* leaves her lord and sails away with her life-love. Lord Ormont learns of it, even sends his grandnephew to their school for instruction, and dies of a broken heart.

* Written for *Current Literature*.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Mrs. Sarah M. H. Gardner,
Author of *Quaker Idyls*

Mrs. Sarah M. H. Gardner, a selection from whose delightful *Quaker Idyls* is given on page 243, is a native of Western New York, born of Quaker parents, her father being a member of the widely known Pell family. His name, Richard Pell Hunt, will be remembered as that of a prominent abolitionist and extensive manufacturer. Mrs. Gardner made an early marriage and passed many happy years as the centre of a delightful circle. So happy, indeed, that little thought of literary effort was entertained, although she contributed to the children's magazines in order to give pleasure to her own sons and daughter. The death of her husband in Lawrence, Kansas, whither they had removed, changed the horizon. Always a delicate woman, she spent some time in Colorado, and then went with her children to Germany, where they were placed under instruction. From Europe Mrs. Gardner continued her correspondence with several newspapers, her letters to the *Lawrence Journal*, under the pseudonym "Cricket on the Hearth," forming a memorable record of foot travel in the remoter districts of Germany, the Alps and Riviera. For a few years she has lived in Andover, Mass., preparing a son for Harvard College. Although an occasional contributor to magazines and newspapers, her first books—given to the public almost simultaneously—are: *Quaker Idyls* (Henry Holt & Co., New York), and *The Fortunes of Margaret Weld* (Arena Co., Boston).

Francis S. Saltus and
His *Marvelous Work*

It is with great pleasure and pride that we present to our readers, on page 221, a selection of sonnets from *The Bayadere and Other Sonnets* by Mr. Saltus, recently published by the Putnams. No such work in sonnet form from the pen of a single author, has appeared since the days of Dante. D. G. Rossetti composed 103 sonnets. This volume contains 238 with nearly as many more to see the light, and all filled with marvelous poetic insight, rare imagination and power, vividness and poetic beauty in language. It is a sad commentary on the literary taste and criticism of our age that the writer of a cheap sensational English novel is known in a week from one end of our land to the other, while the name of Francis Saltus is unknown to but the small growing circle of his admirers, and his name is dismissed with a few lines in even the recent books on the literature of our nation if his name is mentioned at all. A mere catalogue of what he has accomplished is of itself most interesting and astonishing, but the full force of his genius comes only from the close, deep, sympathetic study of his work in individual communion with his master-mind.

Francis S. Saltus has been dead five years, and the world is only just beginning to appreciate this wonderful and versatile genius. This sad singer, this wondrous worker, this dainty, dismal, dreadful dreamer, was not only one of the most prolific writers, but the greatest genius in American letters. His prose writings surpass Hawthorne's in their beauty, his verse excels Poe's in its wonderful melody. But strange to say, his brother, Edgar Saltus, the novelist, is far better known than this man who, at the age of thirty-nine, slipped from the world leaving a literary monument which in size and

substantiality will mark the memory of the perhaps most remarkable literary man of his century. That monument is built up of some fifty volumes of poems, histories, stories, biographies, editorials, novelettes, humorous squibs, newspaper articles, and correspondence; all these decorated with two grand operas, four comic operas, and a thousand musical sketches.

Francis Saltus was indeed a worker. With a fortune, which made work for him no necessity, he was the hardest of workers. To aid him, he has twice traversed nearly every section of the world from Arctic regions to Australia, making himself in these wanderings master of twenty-three languages.

In poetry, his works consist of *The Witch of Endor*, and fifty long poems of Biblical subjects; *Flask and Flagon*, *Poems of Places*, *Pastels and Profiles*, *Flower and Thorn*, *Flesh in Spirit*, *Words of Madness*, *Songs of Sin*, *Sonnets*, an unnamed volume of French poetry, and two volumes of humorous poetry. Add to these his other poetic works called *Honey and Gall*, *Shadows and Ideals*, *Dreams after Sunset*, *Songs of Childhood*, *Songs of Zion*, *Songs of Shudder*, a volume of serious verse, one of comic poetry, two of Italian poetry, one each of Spanish and German poetry; with six volumes of Humorous poetry on *Theatrical and Musical Work*—and we find a poetic array against the name of this genius consisting of twenty-nine volumes. The last of his work in poetry is presently to be published—a book of fifty poems in twenty-three different languages.

In prose, he has written a life of Donizetti, an exhaustive work in two volumes of four hundred pages each and the work he has translated himself into German, French, and Italian. Besides this, there is the *Life of Rossini*, *Kings of Song*, *Monographs on Bellini*, *Rossini*, *Ronconi*, *Mercadante*—great baritones—a *Romance of the Opera*, and a *Musical Dictionary*, and over one thousand musical sketches. In humorous prose he wrote a comic history each of France, Greece, Germany, England, and Rome, *A comic Robinson Crusoe*, and more than one thousand sketches, not counting his comic *History of the United States*. Sum up with these a volume on *School of Music*, another on *Strange Musical Stories*, and still another on the *Planet Phones*, and two volumes of squibs and newspaper articles and criticisms, and we find his prose writings numbering twenty-eight volumes. It is evident from his numerous writings on music that Francis Saltus was also a musician, and so indeed, he did write two grand operas—*Joan D'Arc*, and *Marie Stuart*, music and libretto. In addition to these he has several comic operas to his credit, a score of popular waltzes, and over one thousand other musical morceaux, some of his arias being of the highest quality of music.

Miss Mildred Rutherford's
American Authors

"Who would read an American book?" a question once asked by a crusty Englishman, is now no longer a pertinent one. A volume of *American Authors*, by Miss Mildred Rutherford, just published, shows that America is not only rich in writers, but that her literature is equal in worth and variety to that of any country or age. *American Authors* is written as a text-book for high

schools and the lower classes of colleges and universities. The style is purposely simple and concise in order to attract and hold the attention of pupils. Miss Rutherford has divided the subject into five heads and treated it pointedly and systematically. The first head embraces Early Colonial Literature; the second, Later Colonial Literature; the third, Literature of the Revolution; the fourth, Literature of the Constitutional Era, and the fifth, the Literature of the Republic. She has dealt with over two hundred writers, giving a short biographical sketch of each and a list of their works, and at the close of each are a number of plus questions which are to the student as interesting as they are puzzling. These sketches are concise and delightful, being charmingly interspersed with anecdote and incident. This she does in order to interest the pupil in the private life and character of the writer, and to encourage the desire to know more of the author through his works. The book contains thirty illustrations.

So much for the character of the book, and now about the personality of its author. Miss Rutherford is a gracious lady, with an attractive face and magnetic manners. She is nearing the forties, and facetiously speaks of herself as an "old maid." She is a teacher by choice, having been engaged in this work for at least twenty years. Fifteen years of that period she has been principal of the Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., one of the leading colleges for young ladies in the South. Her tastes have always been literary, but her published works grew out of what she conceived to be necessities of her pupils. She first wrote *English Authors*, which she taught from manuscript, several years before it was published, and then followed *American Authors*, which she used in the same way before its publication. Finding that her first work, *English Authors*, interested her pupils, she determined to write a series, adapting them to school-work. Her busy brain is never idle, for after her boarding pupils have retired her pen begins its work. During the holidays, when travelling either in this country or abroad, she collects material. At present she is engaged in writing *German and French Authors*, which will be followed by *Bible Authors*, making in all a charming series of school and library books. Nor does she neglect the education of her pupils in the current topics of the day. She has in her corps of teachers one whose special work is in this direction. Current Literature has been used for some time as a text-book for the classes, and Miss Rutherford finds it has been "a most admirable help to familiarize students with leading political and literary questions of the day."

Leconte de Lisle, The Poet's Poet of France In the death of Leconte de Lisle, says the New York Tribune, France has lost the last of her great classical poets. There are those who say without qualification that she has lost the last of her poets. This is probably too pessimistic a view of the case. There are other poets still living in France. Even among the young "decadents," whom Leconte de Lisle first tried to win from the error of their ways and then set down as madmen, are some capable and promising writers. But scarcely in this generation shall we see another of commanding rank in the classical school. There will be no trouble in finding more popular poets than he. Indeed, he never was at all popular, and for only a few years was he even known as a living writer to his own generation.

Yet for most of his life he was a resident of Paris. St. Paul, Reunion, was his native place, where he was born seventy-six years ago. He spent his early manhood in travel. But before middle age he settled in Paris and spent the rest of his life there, going out to Barry the other day to die suddenly of heart disease in the beautiful country-house of William Beer, a nephew of Meyerbeer. Nor was he so much of a recluse as to hide himself from the public sight. For many years he lived in a suite of rooms in the Ecole des Mines, fronting on the Luxembourg Gardens. Every day he was to be seen strolling about the gardens or on the street, and was always a marked figure. He was above the common stature of men; erect, broad-shouldered; a smoothly shaven face, with a singularly high forehead and clean-cut, classic features; a vast mane of snowy white hair hanging down to his shoulders; black eyes that seemed to pierce you through, and a mocking, cruel smile. He wore a monocle, like an Englishman, and when he screwed it into his eye and twisted his mouth into a bitter smile he seemed a compound of Mephistopheles and Michael Angelo's Moses.

He had a kind heart, but a bitter wit, unsparing and wounding. He was also singularly proud and sensitive, so that he doubtless suffered more than he made others suffer. His home life was quiet and simple. Every Saturday evening he and Mme. de Lisle were at home to their friends. But their rooms, small as they were, were never crowded. A few old friends came, men who, like himself, belonged to a former generation. The young writers of the present day who set the literary fashions studiously kept away. They reckoned him an old foggy, out of touch with modern life, with whom it would rather discredit them to associate.

By the select few, of course, M. de Lisle was justly appreciated, and he had the honor of being received into the Academy under entirely unique circumstances. Time after time for nine years he was brought forward as a candidate, and rejected. Why? Because the Immortals thought too highly of him to take him in the ordinary way. They said, "There is only one man among us whom it would be proper for him to succeed. We will not humiliate M. de Lisle by putting him into the chair of any ordinary man. We will wait until the chair of Victor Hugo is vacant, and then elect him to fill it. No other place is worthy of so great a poet." This was actually done. After nine years' candidacy M. de Lisle was elected as the successor of Hugo. The address of welcome was made by Alexandre Dumas, and it is often referred to as one of the most eloquent ever heard in the famous hall. Nor was this the only honor received by M. de Lisle. The Second Empire made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and in addition gave him a pension, while the Republic bestowed on him the post of assistant librarian to the Senate, and raised him to the rank of officer of the cherished Legion. At one moment, in 1848, he had an idea of entering the political arena, but his friends dissuaded him, and he decided to devote himself to the Muses.

His disapproval of the young "decadent" poets of to-day has already been mentioned. Once they sat at his feet and learned the art of verse-making—Mellarmé, Verlaine and the rest, not to mention Coppée, Mendès, Sully-Prudhomme and others whose appreciation of him has not waned. But when they ran into their "decadent" fad he disowned them. "I cannot," he once said,

"understand a word they say. I think they are wasting their time and their youth to produce what they will burn in a few years. This is not only extraordinary, but sad. French and common sense are being entirely eclipsed. It is astounding. What, after all, is their symbolism? I will tell you. Take a few adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, substantives and adjectives; shake them all up, and you will have symbolism, decadentism, or whatever you like to call it. No, it is pure madness."

Capt. Jack Crawford's Hunt for Millions Capt. Jack Crawford, familiarly known as "the poet scout," says the *Chicago Lamp*, has sailed for Scotland on a mission which may result in proving him to be one of the principal heirs to the great Wallace estate, now held by the State of New York and New York City, and estimated to be worth \$20,000,000. The trip to Scotland is taken upon the advice of the New York lawyers who have been at work upon the case for some years, and believe that Capt. Jack will be able to obtain in Scotland the missing links of evidence necessary to perfect his own title and that of his immediate relatives on his mother's side to the lapsed estate. If the poet scout succeeds in this mission he will add the last chapter to one of the most remarkable and interesting "legal romances" ever in chancery in the United States.

In the early days of New York City, William Wallace, a Scotchman of peculiar traits, settled on Staten Island, and with traditional Scotch thrift and shrewdness, acquired not only a very large portion of the island, but also much land and many houses in the heart of the Knickerbocker town. On his broad and rich acres he kept herds of cattle, and wealth flowed into his coffers until he was known as "King" Wallace. In his remarkable prosperity, however, the eccentric bachelor did not forget those whom he had left behind in old Scotia. He wrote to Ruth Ann Wallace, his sister, to come to New York and bring her family of six children, urging that he would care for and educate them in a way that they could not be provided for in the old country. The sister immediately wrote that she would come to New York, and waited eagerly for the passage-money. Week after week passed without bringing her word from her brother William. She endeavored to get news concerning him through correspondence with others, but without results. After the lapse of about a year she learned that he had suddenly died, without leaving a will, before her letter reached him. In 1864 an uncle of the poet scout went back to Scotland to settle the family estate, and while there the little old leather trunk containing the letters of "King" Wallace was burned, thus destroying the most direct evidence in possession of the family to prove its claim to the immense properties left by William Wallace. The uncle soon returned to America disheartened and discouraged, and without sufficient money to prosecute the claim to the estate. About three years later this uncle suddenly disappeared in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. When last heard of he was at Sugar Notch, in Luzerne County, Pa. Although vigorous efforts have been made to find this uncle, no trace has been discovered.

Few men now living in the United States can boast of so varied and romantic a career as can Capt. Jack Crawford. When a boy in his teens he worked as a slate-picker in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. After the outbreak of the war, while still a boy, he ran away

from home in order to enlist in the union ranks. Soon after his enlistment he was seriously wounded, and while in the hospital he was taught his letters by the Sisters of Charity who attended him. After the close of the war he went to the far West and engaged in the United States service. His bravery as a scout caused him to be promoted to the position of chief of scouts, in which capacity he led the Black Hills rangers at the opening of that country. He helped to build the first cabin in Custer City, Gayville and Spearfish, and was one of those who named each of these places. Capt. Jack was with Gen. Crook through the Sitting Bull campaign of 1876, and led the famous charge, with Lieut. Schwatka, at Slim Buttes just after the Custer massacre. He also carried the New York Herald dispatches from Slim Buttes to Fort Laramie, a distance of 350 miles, making the ride through a country peopled with hostile Indians in less than three and a half days. In this ride he killed two horses, but received a check for five hundred dollars for his daring and success. From 1879 to 1881 he was chief of scouts under Gens. Hatch and Buell in the Victoria campaign, during which over five hundred men, women and children were slaughtered by the Indians.

Hamilton W. Mabie, Editor, Critic, Essayist Writing of Hamilton W. Mabie, Gilson Willets says: "Mr. Mabie, with his several books on literature and nature, has endeared himself to the hearts of thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic. His easy grace and simplicity of style has caused many young authors to extend to him that sincerest form of flattery—emulation. In reading his works their uniform gentleness and refinement leads one to place his books, when returning them to the shelf, instinctively alongside the works of Addison and Goldsmith and our own Irving. There is a sympathy in everything Mr. Mabie writes that appeals direct to the most sensitive reader. His interpretations of literature are among the most delightful of modern essays in that field, and show that Mr. Mabie has delved deeply in the subject he handles; while his appreciative studies of Nature lead one to think of a Wordsworth in prose. His writings, too, have induced many to turn aside from practical pursuits and study for themselves the endless beauties of Nature. It is apparent that Mr. Mabie's two fields of work harmonize beautifully, and the author certainly leads the life most consistent with his fields of work. His books reveal the man, indeed, for they paint his true character. He lives down in Summit, New Jersey, where three days in the week he devotes his morning to writing and his afternoon to walking. Walking, by the way, being the simplest form of recreation, is Mr. Mabie's favorite diversion.

He loves to loiter in the woods, by the brookside. In the open he loves to study the sky, where he finds scenery comparable in its changeable grandeur to the beauty of permanent landscape here below. When he calls upon any neighbor for five miles around about, he enters that neighbor's grounds afoot, and you may be sure this distinguished tramp is neither footsore nor weary, for by long experience he has learned to walk the way that tireth not. The neighbors referred to include literary companions such as Frank Stockton, Robert J. Burdette, R. K. Munkittrick and H. C. Bunner. In his walks, also, Mr. Mabie might call upon Mr. Edison and the Ballington Booths. Then, when the summer months swing round, the author betakes himself to a

quiet spot among the hills of Sullivan County in New York State, and there pursues his favorite tramping for days at a time. Mr. Mabie has also done some walking in Europe, though he disclaims the credit of any extended tours. He has trod many a road in England, though he makes no pretensions to know those roads as well as that famous walker, Mr. Gladstone. When in town Mr. Mabie devotes three days a week to editing, in association with Dr. Lyman Abbott, that cheeriest of religious weeklies—*The Outlook*.

Out at Summit his great rambling house uprises from broad seas of rolling, foaming daises like a lighthouse among the billows. "The acres upon acres round my house," says Mr. Mabie, "are not mine—but the view is, and I assure you I enjoy it." Within the house the author's library is walled about by some 4,000 volumes, and there at his table, opposite the generous open fireplace, Mr. Mabie writes the books which delight so large an audience both in America and England. Here he pursues his life as a close student, and here was written in 1882 his first book, *Norse Tales*. The book was the result of careful study of Norse Ancient History. This he followed with *Nature in New England*, *My Study Fire*, and others up to his latest book, issued last year called, *Literary Interpretations*. His next book will be a second volume of *My Study Fire*, to come out this fall. He has besides another out-door book blocked out. His works are in their fifth edition, and in the early autumn his publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., will bring out the sixth edition.

Margaret E. Sangster, the Editor of Harper's Bazar There is a woman in New York, says the *Detroit Journal*, who can claim warm friends in nearly every city and hamlet of this broad land. It is Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Sangster is on the border line of middle life, just where her brains and her energies are the most active and the most alert. She has a sweet face, serene and peaceful in expression, crowned with white hair and with steadfast blue eyes that look out into the world in the kindest fashion, and a mouth that is capable only of the gentlest and most helpful utterances. Her whole atmosphere is that of restful strength. It emanates from the mother heart, for in every way she suggests the highest phase of motherhood. For Mrs. Sangster has seen two little ones grow up, and has sent them away, as mothers have to do and have had to do from the beginning, to make homes for themselves. The story of her achievement is a simple one, and in its simplicity lies its charm. It shows what a quiet woman may accomplish who has a purpose in life and goes steadfastly to work, making no flourishes of trumpets. Mrs. Sangster's first literary venture, soon after the close of the late war, was in the line of poetry, and was immediately successful.

She sent a poem to the *Independent*, which was accepted and paid for. The liberality of the paper surprised her, and the readiness with which her work was accepted encouraged her, and she kept on from that time in the pathway which she had chosen. She found a ready market for her poetical works and soon became absorbed in her new avocation. She tells with a twinkle in her eyes of the poem that she had accepted by the *Atlantic*, a fact that at the time she thought set the final seal of success on her work. About that time she became the editor of the *Hearth and Home*, a position

which she held for some time, writing all the time for other periodicals. She finally became associated with the Harpers as a reader of manuscripts, and also as the head of the departments in *Harper's Young People*. With all her editorial work Mrs. Sangster has found time during the past year to compile a book of poems which have been published by the Harpers, and to which she gave the suggestive title, *On the Road Home*.

Standish O'Grady, the Rising Irish Author Standish O'Grady, whose Irish work has of late met such wide and distinct recognition, was, says the *London Literary World*, for many years a literary toiler to whom fortune was singularly unkind. A few admired his power, his diverse intellectual gifts, his graphic and luminous style; but book after book appeared, yet fame and the appreciation of the many seemed as far off as ever. "The sombre immortality of the book-shelf," to use his own words, seemed in store for him. Lately, however, the tide in his literary affairs occurred, and seems to have been taken at the flood. Mr. O'Grady is nearly forty-eight years of age, for he was born in September, 1846, at Castletown Berehaven, County Cork, of which town his father was the rector. After a course of private and other tuition he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where in his twenty-second year he took the degree of B. A. Four years later he married a County Cork lady, Miss Fisher. Like other members of his family, he had a strong leaning toward the law at one period, was called to the bar, and practised at the profession for a time. Literature, however, proved a stronger force, a labor of love, though not of profit, while the kindred pursuit of journalism—he had joined the staff of the *Dublin Daily Express*—if it did not bring him fame, at least brought him a meet recompense.

He sat down with a will in the seventies to explore and interpret the worlds of Irish history and legend, then more puzzling and wildering to students than today. He wrote with much enthusiasm, seeming to have found a veritable treasure-world in early Irish historical lore, though for some time he had not quite made up his mind as to what was real, in whole or part, and what only the fancy-flourishes of the bards. His *History of Ireland: the Heroic Period*, is perhaps the most luminous and graphic book on an Irish historical subject issued in the last decade. The first volume appeared in 1878, the second in 1880. Mr. O'Grady is thorough or nothing, and so anxious was he to make his history comprehensive that he carried his story of Ireland back to an æon long before the glacial period. One volume of a *History of Ireland, Philosophical and Critical*, followed this book, but the influence of the legendary magic was too much for his philosophy, and permeated the new study as well as the old. It is only within the last couple of years that these and other books of his secured the audience they deserve. In 1882 appeared *The Crisis in Ireland*, a work of the living present—a powerful alarmist little book intended to arouse the Irish landlords to their position.

His principal political work is on Toryism and the Tory Democracy. The Elizabethan period of Irish history next attracted him, and *Red Hugh's Captivity*, a novel, or rather study, with some powerful scenes, was the result (1889). The stories published in *The Bog of Stars* (*New Irish Library*) are in some measure a sequel to this book; many characters that moved

around Red Hugh, or flitted across his landscape, we now see in the world of their strifes, sports, loves, and loyalties. The Story of Ireland, Mr. O'Grady's latest historical volume, was a much-discussed book. Ere the critics had said their last on it, the author appeared with a new offering of marvel and adventure, Lost on Du-Corrig. He has written some Irish poetry, and a collection of his legendary studies in this line should be another acceptable book. Mr. O'Grady bears all his honors calmly. He is a slight, trimly-built man, brisk, simple, and genial. As a speaker he has not all the ease and quickness of the Celt, but his speeches furnish much food for thought.

Gerhardt Hauptmann,
Author of Hannele

Gerhardt Hauptmann, the talented young German, creator of Hannele, the strange, mystic play that gave birth to such heated controversy upon its production recently in New York, is a native of Silesia, where he has spent the greater part of his life. He is, says Jane Dodson O'Hern in the *Dolgeville Herald*, but 31 years of age and first came into public notice about five years ago, when the production of *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (Before Sunrise) by a Berlin theatre suddenly brought him into notoriety. Since then he has given forth six plays and a clever little volume of sketches, and so phenomenal has been his success that he has already come to be regarded by the intellectual playgoers and artists of his native land as the successor of the immortal Goethe. While many people fail to agree with his enthusiastic admirers to such an extent, certain it is that since his meteoric flight from obscurity to fame he has gained for himself a place in the foremost rank of greatest living dramatists, of which Henrik Ibsen is recognized by the leader. Hauptmann has been accused of imitating the great Scandinavian genius, but Hauptmann himself declares that he is a follower of no one, although he confesses to inspiration from Goethe, whom he aims to emulate and by whom he reverently swears. But he is no more a follower of Goethe than he is of Ibsen. His genius is individual and unique. He is the pioneer of a new school in dramatic art, as Wagner was in the world of music, and like Wagner he was compelled to fight a hard fight for his artistic ideals before the public would accept him.

Hauptmann has been claimed by nearly all creeds. The atheists, socialists, naturalists, realists, mystics, Protestants and Catholics have in turn claimed him. If we were to judge by his face and dress, we would assuredly set him down in our minds as either a Catholic priest or a Church of England clergyman. But although monastic in appearance, Hauptmann is not an ascetic. He is indeed a follower of no especial creed, though while at times manifesting a tendency to each, he evinces hostility to none. Every creedist can find something that appeals to his own particular doctrine in Hauptmann's works. So true is this that when Emperor William, who is a Protestant, witnessed the performance of Hannele he hailed Hauptmann as the creator of a new Protestant drama, while his Roman Catholic brother monarch, Francis Joseph of Austria, declared Hannele to be a true exponent of popery. Hauptmann himself confesses to no conventional dogma. His creed is purely one of æstheticism, his one great desire being that for moral, mental and artistic freedom—the passionate craving to be rid of all conventional fetters imposed either by church or society. To the ordinary observer Gerhardt

Hauptmann does not convey the idea of being an unusual man. He is absolutely unassuming in manner, but to a close observer the wonderful intellectuality of his face suggests rare possibilities in the man. He is of medium height and slender, his eyes are blue, his forehead fine, his mouth firm, the whole face radiating great concentration of mind, combined with a certain sadness and at times acute irony of expression.

Paul Heyse, Germany's
Great Novelist

Of Paul Heyse, whose *Divided Heart and Other Stories* has just been published by Brentano's, in a beautiful volume translated by Constance Stewart Copeland, *The Outlook* says: Among the very few contemporary German writers known to the world is the distinguished novelist, Paul Heyse. German scholarship is as productive and influential as of old, but literary activity and fertility have greatly diminished in the country of Goethe and Heine. Since the death of Freiligrath no German poet is widely known outside his own country; Herman Grimm is one of a very few essayists and critics; while among novelists (since the death of Auerbach), Spielhagen, Freytag, and Heyse only have international reputations; for Dr. Ebers, in spite of his popularity, can hardly be ranked with the greater novelists. Freytag has ceased to write fiction, and the work of Spielhagen has fallen so far below its old-time level that he can no longer be regarded as his own rival. Paul Heyse, therefore, stands practically at the head of the novelists of his country. Born at Berlin in 1830, the son of an eminent philologist, the novelist was surrounded from his youth by scholarly associations.

He went through the preparatory course, and made philology the chief subject of study in his university days at Bonn and at Berlin. His instinct for writing manifested itself at an early age, and at twenty-one he had already published a tragedy dealing with the story of Francesca da Rimini, and a number of minor poems and short stories, which gave promise of notable work in the future and awakened great expectations among his friends. His interest in verse was shown by three epic poems, *The Bride of Cyprus*, *Thekla*, and *Syritha*. He has published, in addition, several volumes of miscellaneous verse, characterized, for the most part, by a singular combination of psychology insight and sensuous expression. A considerable number of dramatic works bear witness to his versatility and knowledge of stage requirements, but have not added greatly to his reputation. It is, however, as a novelist that Heyse has achieved the highest success and gained the widest reputation. He is one of the few admirable German writers of short stories. He has qualities rare among German writers—power of condensation, sense of proportion, and sense of form.

In 1873 *Die Kinder die Welt* appeared, and at once threw all Heyse's earlier successes into eclipse. This striking novel was followed two years later by *Im Paradiese*, and by these two long stories Heyse is probably best known outside his own country. Both novels portray art life and deal with art themes. They are eminently successful in reproducing the atmosphere of that life as it exists at Munich, Dresden, and other art centres in Germany, and they are peculiarly interesting to American readers because they portray a kind of life practically unknown in this country. Some one has recently spoken of the confused relations between the sexes in dramatic

circles in Bavaria; in Heyse's stories, so far as these matters are concerned, one lives in a society which is apparently unconscious of any moral quality. In power of delineating character, in skill of portraiture, in richness of sentiment, and in narrative force Paul Heyse stands high, not only among German writers, but among contemporary novelists without regard to national lines.

*Mrs. Atherton's
California Stories*

Gertrude Atherton has made a specialty of writing of Spanish life in California as it was previous to 1846. She has given vent to this specialty for more than a year in the form of short stories published in various magazines. These stories have just been collected and published under the name of *Before the Gringo Came*, an extract from which is given on page 196 of this number, under the title *The Vengeance of Padre Arroyo*. An interviewer writes of a recent chat with the author: I found Mrs. Atherton in her home in New York City, where, contrary to common custom, she is spending her summer. "I have been immured in the country all winter," she said. "But I have come to Gotham for the summer, first, because I like the city best in the hot months, and second, because here I can see people. Yes," she went on, "I have a new field in writing about early Spanish life in California. The strange thing is that having been born and brought up in California, I never realized what an excellent literary field it was till late years. One day, about four years ago, I went to this section of my native State for a day's outing, but was so fascinated with the interesting things I found, that I extended the outing through an entire season, talking with the oldest inhabitants, making my home in their quaint old Spanish houses and living over again the Spanish life of the years before Uncle Sam paid his money for the territory. But you can read all about that in my book. What shall I do next? Well! I've done it. It's a novel. A novel without a moral purpose other than to carry out the novelist's legitimate purpose of acting as an historian of human emotions and to help show if possible that this is a great, big, beautiful world, if people will only try and see its beauty. The sooner people, especially women, learn this latter truth, the sooner will come the death of cynicism and pessimism among them. If I have tried to show anything in this novel, it is that if one tries to realize one's ideal, be that ideal good or bad, high or low, one can be happy.

"Where do I do my work? Well! You see I am a free lance, a real Bohemian, so I go to some country-place where I can live alone with my mind's characters and go with their story until it is finished. The novel I have just completed was written in a quiet corner of Yonkers, near the former home of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, a place where I could look across the Hudson, or stroll across to silent fields toward Long Island Sound. There I lived for six months aside from the world, retiring at an early hour and rising with the sun. I usually work all day with the exception of two hours, which I devote to walking. And still you ask: What shall I do next? Well, early this fall, I shall go to England and remain there a year at least. Why? Oh! because I have literary intentions upon certain parts of England, and because I have fallen into the good habit of visiting the places and living with the people about whom I wish to write. And yet I think it unwise to know people too well. It

is best, I believe, for a writer to get simply a general impressionist view of the character of those he means to portray. Then he can retain his ideal of them. To go into detail of a character's character, I hope it is not cynical to say, 'Often results in the destruction of the ideal.'

*Mrs. Burton Harrison's
Literary Success*

Mrs. Burton Harrison is unquestionably forging her way to the front as a novelist, says Edward W. Bok in the *Philadelphia Times*. Ever since her great success with *The Anglomaniacs* her progress has been steady and secure. She will shortly give to her public quite a good deal from her pen. A short story by her, called *A Merry Maid of Arcady*, will first see print in *Harper's Magazine*, and a novel she has just finished, entitled *An Errant Wooing*, will begin in the *Century* next November. It will be illustrated by Albert E. Sterner. The romance has an international flavor, and opens in an English country-house, changes to New York, but only for a chapter or two, to embark its characters to Morocco and Spain, the story ending by moonlight in the *Alhambra*.

An American girl is heroine of the story, and in her Mrs. Harrison believes she has created a character that will be very acceptable. Scribner's will have an article by her on the different forms of social life in the metropolis. But the novel upon which Mrs. Harrison's affections are really centered is called *A Bachelor Girl*, and upon the conclusion of this she is now engaged. This story in its characters and general atmosphere, will suggest all the snap and vivacity which made *The Anglomaniacs* so popular. It is a thoroughly up-to-date society novel, and deals entirely with New York social life, its men and women, and the questions of the day. *A Bachelor Girl* is now running in the *Century Magazine*, and of it Mrs. Harrison's friends are expecting even more success than that made by *The Anglomaniacs*, and there is every reason to believe they are justified in their belief as to its popularity with magazine readers.

Of Mrs. Harrison it may be truly said that she writes because of her love for the pen. Few writers seem to take a keener delight in the development of their characters than does she. Last winter she practically shunned society to give herself over to work, and when the position of a leading New York society woman is taken into account, this means considerable. Mrs. Harrison is comfortably well off; her husband is one of the most prosperous of New York lawyers, and there is no occasion for the author of *The Anglomaniacs* to write except for love of it. She writes easily and accomplishes a great deal in a morning's work.

Her stories are written rapidly, in fact her pen fairly flies over the paper when a society story is under way. In depicting social life Mrs. Harrison naturally feels much at ease, and her thorough knowledge of every phase of it, simply means the shaping of her thoughts in language. She never portrays individuals in her books, although I should think the temptation would be very great. "I take composite photographs of half a dozen people, and make one portrait of them," she explained recently to a literary friend. "I use types, and types only." Mrs. Harrison is a firm believer in the good qualities of New York society. She recognizes fully well that there are objectionable elements, but these, she contends, are supplied not by the society people of fixed positions, but by the social strugglers—a type unquestionably plentiful in the social whirl.

GEORGE DU MAURIER: IN ART AND LITERATURE*

BY EDMOND PICTON

You have heard of Trilby, that delightful bit of artistic life and comradery? All Paris, London, and the United States are discussing it, and, after the refreshing feeling it gives the reader, the wholesome taste left in the memory, one naturally wants to know about the author—the public would see, admire, applaud the man that has created such a character, and written such an unusual book.

Years ago—in the thirties—Du Maurier, a small American child, lived near Union Square, New York—a child endowed with the purest artistic sense, color, form, insight. Pictures were his delight; each day he pored over them, exciting as well as peopling his imagination with their varied lore and aspect. *Punch*, that famous London weekly, which many Americans vote consistently stupid, became his little world. All England was centred there. The cabmen, the costermonger, the habitués of the Row, pages in buttons, seaside revelers, impecunious Micawbers, Eton students, and followers of the chase were the figures that paraded through the city of his brain, night and day. The little child neglected plays and pastimes adapted to his years. More enjoyment was found in his little world, bounded on all sides by *Punch*, and year after year found him possessed of but one idea—that of beholding the great city where the people he knew and loved so well, existed.

Familiarity with *Punch* developed in young Du Maurier an education as lasting and as valuable as that developed within the mind of a thoughtful traveler, so that when the young American, at the age of twelve, went to London, everything was familiar: the inky woodcuts of Leech's that had influenced his mind, took substantial form; English life was no new story to him. The ruling propensity was toward art, and to the picturesque Bohemian Latin Quarter of Paris he went. And then it was picturesque,—far different from what it is now,—as all accounts unanimously agree. Imbibing its peculiar freshness, its sense of color, living amid its fascinating diablerie, the young artist found himself on the pathway to a height hitherto approached only in dreams. After a long course of conscientious and intelligent study, young Du Maurier removed to England, where he suddenly awoke and found himself famous.

His associations in the Latin Quarter were remembered. The army of artists went forth, and many made names, as did Du Maurier, and the pages of *Trilby* is now the field of action. Du Maurier's eyesight having failed him, literary work became his next attempt. Had his vision been of sufficient power and strength, some wonderful work of art might have enrolled his name among the first of European artists, for George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier possessed that "infusion of art which is indispensable to an artistic nature." Little love of landscape has he, skill in race-portraiture being more in his line, his pre-eminent success having been attained in delineating the manners and customs of society, and the endless absurdities of English country life. And his refined sense of humor, united with a true love of nature, is observed in the few black and white illustrations of out-door life that bear his name.

* Written for *Current Literature*.

The Postlethwaite characters in *Punch* added to his fame, the snobs of London, the absurdities then prevailing, the æsthetic craze were caricatured in turn, and his brush laughed out many fads, many extremes of social and political life. Thus Du Maurier, in one sense, became a reformer. Many London papers, at the time, declared that Gilbert's model of Bunthorne was suggested by Du Maurier's caricature of Oscar Wilde, that ran through many numbers of *Punch*. George du Maurier is now a brilliant star in the literary galaxy, and if anyone asks why, Peter Ibbetson and *Trilby* have only to be produced. But *Trilby* has done more for his fame than Peter Ibbetson did. The freshness and breeziness of her type is natural, yet so unusual to the heroines of the present-day novel, that one feels as near to her as if she breathed, spoke, moved. A divineness illuminates her nature—a warmth and affection fascinating to the reader.

Many artist friends are introduced in *Trilby*, eccentric Whistler declaring in "open letters" that he has been lampooned and traduced, under the guise of Joe Sibley, by his friend and old schoolmate, Du Maurier. But every one knows Whistler—the disjointed, the disgruntled, the disappointed.

George du Maurier is a striking illustration of amiability and ideality blended with satire and realism. The Gallic element is conspicuous in his endowment. His remarkable powers of specifying types, his taste, grace and lightness, are valuable powers in his profession, and one finds all these exemplified in the pages of *Trilby*. Although in his sixtieth year, he is a fine example of a well-preserved man. His mental faculties are still active and inventive, and the geniality pervading his nature keeps him young and exuberant. He is now about to start for a trip on the Continent, accompanied by his magnificent St. Bernard, a dog of unusual proportions, which has figured in many of Du Maurier's drawings in *Punch*, *Harper's Magazine*, and in the *Cornhill*. To Harper & Bros. is due the credit of introducing Du Maurier to the literary world.

Just outside of bustling London, Du Maurier lives, his home a mansion of turrets and gables—a kind of architectural beauty made famous by such stately residences as those of Alma Tadema and Sir Frederick Leighton. Surrounding Du Maurier's retreat is a walled garden; and there, amid old-time flowers, noble trees, and beautiful walks, with a patch of clear sky overhead, he draws and writes, safe from intrusion, and unmindful of the traffic and din surging without. He has a host of memories to draw on, and he therefore goes out and mixes with the world only enough to keep his work up to date and in harmony with movements of the day.

While Du Maurier's strong individuality has not been due to this seclusion, it has nevertheless been fostered and vitalized by his mode of living. His delightful bursts of humor, his piercing shafts of satire, his subtle insight and clearness of expression were all, indeed, manifested in his drawings. But it does not follow, nor did any one suspect, that all these could be projected and perpetuated in literary form. How successfully he has done all this, and more, every one now knows.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Circulation of Literature in England.....J. Zangwill.....Cosmopolitan

"The filthy habit of thumbing one another's books," which Ruskin has denounced, is still the prevalent fashion in England, where less books are bought than in almost any other country whose inhabitants can read. A few religious works and a few prize-volumes with gilt edges and severe inscriptions, make up the library of the average Englishman, to whom the idea of buying a book (except to give away) does not occur. He finds his imagination sufficiently catered for by his newspaper and its advertisements, and he pays his womanfolks' subscriptions to Mudie's or Smith's in the same spirit as he pays for their bonnets. For bonnets and books he himself has no need. Thus, in so far as the demand makes the supply, which it does, except in the case of the few great writers of each generation who are faithful to the inner voice, English literature is mainly controlled by two circulating libraries, and a host of half-employed or idle ladies. And what these ladies demand is almost always fiction. There are countless households where the reading of novels is the one resource against the dullness of life, false pictures of which, with all their enervating effects, pass in unending procession through the brains of the women.

It is to this overwhelming preponderance of the sex that must be due, at least in part, the extraordinary success of the modern woman-novel, dealing with aspects of life which men have hitherto touched only under penalty of ostracism and the imputation of the lowest motives, and with which Mr. George Moore has just been forbidden to deal by a library doing an enormous "turn-over" in the novels of greatly-daring gentlewomen. Not that Mr. Moore has any reason to regret the boycott of his book, for the consequent advertisement has brought him both gold and glory; but apart from the question raised as to this unlicensed censorship of English literature and its illogical rulings, it is certainly curious to watch the charter of fiction being widened at the pens of and by the agency of the sex whose hypersensitive delicacy the bold, bad male novelist has always been exhorted, entreated, and enjoined to respect. Perhaps the revolt of the authoresses may induce males to read their books who, becoming thus inoculated with a taste for fiction, may permanently enroll themselves in the ranks of novel-readers, and thus redress the balance, by which curious roundabout process, through which good sometimes comes, male novelists may come by their own again.

But there is another evil effect of the library system, by which the lady novelist suffers equally with the gentleman, that is to say, providing she has talent. Of the thousand novels published in England every year, nine hundred would not have the ghost of a chance if the libraries did not buy them up and send them out, packed in boxes, to their country subscribers, to whom a dozen volumes come like a dozen eggs. An egg is an egg, and a novel is a novel, according to this primitive formula. Obviously, taste is debauched, and time which might be spent on good fiction, is wasted on mediocre or worthless, and the competition of bad novelists spoils the market. As these bad novelists are frequently simple, worthy, struggling persons, ignorant of life, one

would not grudge them this opportunity of occupation. Unfortunately, the profits go to the publishers, so that they themselves would lose little or nothing if their trade were swept away (say, by the growth of a book-buying instinct, fostered, in the first instance, by the boycotting of great books by the libraries).

Knowledge, Manner and Man.....Hamilton W. Mable.....The Outlook

Ruskin's declaration that when we stand before a great work of art we are conscious that we are in the presence, not of a great effort, but of a great power, touches the very heart of the artist's secret. For there is nothing so clear to the student of art in all its forms as the fact that its mysterious charm resides, not in any specific skill or gift, but in its quality, that subtle effluence of its inward nature. The loveliness of nature is sometimes so transcendent that the delight it conveys is akin to pain; it brings us so near the absolute beauty that a keen sense of separation and imperfection besets us. The still, lustrous evenings on the Mediterranean sometimes bring with them an almost overwhelming loneliness; they fill the imagination with the vision of a beauty not yet held in sure possession. About every work of art there is something baffling; we do not quite master it; we are not able to go with free foot where it leads. Nor are we able to explain the processes by which it receives and conveys its charm. If it were merely a great effort, we could discover its secret; but it is not a great effort, it is a great power.

Nothing that flows from a great work is so significant or so impressive as this impression of power—of a great inward wealth in the nature of the artist which is inexhaustible. A hint of toil dispels the magic of a picture as certainly as the smell of the midnight lamp robs the written word of its charm, or the perception of calculated effects breaks the spell of oratory. The artist does not become an artist until craftsmanship has become so much a part of himself that it has ceased to have any abstract being to his thought; it has simply become his way of doing things, his manner of expression. There is nothing more significant of the reality and the finality of art than the searching tests which confront the man who endeavors to master it—tests which protect it from the touch of all save the greatest, and preserve it inviolate from the contamination of low aims and vulgar tastes. Nothing is so absolutely secure as art; its integrity is inviolate because, by the law of its nature, it cannot be created save by those who comprehend and reverence it. It is as impossible to make art common or vulgar as to stain the heavens or rob the Jungfrau of its soft and winning majesty. It is easy to call commonplace or ignoble productions works of art, to exploit them and hold them before the world as types and standards of beauty; but popular ignorance is powerless to convey to a book or a picture that which it does not possess in itself. There is a brief confusion of ideas, a short-lived popularity, and then comes that final oblivion which awaits the common and the inferior masquerading in the guise of art. The Heavenly Twins and the Yellow Aster provoke wide comment, and alarm the timid who love real books and dread any cheapening of the noble art of literature; but there is no cause for alarm:

these books of the moment, and all books of their kind, are separated from literature so obviously and as finally as the wax imitation from the flower that blooms, dewy, fragrant, and magically fresh, on the edges of the wood. What is called popular taste does not decide the question of the presence or absence of artistic quality; a work of art justifies itself; for its appeal is not to the taste of the moment, but to that instinct for beauty in the soul which sooner or later recognizes the conformity of the human product to the divine reality. It is to the eternal element in men that the great work speaks, and its place is determined, not by capricious and changing tastes, but by its fidelity to that absolute beauty of which every touch of art is the revelation. The ignorance of a generation may pass by the masterful works of Rembrandt, but the question of the greatness and authority of *The Night-Watch* and *The Gilder* was never for a moment in the hands of the artist's contemporaries or successors; it was in Rembrandt's hands alone. Taste changes, but beauty itself is absolute and eternal.

The law which bases the power to produce art, not upon external skill, but upon the nature of the artist, not only protects it forever from pretenders and tricksters, but allies it to what is deepest and greatest in the life of the world. The magic of Shakespeare's style is not more wonderful than the veracity of his thought. The old proverb, "Manners maketh man," was never more clearly verified than in the case of this noble artist, whose style is at once so unmistakable and so literally inimitable. Those who have not learned the interior relation of style to soul, and who do not clearly see that style is not an element in literature, but literature itself, will do well to meditate on the *Tempest*, or even on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. For in Shakespeare at his best we have that identification of the artist with life, that absorption of knowledge into personality, that realization of the eternal unity between truth of idea and beauty of form, which mark the perfection of art. In the finest Shakespearean dramas we are never conscious of effort; we are always conscious of power. The knowledge, the manner, and the man are one; there is perfect assimilation of the outward world by the inward spirit; idea and expression are so harmonious that the form is but the flowering of the soul. When observation has passed into meditation, and meditation has transformed knowledge into truth, and the brooding imagination has incorporated truth into the nature of the artist, then comes the creative moment, and the outward form grows not only out of the heart of the thought, but out of the soul of the man. Shakespeare is full of these magical transformations by which knowledge becomes power, and power passes on into beauty; and in these transformations the mystery, the processes of art are hidden, not wholly concealed.

Impromptus.....Cleverness In Improvised Verse.....London Standard

The clever impromptus of wits and humorists have made many an incident memorable which otherwise would long ago have been forgotten. Thus, no matter what the occasion might be, Theodore Hook could always improvise verses. On one occasion, when delighting a party at his cottage at Fulham by an extempore comic song, his servant entered in the middle of it with "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter, the tax-gatherer; he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be in-

terrupted, but went on at the pianoforte as if nothing had happened with the following stanza:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes;
Excuses won't do; he stands no sort of flummery,
Though Winter his name is, his process is summary."

Lord Chesterfield being one day asked by Sir Thomas Robinson, familiarly known as "Long Sir Thomas" to write some verses upon him, produced the epigram:

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song:
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long."

This individual was noted for being a bore, and made himself very troublesome to the Duke of Newcastle, continually calling on the minister, and when told that his Grace was gone out, he would ask to be admitted to look at the clock, or to play with the monkey, in the hope of seeing the duke. But one day the porter, without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him with these words: "Sir, his Grace has gone out, the clock stands, and the monkey is dead."

There is an amusing story told of Thackeray and Albert Smith. The latter once wrote in the album of a young lady who was traveling in Switzerland the following feeble impromptu:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know."

Thackeray, being asked by the same lady to contribute to her collection, and coming across the above lines, at once wrote the subjoined:

"I know that Albert wrote in a hurry;
To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray
Instead of who, had written whom."

One evening Mr. Whitbread was talking somewhat loudly at Brooke's against the ministry for laying what he called the war tax upon malt. But Sheridan could not resist the gratification of a hit at the brewer himself, and wrote the following lines, which he handed across the table to Mr. Whitbread:

"They've raised the price of table drink;
What is the reason, do you think?
The tax on malt's the cause, I hear,
But what has malt to do with beer?"

On another occasion, when Lord Erskine declared at a large party, where Lady Erskine and Sheridan were present, "a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail," Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with these lines:

"Lord Erskine, at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife 'a tin canister tied to one's tail';
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison."

"But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,
A canister's polished and useful and bright,
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

Lord Carteret was distinguished by a ready wit, with which he could retort even against the attacks of Swift. On a certain occasion, when the Dean visited the Castle, and waited without seeing the lord-lieutenant, he wrote on one of the windows of the chamber of audience these lines:

"My very good lord, 'tis a very hard task
For a man to wait here who has nothing to ask."

Upon which Lord Carteret wrote this reply:

"My very good Dean, there are few who come here
But have something to ask or something to fear."

When Curran visited France in the year 1814, he wrote in pencil on the column erected about a mile to the west of Boulogne by Napoleon to commemorate his attempt to invade England, the following lines:

"When ambition achieves its desire,
How fortune must laugh at the joke;
He rose in a pillar of fire,
To set in a pillar of smoke."

James Smith was a bright star in the circle in which Lady Blessington shone with so much brilliancy. He was in the habit of sending her ladyship occasional epigrams and complimentary scraps of verse, the subjoined impromptu having been written at Gore House:

"Mild Wilberforce, by all belov'd,
Once owned this hallow'd spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improv'd
The fetter'd negro's lot—
Yet here still Slavery attacks
Whom Blessington invites;
The chains from which he freed the Blacks
She fastens on the Whites."

When a well-known counsel was cross-examining an elderly spinster, with the object of eliciting from her that certain money in dispute had been tendered, Jekyll threw him this couplet:

"Ga now, forbear; that tough old jade
Will never prove a tender maid."

Porson was an impromptuist, and one day a little girl, going into the kitchen to deliver a message, took Porson with her. A young woman whose name was Susan, a favorite of the family, was ironing linen, and the child asked Porson to make some verses upon her. On his return to the sitting-room, he gave forth these lines:

"When lovely Susan irons smocks,
No damsel e'er looked neater,
Her eyes are brighter than the box,
And burn one like a heater."

On another occasion, Porson, in a social party, offered to make a rhyme on anything, when some one suggested one of the Latin gerunds, and he immediately replied:

"When Dido found Æneas could not come,
She mourned in silence and was Di-do-dum."

Dr. Kitchiner was famous for his Saturday dinners in Warren Street, to which only those learned in culinary lore were invited. On the chimney-glass in the refectory was posted the following notice:

"Come at seven,
Go at eleven."

On a certain occasion one of the party was George Colman the younger, who gave to the distich, by the secret interpolation of a little pronoun, a very extended meaning, "Go (it) at eleven." John Kemble's table-talk often flowed into blank verse, and Sir Walter Scott used to chuckle with glee over the recollection of an excursion to the Vale of Ettrick, near which river the parties were pursued by a bull. "Come, King John," said he, "we must even take the water," so he and

his daughter plunged into the stream. But King John, halting on the bank, exclaimed in his solemn manner:

"The flood is angry, Sheriff,
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree."

Byron occasionally gave forth impromptu verses, and his earliest effusion in said to have been caused, when a child, by the visit of a certain old lady to his mother, who cherished some curious idea with regard to the soul, which she imagined took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary halt before proceeding further. After this young Byron declared that he could not bear the sight of her, and broke into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over again:

"In Nottingham town, very near to Swine-green,
Lives as crusty an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

Lord Thomas Erskine made several good impromptus, and on hearing one day that a certain house in Red Lion Square, once occupied by a counsel of some eminence, had been taken by an ironsmith, he wrote this:

"This house where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a smith's—alas!
How rapidly the Iron age
Succeeds the Age of Brass."

Then there was Bishop Wilberforce, who was noted for his capital impromptus, and among others gifted in this direction might be mentioned Dr. Norman Macleod.

Poetry, Rhymed and Unrhymed.....Edgar Fawcett.....The Independent

Some of our younger poets have regrettably fallen, I find, into the habit of writing with neither rhythm nor rhyme. This is what the late Walt Whitman did; and though he has surely been much talked about as a poet, I am not at all decided that he has yet (even now when dead) been universally recognized as one. He has been called one, and he has secured admirers, defenders, perhaps even a little throng of devotees. But I do not think that the most ardent of the latter would ever claim for him that a certain strong, yet wholly unprejudiced opposition to his method, his poetic genuineness and his literary sincerity does not still exist and does not promise rather hardily to survive.

By poetry without rhythm I mean the unscannable lines which no prosodiaic rules could reduce to any orderly form. Of course every prose sentence could be resolved into a certain number of metrical feet, even though it were a sentence that extended through a hundred or five hundred words. But rhythm in rhymeless verse should contain, even though its lines be irregular in length, a general similarity of feet, whether iambic, trochaic, anapestic or dactylic. Witness, for example, Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem, *Dover Beach*. Here the lines are irregular and rhymeless, yet they possess rhythm; they are thoroughly scannable. Walt Whitman's lines, also rhymeless, are totally without rhythm except that of prose. One can take any page of Whitman's alleged "poetry," and copy it out in the form of prose, and give it to any intelligent reader previously unacquainted with its original outside similarity to the Psalms of David; and feel sure that this reader will never suspect that it had once been cut up into isolated lines, and thus made visually to resemble verse. Whether Whitman's verse is or is not poetical prose, I leave his friends and his opponents to fight out among

themselves. But it certainly is not poetry in the sense of definable rhythm. It is no more poetry, in this sense, than any novel or history or book of memoirs.

And now comes the question, Is poetry separable from rhythm? Longfellow has shown us, in his exquisite *Golden Milestone*, that a rhymeless poem can be written of twelve four-lined trochaic stanzas:

"Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset."

So through forty-four lines more the poem runs on, symmetrical, powerful, pungent, though rhymeless, and yet not patterned after the academic pentameter blank verse. But in this lovely poem rhythm is employed with enchanting and yet wholly unerratic effect. Many definitions of poetry have been given. If I might venture to add one to the long list, it would take this shape: Poetry is the art of clothing thought rhythmically in either beauty or imagination. The "rhythmically" is a fixed term, be it noted; the others are interchangeable or elective. In some of Emerson's best poems the rhythmical element is slight, but it is still there, while that of beauty or imagination largely predominates. Often we find a poem in which imagination far surpasses beauty; still more often do we find a poem in which beauty seems to exist with scarcely an imaginative trace. But take from either kind of poem the charm of melody, measure, "tempo," and it becomes, to my thinking, inevitably prose. The ear must be satisfied, either partially or completely or over-generously. Otherwise the real magic of the Muse remains aloof. There need not be exactitude in the joining of line with line; but there must be a distinct measure-beat, a salient and easily perceptible meter.

Nowadays, however, the example of Whitman has perilously influenced certain young writers. One English poet of ability, Mr. E. J. Henley, who has achieved some vivid lyrics in which both rhyme and rhythm are manifest, now prefers to construct absolutely formless pieces of work, which, if poems at all, are what we can only classify as "poems in prose," after the title used by Baudelaire, certainly thirty years ago. But "poems in prose" are a contradiction in terms. Our coming bards should realize that the mere placing of a capital letter at the head of each verse is not to make a succession of such verses a poem. They may entitle it "An Impression" or "A Vignette" or "A Pastel" or anything happy and applicable and decorative which their fancy decides upon; but, still, "poem" is not the name for it. Let me give an example of the lyric which is at present striving to push its way into favor:

"I stood on the shore of a dim lake,
A lake all shadow and peace.
The sunset died in gold and pearl,
Died grandly and beautifully.
A string of birds, fleet-flying birds,
Like a rosary flung earthward by some remote spirit,
Gleamed night-black in the opal sky.
The breeze was all melancholy music,
Yet soft as a maiden's tears. . . .
I stood beset by many memories;
I dreamed, etc., etc."

This, let me hasten to say, is an effort of my own and not a quotation from any of Whitman's imitators. Poor though it may be, it is more poetic (as I affirm without

the vaguest hint of vanity) than any similar number of lines that may be found among the pages of Whitman's crude and devil-may-care and distressingly egotistic writings. And it is precisely the sort of thing which Mr. Henley is at present putting forth as poetry, and which that talented young writer, Mr. Hamlin Garland, is also sometimes putting forth. It is unrhymed and unrhythmical expression of idea and emotion; and if it and the effusions which resemble it are ever accepted as poetry, then the hitherto recognized poetry of the Greeks, the Romans, the French, the Germans and the English must be regarded as worn-out and useless models. But more than this, poetry, as we now hold it, and for fully three thousand years have held it, must be sent into the limbo of desuetude. The lines I have just written are prose, printed with the external "coup d'œil" of a poem. So are the experiments of Mr. Henley, Mr. Garland and several other able and eloquent young bards. There can be no compromise, no truce, no armistice between the two sharply divided provinces of literature. Unless I am greatly in error, the "new school" will sooner or later hear sound the knell of its own doom. They are attempting the impossible—striving, as it were, to lift themselves by the rungs of their own chairs. Certain forms of literary art are, as far as we know, imperishable. A drama, a tragedy, for example, must be cast into a series of acts. A lyric, an ode, an idyl, an epic, must be metrical, though it were rhymeless as Southey's *Thalaba*. Originality in verse-writing is massively margined, notwithstanding the spacious area which it includes. Beyond that verge lie the fatal follies of wanton eccentricity. Woe to the poet who willfully overleaps its barrier! He will find that he has passed, as Tennyson so tellingly puts it in one of his poems,

"Beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all."

And in this instance, as in all others like it, whether ethical or artistic, he will also find, I should fearlessly predicate, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

How Some Authors Write.....The Publishers' Circular

Of the ways of contemporary English authors we are kept pretty well posted up to date by the omnipresent interviewer, and of the peculiarities of those of a past generation we are not entirely ignorant. We know, for instance, how Sir Walter Scott wrote chapter after chapter of the *Waverley Novels*, undisturbed either by the gambols and cries of his children playing around him or in an adjoining room, or by the noises which the carpenters and bricklayers made around him while adding to the buildings at Abbotsford. We know that Charles Dickens always used a quill pen, blue ink, and blue paper, and that when certain quaint little bronze figures were absent from his writing table he could not write at all. Not so much, however, is known by most of us about the ways of "littérateurs" across the Channel; we therefore give some few particulars on the subject which we cull from an article by M. Eugène Mouton in a recent number of the *Revue Bleue*. M. Mouton states that Prosper Mérimée was so painstaking an author that he was not satisfied with *Colomba* until he had rewritten it seventeen times. Of Rousseau we are told that he was almost as indefatigable as Mérimée in literary workmanship. One of his methods was to

arrange the subject matter for his books in his head, committing it to memory, and then he would chant passages to himself for days before committing his thoughts to paper. He tells us in his *Confessions* that he never ceased reading and rereading *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Rousseau worked very much in the open air. He thought out his books in the fresh air and sunshine; sometimes while climbing rocks, trembling with vertigo on the brink of an abyss, or perched like an eagle on the mountain top, and at others while couched at the foot of a tree, lost in a blissful reverie.

It is said that Balzac was so dissatisfied with his writings after receiving the proofs from the printer, that the charge for corrections often absorbed in advance the payment for his manuscript. The more he wrote the more he became involved in debt. A droll story is told of a French novelist, Pousson du Terrail, whose romances, published by daily installments in a halfpenny Paris paper, were the rage about thirty years ago. This author poured forth such torrents of ink that at last he completely drowned his memory, and as he introduced so many characters—all equally extraordinary—they were no sooner out of sight than out of mind, too; and, what was worse, he did not recognize them when he found them again. However, an original idea occurred to him. In order not to lose the thread of his story, he had dolls dressed up to represent the different personages of the romance, and these he ranged in a circle on the table before him. So soon as one of the characters had ended his part in the performance by death, or had disappeared from the scene in some other fashion, Pousson du Terrail seized him by the throat and flung him into a drawer. The novelist could then go on pulling the string of his surviving puppets without being in constant terror of seeing the dead come to life by some strange resurrection and having everything turned upside down.

Manner and Style.....James Russell LowellCentury Magazine

Where Milton's style is fine it is very fine, but it is always liable to the danger of degenerating into mannerism. Nay, where the imagination is absent and the artifice remains, as in some of the theological discussions in *Paradise Lost*, it becomes mannerism of the most wearisome kind. Accordingly, he is easily parodied and easily imitated. Philips, in his *Splendid Shilling*, has caught the trick exactly; his real secret he could never divine, for, where Milton is best, he is incomparable. But all authors in whom imagination is a secondary quality, and whose merit lies less in what they say than in the way they say it, are apt to become mannerists, and to have imitators, because manner can be easily imitated. Milton has more or less colored all blank verse since his time, and, as those who imitate never fail to exaggerate, his influence has in some respects been mischievous. Thomson was well-nigh ruined by him. In him a leaf cannot fall without a Latinism, and there is circumlocution in the crow of a cock. Cowper was only saved by mixing equal proportions of Dryden in his verse, thus hitting upon a kind of cross between prose and poetry. In judging Milton, however, we should not forget that in verse the music makes a part of the meaning, and that no one else has been able to give to simple pentameters the majesty and compass of the organ. He was as much composer as poet.

How is it with Shakespeare? did he have no style? I think I find the proof that he had it, and that of the

very highest and subtlest kind, in the fact that I can nowhere put my finger on it, and say it is here or there. I do not mean that things in themselves artificial may not be highly agreeable. We learn by degrees to take a pleasure in the mannerism of Gibbon and Johnson. It is something like reading Latin as a living language. But in both these cases the man is only present by his thought. It is the force of that, and only that, which distinguishes them from their imitators, who easily possess themselves of everything else. But with Burke, who has true style, we have a very different experience. If we go along with Johnson or Gibbon, we are carried along by Burke. Take the finest specimen of him, for example, *The Letter to the Noble Lord*. The sentences throb with the very pulse of the writer. As he kindles, the phrase grows and dilates, and we feel ourselves sharing in that warmth and expansion. At last we no longer read, we seem to hear him, so livingly is the whole man in what he writes, and when the spell is over, we can scarce believe that those dull types could have held such ravishing discourse. And yet we are told that when Burke spoke in Parliament he always emptied the house.

I know very well what the charm of mere words is. I know very well that our nerves of sensation adapt themselves, as the wood of the violin is said to do, to certain modulations, so that we receive them with a readier sympathy at every repetition. This is a part of the sweet charm of the classics. We are pleased with things in Horace which we should not find especially enlivening in Mr. Tupper. How fully any particular rhythm gets possession of us we can convince ourselves by our dissatisfaction with any emendation made by a contemporary poet in his verses. Posterity may think he has improved them, but we are jarred by any change in the old tune. Even without any habitual association we cannot help recognizing a certain power over our fancy in mere words. Almost every ear is caught with the sweetness of alliteration. I remember a line in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* which owes much of its fascination to three m's where he speaks of the location of the Hebridean Isles—

"Far placed amid the melancholy main."

Milton understood the secret of memory perfectly well, and his poems are full of these little pitfalls for the fancy. Whatever you have read, whether in classics or in mediæval romance, all is there to stir you with an emotion not always the less strong because indefinable. Gray makes use of the same artifice and with the same success. There is a charm in the arrangement of words also, and that not only in verse, but in prose. The finest prose is subject to the laws of metrical proportion. For example, in the song of Deborah and Barak: "Awake, awake, Deborah! Awake, awake, utter a song! Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam!" Or again: "At her feet he bowed; he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead." Setting aside, then, all charm of association, all the influence to which we are unconsciously subjected by melody, by harmony, or even by the mere sound of words, we may say that style is distinguished from manner by the author's power of projecting his own emotion into what he writes. The stylist is occupied with the impression which certain things have made upon him; the mannerist is wholly concerned with the impression he shall make on others.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Good-By.....Andrew Lang.....Grass of Parnassus

Kiss me, and say good-by;
 Good-by, there is no word to say but this,
 Nor any lips left for my lips to kiss,
 Nor any tears to shed when these tears dry;
 Kiss me, and say good-by.

Farewell, be glad, forget;
 There is no need to say "forget," I know,
 For youth is youth, and time will have it so,
 And though your lips are pale, and your eyes wet,
 Farewell, you must forget.

You shall bring home your sheaves,
 Many, and heavy, and with blossoms twined
 Of memories that go not out of mind;
 Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves
 When you bring home your sheaves.

In garnered loves of thine,
 The ripe good fruit of many hearts and years,
 Somewhere let this lie, gray and salt with tears;
 It grew too near the sea-wind, and the brine
 Of life, this love of mine.

This sheaf was spoiled in spring,
 And over-long was green, and early sere,
 And never gathered gold in the late year
 From autumn suns, and moons of harvesting,
 But failed in frosts of spring.

Yet was it thine, my sweet,
 This love, though weak as young corn withered,
 Whereof no man may gather and make bread;
 Thine, though it never knew the summer heat;
 Forget not quite, my sweet.

Absent.....Mary Thacher Higginson.....Such as They Are (Roberts Bros.)

She never said, "Lost is my dearest one;"
 The phrase "not living" would have hushed her song
 Of faith. How could this silent voyage seem long
 When she, whose joyless days had now begun,
 Said "absent" with a smile which meant, the sun
 Was only dimmed by clouds? Then, if a throng
 Of painful thoughts pressed hard, it made her strong
 To think how he would wish life's duties done,
 In her sweet face, where grief had left its seam,
 A tender gladness dawned, as years took flight,
 And brought the meaning near. Nor did she dream
 That from her trusting heart there shone a light
 For eyes too weak to bear the gleam
 That led her on, as stars redeem the night.

Renunciation.....Arthur Symonds.....Poems

Dearest, I loose the bonds you would not break;
 I cannot have you suffer for my sake.
 I know that you have tried to love me; so
 I give you, for your pity, leave to go.
 Go, and be happy—not with me. I say
 The words I had not thought until to-day
 My lips could come to utter. I have tried
 Day after day, when I was by your side,
 But always in vain, to tell you this.
 I could not, dear, I could not. Now it is
 My letter that shall tell you. You will write,
 Perhaps, a word—I spare myself the sight;
 Indeed I could not see you, lost and dear.
 Write, if you will, the words I may not hear,
 And say—not much, perhaps "I thank my friend,
 My friend I could not love;" and if you send
 This once—'tis but a form of words—your "love,"
 The friend will prize your letter far above

Rubies. But write, I beg you write the line.
 I wonder if you think you gave no sign,
 Nothing to show you do not love me now.
 Oh, you will think so; you will marvel how
 I stole your secret from you. Secret? Nay,
 Love has the key of secrets. Day by day
 I watched your passion's slow decline, the beat
 Feebler and feebler of its pulse's heat.
 I saw, but I was silent, having hope.
 Is love not strong as death? Shall love not cope,
 My love, I said, with love that dies in her?
 Your love was ready for the sepulchre,
 And death was more than love.

Now all is o'er.

I give you back your word, your vows; nay, more,
 I set a chain upon the gate that keeps
 My way of memories, where the past that sleeps
 Shall, if it waken, beat that gate in vain.
 Dear, I renounce you wholly. I retain
 No hope, nor scarce remembrance, save how sweet
 The days were when I worshiped at your feet.
 You have been always good to me; and I,
 Because my whole poor life until I die
 Shall be the nobler, having known you—yes,
 Now that I say this last farewell, I bless,
 I thank you,—from my heart I thank you, dear.

A Frontier Bridal.....Charles F. Lummis.....Frank Leslie's Weekly

The endless day is ended,
 The long, swift gallop done;
 And night's dear arch is bended—
 Our night, my little one.
 The pine boughs burr and hover
 Above our first, first bed;
 The moon, that loves a lover,
 Bends radiant overhead.
 The world is far behind us,
 Our world is all to be;
 The future that shall find us,
 Shall find but you and me.
 Alone—if they be lonely
 Whose arms their world inclose;
 To whom heaven's self is only
 A Now that never goes.
 Soft hand in sinewy nestled,
 And lips that sigh and croon,
 And hearts that beat so close, so sweet,
 And eyes that drink and swoon;
 Far from the human billow
 That breaks in white unrest.
 Ah, happy is our pillow
 On the brown mother's breast.
 The morrow's way is weary,
 The springs are far between;
 Yon bitter plains and dreary
 Forget their youth was green.
 But not the utter desert
 Shall parch our inner June;
 And everywhere our hearts shall fare
 With the pine-tree and the moon!

Her Answer.....The Lover's Year Book of Poetry (Roberts)

All day long she held my question
 In her heart,
 Shunned my eyes that craved an answer,
 Moved apart,
 Touched my hand in good-night greeting,
 Rosier grew.

Should I leave to-morrow? Early?
 Then, adieu!
 Bent her head in farewell courteous;
 Onward passed;
 While a cold hand gripped my heart-strings,
 Held them fast.
 Still I waited, still I listened;
 All my soul
 Trembled in the eyes that watched her
 As she stole
 Up the stairs with measured footsteps.
 But she turned
 Where a lamp in brazen bracket
 Brightly burned,
 Showed me all the glinting ripples
 Of her hair,
 Veiled her eyes in violet shadows,
 Glimmered where
 Curved her mouth in soft compliance,
 As she bent
 Toward me from the dusky railing
 Where she leant.
 Ah, my Love! One white hand wanders
 To her hair,
 Slowly lifts the rose that nestles
 Softly there,
 Breathes she in its heart my answer
 Shyly sweet;
 And Love's message mutely flutters
 To my feet.

Among the Sheaves of Experience...Cotsford Dick...London World
 "Thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead
 of barley."—*The Book of Job.*

Tout passe! So youth first wends its way
 Across oblivion's dreary wold:
 To later lips the kisses stray
 That once our own were wont to hold.
 And fresher fame than ours receives
 The happy homage of the crowd;
 Malicious Fortune ever weaves
 Our chrisom with our shroud.

Tout casse! Our faith in all things fair
 Lies buried 'neath their shattered shrines.
 The house of hopes we raised with care
 Some hidden mildew undermines.
 That life, which in the closest bond
 Love linked and welded to our own,
 Obeys the cruel call beyond,
 And now we walk alone.

Tout lasse! O last and saddest word;
 The flag of all enjoyment furred,
 Drifts on the wearied heart, unstirred
 By any whisper from the world.
 The springtime has no tale to tell,
 The summer brings not flower nor friend—
 Only within a shadowed cell
 The waiting for the end.

Per Aspera, ad Astra....E. A. Hawkins....Zion's Herald

O God! the day is so dreary,
 And the way so rough and long,
 Shall I ever reach the sunset's gate
 And sing the even-song?
 Will the dark skies ever brighten,
 Or the burden ever lighten
 For me as I toil along?

For the joyous songs of morning
 Are hushed on my lips ere noon,
 And sorrow has swept my heart-strings
 Till my life seems out of tune;

And heart-ache and tears
 Make the long, slow years,
 December, but nevermore June.

And all that is left seems bitter,
 And all that is gone so sweet;
 The beautiful castles I builded
 Lie in ruins at my feet.
 And ashes and dust
 Have covered my trust,
 My faith that I thought complete.

Ah! How shall I finish the journey
 That leads to the beautiful gate?
 Shall I find my vanished treasures—
 Will they at the portal wait?
 Or will doubt and despair
 Hide the pathway there
 Until it shall be too late?

God forbid! I must press through the darkness.
 For somewhere there's light ahead,
 And the God of the resurrection
 Has power to revive my dead.
 Faith, Hope, and Love
 I shall find above.
 Rise, my soul, and be comforted!

Threescore and Ten...May Riley Smith....Sometime (Randolph)

I am past my threescore years and ten;
 I have quaffed full cups of bliss and bane;
 Grown drunk on folly like other men,
 With its present sweet and after-pain;
 I have had my share of clouds and sun;
 And what is it all, when all is done?

We have had our frolic, Life and I;
 Jovial comrades we used to be.
 Full sails to-day, with a silver sky,
 Anon dead calm and a sullen sea.
 Now I fear the waves, so I hug the shore
 With my tattered sail and broken oar.

I have worn love's flowers upon my breast,
 And said my prayers to a woman's face.
 The saints forgive us! If men addressed
 Such orisons to the heavenly Grace,
 They would upward mount, as strong birds do,
 And answer bring from the heavenly blue!

I have known the best that life can hold
 Of fame and fortune, love and power.
 And when my riotous blood grew cold,
 I cheered with books the lingering hour;
 Banqueting on the costly wine
 Which Genius pours from her flagons fine.

Yet I would rather lie to-day
 Where orchard blooms drift down their snow,
 And feel lost youth in my pulses play,
 Its rosy wine in my hot cheeks glow;
 I would rather be young—and foolish, forsooth—
 Than own the baubles we buy with youth.

I would barter fortune, fame, and power,
 All knowledge gained of books and men,
 For my old delight at the first spring flower,
 A robin's egg, or a captured wren,
 From its nest hid under the tossing plume
 Of a sweet, old-fashioned lilac bloom.

With the world's stale feast I am surfeited;
 I long to-day for the old-time thrill
 At the purple pomp of a pansy bed,
 Or the fresh spring scent of a daffodil.
 Alas, I shall never be thrilled again!
 I am old,—yes, past threescore and ten.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Worship of the Devil.....The Paris Luciferians.....New York Sun

Just at this time, when many people in this city are crying out against what they allege to be blasphemy in an artistic representation on the stage of a poet's ideal conception, reports of a real and dreadful manner of sacrilege and blasphemy come to us from France. These reports tell of the robbery of consecrated hosts in the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, and in many of the churches in other parts of the country. The fact that the thieves never steal the valuable chalices or other altar decorations has given rise to the belief that these thefts have been committed by a sacrilegious sect which worships the devil. These people are variously referred to as Luciferians, Demonites, and Satanites, and the existence of the sect is acknowledged by many high in ecclesiastic rank. Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble, has denounced the extraordinary religion. This worship of Satan is not by any means a new thing. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries much was known and written about it. Priests who celebrated the black mass were excommunicated, and the matter went on record. The cult is practiced both by men and women, and consists mainly in open blasphemy of Christian rites and beliefs, and in the practice of every form of sexual vice. Mr. J. K. Huysman, a French novelist, has written a book entitled *Là Bas*, which treats entirely of this Satan worship, and in one chapter he describes the performance of the black mass. Most of the author's statements are believed by many to be absolutely true, as he is known to have been an earnest student of these questions and to have been at one time in a position where he could secure information from personal experience. In an interview published recently in a Paris newspaper Mr. Huysman said:

"It is quite true that I have written my book from facts that were given to me by a well-informed person, but the Luciferian world became excited, and the adepts of the black mass who had at first welcomed me as one of their own, suddenly broke off all communication with me." After speaking of the many robberies in the churches, the author went on to state: "I can vouch for the truth of the statements which I will now give you, which were made to me by an eyewitness in whose veracity I have absolute confidence. In a part of the canton of Fribourg, called the Grande Fontaine, there exists in the rear of a house of ordinary appearance a sort of grotto cut in the rock. This house is occupied by the tiler of the Masonic lodge, La Régénérée. The members of this lodge hold their ordinary communications there; but those who belong to the Satanic sect meet on certain days in the grotto, which is decorated like a Catholic church. The choir is raised above the ground floor and separated from the nave by a communion table. In the centre stands an altar surmounted by the 'grand blazing star.' This Masonic emblem takes the place of the cross. In front of the choir there is another altar, intended for the profanation of the consecrated hosts. Between the house and the grotto there is a little garden, intended for the ceremonies preparatory to the 'sacrifice.' I could not very well describe the character of these ceremonies, but it is enough to say that the 'costume de rigueur' for the lady members

is that of Eve before the fall. It is these sisters who are charged with the duty of furnishing the hosts, which they procure for the most part through sacrilegious communions. Moreover, they make black hosts which the 'Grand Mistress' solemnly consecrates to Lucifer. The ceremonies are a parody of the mass, and psalms are sung in honor of Satan. On the little altar in front of the choir they stab with daggers the consecrated hosts, and finally they proceed with the communion according to the black rite. The Lodge Régénérée of Fribourg does not belong to Free Masonry proper."

These quotations may serve to show that Mr. Huysman, in writing *Là Bas*, was not putting together a mass of sacrilegious and sensational matter, but that he was giving in fiction what he believed to be a truthful statement of facts. *Là Bas* treats of an author who has become interested in this Satanic worship, and who is writing a book on the subject. He tells of the worship in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as exemplified especially by Gilles de Rais. There was no sexual crime of which this man was not guilty, and most of them are told of in this book with that peculiar French license which makes so much of Gallic literature untranslatable. He quotes the *De Operatione Dæmonum* of Prellus, in which the violation of the consecrated host is minutely described. The chief character of *Là Bas* then goes on to explain that Satan worship still existed long after the close of the sixteenth century, and cites the case of the Abbé Guibourg. This profaner of religion performed the black mass, using for an altar a nude woman, who held candles in her hands and shrieked blasphemy as the priest elevated the host. The author asserts that these masses were celebrated upon the persons of Mme. de Montespan, Mme. d'Argenson, and Mme. de Saint-Pout, all prominent women at the court of Louis XIV. He asserts that many women of the court submitted to the celebration of this sacrilegious mass much as women nowadays seek out gypsies to have their fortunes told. There was another more horrible kind of mass that cannot be described. The principal aim of the sacrilege was to turn the host to infamous use. In proof of this he cites the existence in Paris in 1855 of an association consisting mainly of women who went frequently to communion so as to obtain a consecrated host. The author goes on to quote authorities for his statements and asserts that many bishops knew of the existence of Satanic sects in their dioceses, but were unable to eradicate them. Renegade priests are usually the leaders.

But to come down to the nineteenth century blasphemy and sacrilege as described in *Là Bas*, the story tells of an excommunicated priest, known as the Deacon Docre, who has gathered a sect of Satan worshippers about him. Docre so hates Christ that he has had the image of the Saviour tattooed on his feet in order that he may always tread on Him. There is a woman in the tale who knows the hero's taste for mysticism, and, being a member of Docre's devilish sect, she offers to take the author to see the celebration of a black mass. The man and the woman jump into a cab one evening to drive to a distant quarter of Paris. They are admitted into a small house by a sickly, pale-faced

youth, with painted cheeks and blackened eyes, and the man turns and asks his companion if she has brought him to a den of infamy where such creatures are to revel. "You did not expect to meet saints here?" she answers. The house is built on the site of an old Ursuline monastery, but only the chapel has been preserved. It is here that the orgies and the sacrilege of the black mass are to be performed. The man is led in by his female companion, and he sits aside and takes in his surroundings. The chapel is dark and damp and lighted up with torches that have been profaned in diabolical ways. The atmosphere is heavy and oppressive to the man. The worshippers of Satan, mostly women, sit about waiting for the deacon to appear. There are some men present, haggard-looking specimens, with marks of unnatural crime stamped upon their faces.

Presently a choir boy, dressed in a red gown and wearing no other clothing, comes in and lights the candles on the altar. The Luciferians no longer say mass on a human altar, but use a travesty of a real altar. Above the one in this chapel was a horrible and infamous crucifix. The Saviour is represented nude, with distorted features and a mouth stretched in devilish laughter. The choir boy makes a grimace at the crucifix instead of a genuflection and retires. Presently the deacon enters with two choir boys. He is clad in a red surplice, and nothing else. On his head is a sort of tiara with Satan's horns projecting. The celebration of the black mass then begins. It is a travesty of the low mass of the Catholic church. At the end the priest turns to the devotees and Huysman puts into his mouth a curse that stretches over several pages and is of such a blasphemous nature as to make the reader doubt the possibility of making a more profane combination of words. At the end of the speech the women are seized with satanic hysteria, and the proceedings become in innumerable ways blasphemous beyond description. The man who sees this frightful performance is finally so overcome that he flees from the hellish chapel and finds his way home through the night. Huysman's power of description is so strong that the scenes he depicts stand out clearly in all their horror and immundicity. Modern instances of the vices of Sodom and Gomorrah are small incidents of the tale, and if it were not that a large proportion of the events narrated in the book are apparently corroborated by trustworthy authorities, frequently cited, the whole thing would appear to be the creation of a disordered mind. *Là Bas* created somewhat of a stir when it was first published, but since then so many facts bearing on the question of Satanic worship have been made public that Huysman's novel is considered by many a work of considerable historic value.

The Sensations of Living Burial.....W. K. Moorehead.....Science Siftings

W. K. Moorehead, a geologist, was recently buried alive while excavating a mound of the mound-builders in Ohio. He fell with his head resting a little above his feet, and suffered little beyond a sensation of strong compression due to the weight of the earth, which pressed the buttons of his light costume into the skin, and caused his watch-chain to mark his body. The pressure of the soil on his straw hat caused him to feel as if the skin of his brow were cut. A knife in his pocket seemed to burn into the flesh, and finally his backbone seemed slowly to break. Then he became insensible to pain, though still able to think. His thoughts succeeded each

other like flashes of lightning, and related to the past, the future, and his home. He did not think of his condition, except to wonder if he would be able to breathe when he was taken out of it. He tried to move his hand, even his finger, but failed. He could not lift his chest, and the only part of his body he could move was his lower jaw, which the clods permitted to be done. He remembered how warm the earth before his face had become when the breath was pressed from his lungs. He kept his mouth shut to exclude the earth, but after a time it opened in spite of him, and two pieces of clay entered and caused him a horrible sensation in trying to eject them. He felt that he was lost, and became indifferent. The workmen who were digging him out cleared the earth from his face and eyes; but when they stopped a little, the pressure on the rest of his body drove the blood to his head and swelled the veins so that he was afraid they would burst. Moreover, he could not breathe yet, because the thorax was still compressed by the soil. He never lost consciousness, and as the men carried him away he saw a little wild yellow canary sitting on a spray, and heard it sing. As the bird flew off, he fancied that he was flying after it, and perching on one twig or another, just as it did. The sky seemed of a different color than usual, it also seemed grander, and the country more beautiful, and he was so much affected by the wondrous beauty of the spectacle as to shed tears.

Legends and Myths of the Sea.....Sailors' Superstitions.....Globe-Democrat

The myths connected with the sea and firmly believed in by the old-fashioned salt were both numerous and weird. Probably the legend of the Flying Dutchman has a greater popularity with landsmen and is better known to-day by them than the current superstitions once so numerous among the "toilers of the deep." Vanderdecken and his ghostly craft, beating and battling eternally with the adverse gales of the South Atlantic, in bootless attempts to weather the Cape of Good Hope, is one of the few traditions of the deep still accepted by the sailor of to-day as a matter of fact. Vanderdecken, enraged by a succession of violent gales that prevented his ship from doubling the cape, swore he would persist and succeed, in spite of God or demon, if he sailed for eternity. The appearance of the quaint Dutch vessel, with its officers and men arrayed in the fantastic rig of an almost forgotten age, bodes dire disaster and misfortune to the unfortunate ship's crew who sight the weird craft. That the stubborn and impious Dutchman is still haunting the pitch of the cape is attested by a member of the Royal family of Great Britain, who enters in his diary that his princely eyes caught a glimpse of the ghost craft amid the driving spray and roaring waves.

Mysterious vessels of the Vanderdecken type are not confined to the choppy seas of the South Atlantic, as the following accounts, related to the writer by eye-witnesses, will testify. It was the mate of a New Bedford whaler, an unusually intelligent man, who related his experience as follows: "We were off the mouth of the Amazon with two whales we had killed alongside. I had the midwatch, a dead calm prevailing, when a large, square-rigged ship came careening out of the misty darkness with a bone in her teeth. She came swiftly, and I stood by the after companion-way incapable of motion. There was something about the ship that struck me with horror. She passed close to

our quarter, with the forms of the crew plainly revealed, and the figure of the captain, an elderly man, scanning us closely through his night glass. Suddenly she rounded to, shortened sail, and disappeared. The man at the wheel had seen it all, and was nearly dead with terror. In the next watch both whales by some means broke adrift and were lost. We stood up the coast, for the whales had suddenly left us, and had got nicely to work with a forty-barrel fellow, when one of the watch, at eleven o'clock at night, reported a big ship close ahead of us. As before, it was a dead calm, but the same scene was enacted in the presence of the entire crew, captain included, as before related. The crew were panic-stricken, but the cry of 'There she blows!' the next morning served to rally the men's spirits, and a boat was lowered. Well, that whale stove the boat and killed two men. That night the ghostly visitor appeared again. Whales followed with sunrise. Two boats pulled in pursuit, the captain leading. They made fast and were run off, and have never been heard of. It was my job to bring the old hooker home, but had the spectre ship appeared athwart our hawser again, there would have been none left to tell the tale."

A Sandy Hook pilot, an old, grizzled fellow, a true son of the sea, related to the writer his experience with that awful terror to all sailors, the Flying Dutchman: "It was in the sixties, when I was a boatkeeper on the old Blunt, one night in August, when a ship was reported in sight, and, sure enough, there to leeward was a full-rigged ship, apparently flying through the water at a tremendous gait. This was a peculiar and bewildering feature to all hands, as our boat was lying motionless—becalmed. But we gave her a torch and she answered us that she wanted a pilot, and our yawl shoved off with one of the pilots and two men at the oars. It was some time before the boat returned with the pilot in her, and all carrying blanched faces. They reported having found it impossible to approach the strange vessel, although the wind appeared to leave her suddenly, her sails hanging limp and motionless. But pull as they would the distance was never lessened, and not a sign of life was discernible on the stranger's deck. The boat gave up the task in despair and turned back, when the ship appeared to have a breeze, but was sailing backward. That was enough for the boys in the yawl. They got back as rapidly as possible, but all night long that strange craft, without creak of block or flap of canvas, manœuvred around us, and only disappeared as the flush of the coming sun illumined the eastern horizon."

On the New England coast there are accounts of spectre craft, and the story is told of the Dutch trading craft, *Palatine*, that was wrecked on Block Island in 1752. Wreckers made short work of her, terminating their labors by setting fire to the splintered and strained hull. As she drifted seaward with the ebb tide the form of a female was seen amid the flames, left there to perish by the wreckers. At different periods the phantom ship, in a blaze of light, has been sighted, but it is usually upon the anniversary of the wreck that the *Palatine*, with battered hull and blazing spars, has been sighted by coasting masters.

The legend of the ship seen on the coast of Kerry is worthy of record. In the gray dawn of a winter's morning a huge vessel was seen high and dry under a cliff of the rugged coast of Kerry with no sign of life about

her. A crowd soon gathered to investigate, and before the sun had cast its first faint shadows on the cliffs about 100 men were aboard. They were thunderstruck at the richness and magnificence of the cargo. It consisted of gold and silver bullion, packages of precious stones and bales of silk, such as the poor fishermen had never dreamed of. The small boats were quickly laden with untold wealth, and all was in readiness to be conveyed on shore when the sea, which had been calm and unruffled, became suddenly agitated, and a sudden storm, peculiar to that locality, burst upon them. The sea rolled in with irresistible force and fury, the boats were swamped and the crews perished. There were a number of townspeople remaining on the wreck, which, to the horror of those standing on the cliff, began to recede into deep water. There was a waving of hands, a wail of despair, mingled with the hoarse voice of the gale, and the unfortunates disappeared forever. It has always been stated on good authority that the same wreck appeared at different points on the Irish coast, causing a like calamity, and it is firmly believed to this day that the ship was not of earth, but a phantom of Tirna-Noog, the land of youth and eternal happiness.

The Satanic Architect.....Casimir-Perier's Wall.....New York Tribune

According to a legend current in the country around Grenoble, the ancient wall surrounding the park of M. Casimir-Perier's superb Chateau de Vizille in that district was built by the devil. No one knows exactly how old this wall is, but it is generally believed to date back to the first proprietor of Vizille, the high constable de Lesdiguières. The latter was very anxious to protect the grounds from trespassers, but lacked the money necessary to inclose it. On learning this the Evil One visited him and offered to build the wall providing Lesdiguières would assign to him his soul after death. "How long will it take to build?" he inquired. "O, only two or three minutes," replied the Prince of Darkness. "You can't do it," retorted Lesdiguières; and on the devil asserting once more his power to do it within that time, the constable made the following proposition: "I will saddle my mare *Bradamante* and will mount her at this point. I will then put the spurs to her, and at the same moment you shall begin to build the wall. If I can escape on horseback before the property is entirely walled in, I retain the right to dispose of my soul as I see fit. Otherwise, it belongs to you." Satan consented to this, and on the following day the trial was made. Lesdiguières got on his horse, and at the same moment two gangs of imps began to raise the stone wall that surrounds the property. They were in such a hurry, however, that when it came to joining the two ends of the wall they found that they had carried one end past the other, leaving a space of about a yard in between. They had just begun to repair this error when Lesdiguières dashed through the opening thus left, not so fast, however, but that the tail of his horse got stuck in the masonry. Without hesitating a moment, the rider drew his sword and cut the tail off, leaving it sticking in the wall, and there, according to tradition, it remains to-day, its place being marked by a queer and unaccountable patch of plaster in the otherwise solid bit of masonry that joins the two ends of the wall. Lesdiguières accordingly got his wall and saved his soul at the expense, it is true, of his favorite *Bradamante's* caudal appendage.

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE: HIS PARTING FROM JOSEPHINE

BY BARON CLAUDE-FRANÇOIS DE MÉNEVAL

A selected reading from *Memoirs illustrating the History of Napoleon I.: From 1802 to 1815*. Vol. II. D. Appleton & Co., New York. The biographer recounts the deep thought Napoleon had given to his divorce from Josephine and his remarriage, which he felt his duty to the nation demanded—it was his great love sacrificed on the altar of his patriotism.

Napoleon at last made up his mind to break his silence towards Empress Josephine. Since the insinuations made two years before by Fouché to the Empress, and although this mischievous marplot had been publicly disavowed, Josephine could not help seeing that, sooner or later, she would have to pay for the misfortune of not having given an heir to Napoleon with the loss of her rank. It was the general topic of her conversation, either with me, from whom she hoped to gather some information, or with those with whom she could speak in confidence.

After the Emperor's arrival at Fontainebleau new signs made her foresee the storm might break at any moment. An unaccustomed coldness, the closing of the doors which communicated between their two apartments, the shortness of the rare moments which the Emperor devoted to his wife, certain passing outbursts provoked by the most trifling causes, which troubled this family, usually so peaceful, the arrival in turn of the allied sovereigns whose presence she was not able to understand, inspired the Empress Josephine with the keenest anxiety. So cruelly was she troubled that she was constantly applying to me. I could only answer her in an evasive way; my part became an embarrassing one, and in order to escape from the unhappy Empress's questions, I was obliged to avoid her. When by hazard she was able to keep the Emperor with her for a moment, she did not dare to touch on this question for fear that the fatal sentence should fall from his lips. Such a state of things could not be prolonged. Its result had been to strain the relations to a point which was downright torture for both.

The Emperor was at last unable to bear the awful pressure any longer, and one evening, after the most silent and sorrowful of meals, he broke the ice. It may be imagined what was the grief and despair of the Empress Josephine at the moment when her last hope was taken away. Napoleon, freed from an insupportable load, was deeply touched by the grief which he was causing, and from that moment never ceased to surround her with every care, and to lavish upon her words of comfort, which Josephine, in her despair, at first listened to with indifference, but which touched her in the end. Napoleon sent for her children, Hortense and Eugene, and committed their mother to their care, assuring them of the continuance of his paternal affection and protection. After having calmed the first transports of her grief, Josephine bore her sacrifice with a force of character of which one might not have thought her capable, and resigned herself to this misfortune for which there was no remedy. From that day she was seen no more at court. She, however, came out of her voluntary retirement on two subsequent occasions—once to be present in a pew at Notre Dame at the Te Deum sung for the Peace of Vienna, and once to accompany the Emperor to the fête the City of Paris gave.

With the exception of these two instances she spent, hiding in her apartment, the fortnight which passed between the moment when this cruel revelation was made to her, and the day when the divorce was pronounced. However painful this fortnight must have been for both it seemed a terribly short time to Josephine, who could not accustom herself to the idea of the loss of her rank, and above all of being separated from Napoleon, whom she dearly loved. The Emperor soothed the last hours of their married life by acts of the kindest consideration, caring for the future of the wife whom he was leaving, advising her, and meeting her every wish.

Prince Eugene and Queen Hortense showed a nobility of sentiment and a dignity under these circumstances which are greatly to their honor—their devotion was admirable. They helped their mother to keep up courage, and yet, whilst lavishing their tenderness upon her, did not forget their duty to their adopted father. Queen Hortense had been summoned to the Tuileries, and arrived there at the moment when the Emperor was returning from having conducted, or rather having helped to carry, Josephine to her rooms. Accompanying her to the door of her mother's apartment the Emperor said to her: "Go, daughter: keep up courage." "Oh, sire! I have courage," she answered, barely able to utter the words for her tears and sobs.

The marriage of Napoleon with Josephine was declared null by the *Senatus Consultum*, and after some time the officiality of Paris severed the religious ties.

After the sorrowful and imposing ceremony, which unloosened the bonds of a union, which, had Josephine been fruitful, would have lasted as long as their lives, she who till then had been Empress went down to her apartment. The Emperor re-entered his study, sad and silent, in a state of complete depression. He remained there some moments, his head leaning on his hand, and when he rose his face was distorted. Orders for the departure to Trianon had been given in advance. When the carriages were ready, Napoleon took his hat and said, "Ménéval, come with me!"

I followed him up the little winding staircase which communicated between his study and the Empress's apartment. Josephine was alone, and appeared wrapped in the most painful reflection. The noise we made in entering attracted her attention, and springing up she threw herself on the Emperor's neck sobbing and crying. He pressed her to his bosom, kissing her over and over again, but in the excess of her emotion she had fainted. I ran to the bell and summoned help. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the sight of a grief which he was unable to assuage, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as he saw she was coming back to consciousness, ordered me not to leave her, and withdrew rapidly by the drawing-rooms of the ground floor.

After the Emperor's disappearance, women laid her on a couch and did what was necessary for her recovery. In her confusion she took my hands and earnestly prayed me to tell the Emperor not to forget her, and to assure him of an affection which would survive any and every event. She made me promise to send her news of him on my arrival at Trianon, and to see he wrote to her.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

The Realities of Life.....Lillian Whiting.....Worthington's Magazine

We often hear the phrase—"the realities of life," used as synonymous with the hardships of life. Nothing could be more untrue. There is nothing supremely "real" in limitations or privations. It is true they may serve to develop genuine qualities—love, patience, faith, self-sacrifice, and courage, but there is no magic of virtue, per se, in being cold, or hungry, or ill clad, or friendless. These may be the conditions through which higher states of spirit may sometimes be attained, and as means to an end may merit respect; but the true end and fulfillment of life is victory and joy—not failure and sadness. And so to enter on life that is truly real is to enter on exaltation and joy. The youth enters on the realities of life after he has conquered hardships and trials, which are of the material plane, and entered on achievement and gladness. While sensuous luxury is by no means a thing to be desired, comfort and beauty are the outward conditions of the best work. It is false materialism to hold that real life is simply entering on some kind of remunerative employment as the means of earning a living, as it is that a man's success is to be measured by the rapidity with which he accumulates money. Of course, if one has not a private fortune he must earn enough for his wants. It is not success to be a burden upon other people, however high the intellectual or spiritual life he were leading; nor to be so poorly off in this world's currency as to be unable to "lend a hand" to some one in need. But it is beginning at the wrong end, so to speak, to centre the thoughts on earning money. The new school of thought, or, rather, this new application we are getting of the thought that was given to us by Jesus of Nazareth nearly nineteen hundred years ago—of the thought given largely, too, by Buddha, long before that—is impressing us with the significance of new points of view.

The initial principle is that it is thought, not mechanical or physical force, which creates. An individual can think prosperity to himself by getting the key to the right current of spiritual activity. Think first and do afterward is the true way. The ancients had a phrase—"the animation of the particular from the universal," which, however vague and high-sounding, has its very definite meaning. The "universal" is a vast reservoir of infinite energy. There is an abundance for every one, as there is of the air we breathe. But all the atmosphere of the universe would be useless to a being without lungs to breathe, or who should so barricade himself from it that it could not reach him. Let him sink under water, or be immured in a dungeon, and the boundless air of all the starry spaces is of no use to him. He is in no relation to it, and unless he can receive it, for him it has no existence. Now this is precisely the case in regard to the infinite energy of the spiritual universe. To be animated is to receive vitality. The particular individual can be "animated from the universal" by receiving this current of marvelous energy, and he can receive it by placing himself in receptive relations to it.

The reality of life is in getting into this stream of magnetic vitality. Here are the infinite riches which can be drawn upon and which will materialize to us in

many forms—as prosperity, achievement, loves, friendships, and all the sweetness and satisfyingness—which is more than satisfaction—of life. It is simply this that Jesus means when He says, "I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you." This infinite and eternal energy—far finer and more subtle and more potent than electricity—is the substance from which all greatness is projected. To come in touch with this is to experience the most marvelous, vital renewals of body and mind. It is as definite as the sensation of electric contact when grasping the handles of a conductor.

There is really no more need of our perplexities and anxieties and worry as to how this bodily tenement of ours shall be housed and clothed and fed and sustained in general, than there is of worrying for fear we shall not have air enough to breathe. The fund of one is as infinite in its abundance as the other. The life of exhilaration and exaltation and miracle is adapted to each one of us. Whether we enter on it to-morrow, or after long ages, depends on ourselves. Jesus had the power to realize ideals instantly. It is undoubtedly this principle that recreated His body in three days. Just here is, of course, involved a miracle which many deny, and which no one can claim to understand. Many of us feel that the narrative would be more satisfying to us if—having been sown a natural body, it had been raised a spiritual body. Many believe that it was so raised, and that the body in which He walked about previous to the crucifixion was not raised again. So far as this involves a theological problem, it is not the purpose to touch upon it here: but so far as it is a wonderful occurrence, full of spiritual significance, it may be studied with profit to every one.

It is evident, then, that in the resurrection of Christ there was manifested the one supreme instance of the triumph of this principle of universal and all-pervading life. Jesus knew how to draw it to Himself. The high potencies that act on material affairs are purely spiritual potencies. The one key to all success of achievement and of happiness is that which unlocks the current of spiritual energy. Despondency and drudgery are all wrong. "That way madness lies." That way lie all failure, all wreck, and loss, and ruin. Let one demand his measure of the infinite power. It will flow into him. As Pythagoras insisted that his pupils should divest themselves of their egoism before entering his classes, so must one divest himself—empty his mind, so to speak—of all clinging to the lower qualities, of all thought magnetism toward covetousness, selfishness, hate, envy, jealousy, inordinate desire, before the heavenly energy can flow in. The temple must be purified and made ready for the divine guest. Many persons ask—many who are reading the literature of this new trend of thought which Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, of Boston, and many others are so forcibly giving—many who read it are saying: "This is all very well. Beautiful are the theories, but where is their connection with practical affairs?" The question is a legitimate one. Every one who reads this literature has a right to demand an answer. Every one who assists in expressing the thought in literary form is responsible for an answer; if he have no answer he has no right to be ex-

pressing the views. Mere words, mere nebulous rhetoric, is of no value, and time is too precious to be wasted on it, unless it offers clear, definite suggestions.

Is it possible, then, to divest ourselves of those qualities and tendencies generally known as the "worldly"—as pride, selfishness, envy, or covetousness? These seem very base, and still the best of humanity are not without their tendencies in some form. But can we, as fallible men and women, in the midst of more or less trying and unfavorable conditions, divest ourselves of these or kindred qualities—root them out, so to speak, from our very nature? Yes, it is possible. If there is any reality in truth, and love, and immortal life, then can we lay hold on these eternal affirmatives and free ourselves from the negatives. As Emerson says, "We must begin by affirming. Truth and goodness subsist evermore. The day is great and final. The night is for the day, but the day is not for the night." We have all been living in the night, but the dawn is at hand.

Let one clearly recognize that his mind is more or less filled with negative and passive if not positive evil. Probably it is largely passive. Positive evil makes criminals. The great majority of men and women have in them far more of good than of evil, and their constant tendency is toward the good. But the gravitation is slow when it might be swift. Seek, then, the never-failing aid of the Divine Spirit to transform all the feelings into love, harmony, and good will. It can be done. "Seek first," said Jesus—first as the initial condition,—“the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.” That is, uproot and cast out all evil, all despondent thought. Make ready for the positive forces of good. Then shall the Divine potency flow in—then shall all things be added. "Think no evil and have eyes only for the good," says Henry Wood in that admirable book, *Ideal Suggestion*. Optimism is of God, and it stimulates and attracts its possessor along the upward road toward the ideal and the perfect. Pessimism creates and multiplies unwholesome conditions, and galvanizes them into apparent life. . . . "If life were ever inspired it should be inspired now, for the Christ Spirit and quality are as truly living as when incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth." The present is the appointed time to begin to affirm. Let each demand for himself a sure, swift, and generous supply of spiritual energy and his demand shall be met.

The Test of Talk.....Thomas Wentworth Higginson.....Harper's Bazar

We are all unconsciously testing ourselves, all the time, for the information of those around us, and one of the most familiar tests is that of talk. Emerson says that every man reveals himself at every moment; it is he himself, and nobody else, who assigns his position.

"Each the herald is who wrote
His rank and quartered his own coat."

(That is, arranged his escutcheon or coat of arms, deciding his position.) After spending an hour in the dark with a stranger, we can classify him pretty surely as to education, antecedents, and the like, unless he has had the wit to hold his tongue. Then he is inscrutable. In Coleridge's well-known anecdote the stranger at the dinner table would forever have remained a dignified and commanding figure, had not the excellence of the apple-dumplings called him for a moment forth from his

shell to utter the fatal words, "Them's the jockeys for me." After that the case was hopeless; he had betrayed himself in five words. Of course the speaker might still have been a saint or a hero at heart, but so far as it went the test was conclusive. In Howell's *Lady of the Aroostook* the young men were appalled at hearing the only young lady on board remark, as an expression of surprise, that she "wanted to know." It pointed unerringly, they thought, to a rusticity of breeding. In time she developed other qualities, and one or both of them fell in love with her; nevertheless, there was a certain justice in their inference. Holmes, varying an old line, says that "the woman who cal'lates is lost"; and it is undoubtedly true that we classify a newcomer, without delay, by his language.

What we do not always recognize is that there are grades in this classification. If a stranger begins by saying, "We was," or "He done it," we assign him a low place in the school-room of education. He may be a member of Congress, a college professor; no matter; the inference is the same. His morals, his natural intellect, may rank him far above our heads, yet on the side of refined training there is something to be missed. But a great many persons who would be far from any such grammatical misadventures might still use smaller inelegancies which would also classify them in the ears of the fastidious. They might say, for instance, "cute," or "I don't know as," or "a great ways." Nine-tenths of us, according to Mr. Howells, would use some of these phrases, but there is no question that they will grate upon the ears of the other tenth. They do not touch the morals, the intelligence, the essential good manners, of those who use them; they simply classify such persons as having reached a certain grade of cultivation, and no farther. When heard, they cause a certain dismay, such as once came to an ardent young friend of mine, when, having climbed to the top of a stage-coach in order to be near a certain celebrated pulpit orator, not now living, she heard him remark to his little daughter, "Sis, do you set comfortable where you be?"

In his case, and in many such cases, this was probably a mere reversion to the habits of childhood, in familiar talk. It is not likely that he would have said the same in the pulpit. I have heard an eminent professor of rhetoric use language almost as lax when off his guard in his own class-room. This illustrates the fact that our talk is, after all, quite as much a matter of social training as of intellectual instruction. We learn language mainly by ear, and speak good or bad English long before we have looked into a grammar. Hence young children, under refining influences, often avoid the inelegancies which their parents retain; and the improvement goes on from generation to generation. One may meet "in society" some young lady who is really very ignorant, and who has been too ill or too indolent to have more than a minimum of schooling, who yet habitually speaks more unexceptionable English than many a country schoolmaster or schoolmistress of twice her years and four times her real mental training. It is not altogether easy to explain this phenomenon, but there is no question about the fact. Probably the constant practice of "society" has much to do with it, and the fact of being constantly face to face with those to whom talking, even of the most trashy and superficial character, has become second nature, and is therefore better in form than in substance. It is to be remem-

bered, too, that the language with which we have most to do is a peculiarly whimsical and inconsistent one, where accuracy is largely a matter of good custom, and where mere grammatical consistency may often lead us astray unless we are constantly in touch with usage, and that the best usage. Thus, in writing, "into" is good form, but "onto" looks illiterate, although no reason can be given for the difference. Society finds "he ain't" unpardonable; while "he don't," though still questionable, is excused. Then there are differences of locality. The educated American says "It is he," while the educated Englishman still perversely says "It is him," and tries to defend it. The same Englishman is astounded when he hears Americans say "gotten," and does not himself discover that it is archaic phrase, Scriptural, but mainly disused in our Northern States, as in England, until it migrated from Virginia northward after the civil war. One of the few phrases that still remain as the shibboleth of an Englishman is his saying, "different to" instead of "different from." Another is "directly I went" rather than "directly after I went." It shows how skin-deep is our alleged Anglicism that we hold our own so inflexibly on these points. Probably we are influencing the English in these ways more than they are affecting us, and not always beneficially; it is now, for instance, more common to see "I expect" used for "I think" by a good English writer than by a good American writer. We are acquiring, it is to be hoped, something more of the English habit of clean and well-cut enunciation, but we are holding out fairly well against the deluge of the coarser class of English words, such as "rot" and "beastly." Nor do we often emulate that high-born young Englishwoman who informed a friend of mine, her hostess, that the potatoes were nasty, and on being cautioned that in America we only apply this phrase to something very greasy and offensive, replied that this was precisely what she meant.

Ultimate Superiority in Life The Intellectual Life The Outlook

Not long ago the editor of one of the leading periodicals in this country was endeavoring to make up a list of possible contributors to a series of articles demanding from their writers intellectual achievement of a very high order and a certain ripeness and maturity of mind which should give their words authority. He found it impossible to complete his list. Going over the leading names in every department, he found a host of able, earnest, active, and useful men, but very few men who were philosophically grounded in their work, and who were able to speak, not only from an active experience, but from a profound philosophical knowledge of the principles with which they were dealing. Any one who has had occasion to make an intellectual map of the United States has soon recognized this condition of things. The country is full of earnest, capable, and effective men, but it is singularly deficient in leaders of thought, men who go to the bottom of things; who stand for what is ripest, richest, and deepest in their several spheres. The pressing needs of the country in its present stage of development are largely responsible for this diversion of talent from meditative and philosophical lines into active, working directions; but there is another cause, which may be removed, and that is the lack of fit conditions.

It may be said without injustice that America produces a greater number of agile, keen, and talented men than England, but that England produces a greater

number of really able men than America. In an unusually suggestive article contrasting English and American home life in the May number of the Forum, Mr. Price Collier calls attention to the care which is given to securing the best conditions for securing the highest efficiency of Englishmen as workers. The competition in that country is so severe that men train themselves for success in their various vocations as systematically and intelligently as young men train themselves in athletics. They insist on having the very best conditions for the highest bodily and intellectual efficiency, and the English home is largely organized in order that the man who is at the head of it may have the largest earning capacity and the best possible conditions for his own growth. Economy is rigidly and unhesitatingly practiced, without the slightest show of concealment or the slightest sense of embarrassment, from the Queen down to the bottom of English society, for the sake of securing these conditions. It is distinctly recognized in that country that if a man is to do anything in a large and thorough way, he must have leisure; and leisure is provided for him, if it has to be done by saving the candle-ends. Everything is directed to secure this result. Such men as Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, to mention typical cases, are, so to speak, "regularly groomed and kept in condition, physically and mentally, for their arduous duties." They are constantly taking holidays; every bit of work that can be delegated is taken out of their hands; and everything is done for them to give them comfort, ease, and leisure. Almost every Englishman of note has two or three, and sometimes half a dozen, avocations besides his vocation, and he attends to these as religiously as to his professional work. Mr. Gladstone is a standing illustration of the many-sided man who does not allow himself to run dry or wear out in a single pursuit, but who has constantly enriched himself by wide culture. Mr. Balfour is a philosophical thinker of no small calibre, and one of the best golf players in England. Lord Rosebery is immensely interested in horses. Mr. Chamberlain grows orchids.

Almost every Englishman of note has some hobby, specialty, or avocation—something which takes him out of the routine of his work and gives him variety and freshness. Moreover, every Englishman looks forward to his vacation, and permits nothing to interfere with it. The English public man works on the long plan. He aims to have leisure enough to master his department and to become an authority in it, and not simply an active, useful, but, in a sense, superficial worker. To achieve this result certain conditions must be secured, and these conditions he insists upon. When Mr. Gladstone proposed that Parliament should sit on Saturday, there was an immense outcry. Parliament rated a leisure Saturday as quite as important as the Imperial business which Mr. Gladstone wished to push through; and Parliament was right. What we need in this country is wider margins, more time to study, to think, to master first principles, and to refresh ourselves by contact with nature, by travel, and by study. The bright, active man can be easily trained, but the able man is the product of slow and fruitful years. We shall not have many such men until we are willing to give them more time, to exact less from them, to recognize their need of rest, and to demand from them not so much immediate service as ultimate superiority.

THE SONNET: GEMS BY AN AMERICAN GENIUS

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS

Austerlitz.Francis Saltus Saltus.....The Bayadere (Putnam)

On to the goal the impatient legions come !
 Ulm haloes with success an army's might ;
 Far 'mid the mists and gloom of Austrian night,
 Hear the advancing steeds, the ominous drum !
 Europe cowers shuddering, and strong kings are dumb ;
 A Caesar leads a nation to the fight,
 And o'er the allied camps the flaming light
 Of his great star strikes the rude masses numb !
 Five hundred thundering cannon boom and glow,
 A sun of victory on the keen steel slants,
 There on the gore-strewn plains of pine and snow
 Russ clutches Gaul in labyrinths of lance,
 While o'er the hurrying hell of war and woe
 Floats the Imperial, blood-stained flag of France.

Pastel.....Francis Saltus Saltus.....The Bayadere (Putnam)

Among the priceless gems and treasures rare
 Old Versailles shelters in its halls sublime,
 I can recall one faded image fair,
 A girl's sad face, praised once in every clime.
 Poets have sung, in rich and happy rhyme,
 Her violet eyes, the wonder of her hair.
 An art-bijou it was, but dimmed by time,
 A dreamy pastel of La Vallière !
 I, too, remember in my heart a face
 Whose charm I deemed would ever with me dwell ;
 But as the days went by, its peerless grace
 Fled like those dreams that blooming dawn dispell,
 Till of its beauty there was left no trace,
 Time having blurred it like that pale pastel !

The Tower of Babel Speaks..Francis Saltus Saltus..The Bayadere (Putnam)

In ways unknown to mortals, I regret
 The memory of that grand and haughty hour,
 When the symmetric insolence of my tower
 Awed the pale heaven that braves my anger yet.
 No stone of mine now crumbling can forget
 My palm-clad pomp in those sweet days of power,
 When my colossal summit made stars cower
 And shrink before my awful silhouette.
 Oh ! despicable, puny hordes of men !
 When I held sky and space within my reach,
 What souls had ye thus to be overcome ?
 Why did your coward hearts desert me, when
 Jehovah, in His wrath, had blent all speech ?
 Could ye not work, O fools ! though ye were dumb !

Pax et Puritas....Francis Saltus Saltus....The Bayadere (Putnam)

Whene'er my sad gaze lingers in thine eyes,
 That glow with all the idyllic warmth of Greece,
 I find from care a lovable release,
 My heart throbs faster in a charmed surprise.
 Floods of strange fancy wake, and I surmise,
 While subtle pleasures, vaguely known, increase,
 That the calm spirit of delicious Peace,
 Candid and beautiful, within them lies.
 Then, as I look again, with whims and dreams,
 Another shape appears in stainless white,
 Smiling upon me radiant and fair ;
 And, to my rapt and ravished mind, it seems
 As if sweet Purity, in robes of light,
 Had come to take eternal refuge there.

Yellow.....Francis Saltus Saltus.....The Bayadere (Putnam)

A northern sun tinged with fallow light,
 A sea that swoons on leagues of citron sand ;
 While in the dreamy background grimly stand
 Groves of weird willows sere by autumn's blight.
 The sky in strawy strips is covered quite
 By indolent clouds which, nonchalantly fanned
 By drowsier winds, blend on the aureate land
 With stacks of wheat, ungarnered, dry and bright.
 A golden dusk serenely falls and fades
 As if it shrank to love the sere earth more ;
 Sky, clouds and leaves fuse in one color rare,
 While by the sad waves, flecked with fluctuant shades
 A blond girl watches the mad sea-gulls soar,
 With scraps of sunlight in her wind-loved hair.

Graves.....Francis Saltus Saltus.....The Bayadere (Putnam)

The sad night wind, sighing o'er sea and strand,
 Haunts the cold marble where Napoleon sleeps ;
 O'er Charlemagne's bones, far in the northern land,
 A vigil through the centuries it keeps ;
 O'er Grecian kings its plaintive music sweeps ;
 Proud Philip's grave is by its dark wings fanned,
 And round old Pharaoh's (deep in desert sand
 When the grim Sphinx leers at the stars) it creeps.
 Yet weary it is of this chill, spectral gloom ;
 For mouldering grandeurs it can have no care.
 Rich mausoleums in their granite doom
 It fain would leave, and wander on elsewhere,
 To cool the violets upon Gautier's tomb,
 And lull the long grass over Baudelaire.

Temperament ...Francis Saltus Saltus....The Bayadere (Putnam)

A cruel despot reigned ; each living thing
 Shuddered before him ; in his vast domains
 Hundreds of suffering wretches died in chains ;
 The land was weary of their clamoring.
 He loved to see wild hands in anguish cling,
 His heart was shut to pity and to pains,
 While death made riot in his city's lanes,
 Reigning with him, a dreaded, mightier king.
 Then came upon the land a blighting blow ;
 All that had blossomed on the fields was swept
 Skyward by tempests in their outraged power ;
 For dreary months no shrub was known to grow,
 And it was told that this harsh tyrant wept
 When pressing to his lips one withered flower !

The Nautch Girl....Francis Saltus Saltus....The Bayadere (Putnam)

Her limbs are lithe and supple as the sea ;
 Jet hair in perfumed waves is windward whirled ;
 And, below tinted lashes, crisp and curled,
 Her gold-black glances glitter like a bee !
 Graceful and flexile as the desert tree,
 Her frame voluptuous, sapphire-starred and pearly,
 Slips in dusk radiance from its veil unfurled,
 A luring vision of guile and ecstasy.
 A Rajah's ransom glistens on a breast
 Burning with ardor as the timbrels boom ;
 And cruel eyes flash fire into the gloom,
 Stirring the senses to a vague unrest ;
 While, in her pagan passion uncontrolled,
 Her dreams are red like blood and bright like gold !

THE TREASURE SHIP: FOUND IN AN OCEAN CAVE

By W. CLARK RUSSELL

A selected reading from *List, Ye Landsmen! A Romance of Incident*. By W. Clark Russell. Cassell Publishing Co. William Fielding, first mate of the Royal Brunswicker, about to return to his ship, is captured by a pressgang, who discredit all his story of the vessel. After exciting adventures he escapes from them and is rescued by Captain Greaves of *The Black Watch*. After he had been on board for a day or two the captain tells this story of the Treasure Ship and makes a generous offer to Fielding to accompany him in the trip to the vessel, where wealth and a lifetime of prosperity and ease await them both.

When we had breakfasted, Captain Greaves said: "Will you smoke a pipe with me in my cabin?"

"With much pleasure," I answered.

"First, let me go on deck," said he, "to take a look around." With that he stepped on deck. I kept my chair and talked with Galloon until he returned. He then conducted me to his cabin. It was a large cabin, at least three times the size of the berth I had occupied during the night. It was on the starboard quarter, well lighted and cozily furnished. Here was to be felt at its fullest the heave of the brig as she swept pitching over the high seas. Whenever she stooped her stern the roaring waters outside foamed about our ears. The kick of the rudder thrilled in small shocks through this part of the fabric, and you heard the hard grind of the straining wheel ropes in their leading blocks.

Captain Greaves took a canister of tobacco from a shelf and handed me a pipe. We filled and smoked. He bade me lay upon a locker and himself sat in his sleeping-shelf or bunk, which, being without a top and standing at the height of a knee from the deck, provided a comfortable seat. We discoursed a while on divers matters relating to the profession of the sea. While I sat looking at his instruments he appeared to be deeply ruminating, and he smoked with an odd motion of his jaw as though he talked to himself. When I was once more seated upon the locker he said:

"I shall cease to call you mister. What need is there for formality between two men who have saved each other's life?"

"No need whatever."

"Fielding," said he, looking and speaking very gravely, "you have greatly occupied my thoughts since you returned to consciousness yesterday, and since I discovered that you were not a half-hanged pirate or smuggler, but a gentleman and an English sailor after my own heart. I mean to tell you a very curious story, and when I have told you that story I intend to make a proposal to you. You shall hear what errand this brig is bound on. You shall learn to what part of the world I am carrying her, and I believe you will say that you have never heard of a more romantic undertaking."

"Last year," he said, "I was in command of a small vessel named the *Hero*. It matters not how it happened that I came to be at the Philippines. There I took in a small lading for Guayaquil. When about sixty leagues to the southward of the Galapagos Islands we made land, and hove into view an island of which no mention was made in any of the charts of those seas which I possessed. There was nothing in that. There is much land yet to be discovered in that ocean. I have no faith in any of the charts of the Western American seaboard, and trust to nothing but a good lookout."

"We sighted the island soon after sunrise, and at noon were abreast of it. It was a very remarkable heap of rock, much after the pattern of the Galapagos, gloomy with black lava, and the land consisted of masses of broken lava, compacted into cliffs and small conical hills, that reminded me somewhat of the Island of Ascension. I examined it very carefully with a telescope, and beheld trees and vegetation in one place, but no signs of human life—no signs of any sort of life, if it were not for a number of turtles or tortoises crawling upon the beach and looking like ladybirds in the distance. But, as we slowly drew past the island, we opened a sort of natural harbor formed by two long lines of reef, one of them incurving as though it were a pier and the handiwork of man. The front of cliff that overlooked this natural harbor was very lofty, and in the middle of it was a tremendous fissure—a colossal cave—the shape of the mouth like the sides of a roughly drawn letter A. Inside this cave 'twas as dark as evening; yet I seemed with my glass to obscurely behold something within. I looked and looked, and then handed the telescope to the mate, who said there was something inside the cave. It resembled to his fancy the scaffolding of a building, but what it exactly was neither of us could make out."

"The weather was very quiet; the breeze off the island, as its bearings then were at this time of sighting the cave, and the water within the natural harbor was as sheet-calm as polished steel. I said to the mate:

"We must find time to examine what is inside that cave. Call away four hands and get the boat over. Keep a bright lookout as you approach. There is nothing living that is visible outside, but who knows what may be astir in the darkness of that tremendous yawn? At the first hint of danger pull like the devil for the ship, and I will cover your retreat."

"To tell you the truth, Fielding, the sight of that extraordinary cave and the obscure thing within it, along with the natural harbor, as I call it, had put a notion into my head fit, to be sure, to be laughed at only; but the notion was in my head, and it governed me. It was this: Suppose that huge cave, I thought to myself, should prove to be a secret dock used by picaroons for repairing their vessels or for concealing their ships under certain conditions of hot search? Because, you see, it was a cave vast enough to comfortably berth a number of small craft, and their people would keep a lookout; and who under the skies would suspect a piratic settlement in a heap of cinders?—So I, as a good, easy, ambling merchantman—a type of scores—come sliding in to have a look, and then out spring the sea-wolves from their lair, storming down upon their quarry to the impulse of sweeps three times as long as that oar upon which Galloon saw you floating."

He paused to draw breath. I smiled at his high-flown language.

"Do you find anything absurd in the notion that entered my head?" said he.

"Nothing absurd whatever. You sight a big cave. There is something inside which you can't make out. Why should not that cave be a pirates' lair of the fine

old, but almost extinct type, capable of vomiting cut-throats at an instant's notice, just as any volcanic cone of your island might heave up smoke and redden a league or so of land to the beach with lava?"

"Good. Fill your pipe. There is plenty of tobacco in this brig. I brought my ship to the wind and stopped her without touching a brace, that I might have her under instant command, and the boat, with my mate and four men, pulled to the island. While she was on the road we put ourselves into a posture of defense. I watched the boat approach the entrance to the lines of reef. She hung on her oars, warily advanced, halted, and again advanced; and then I lost sight of her. She was a long while gone—a long while to my impatience. She was gone about half an hour, when she appeared in that part of the harbor visible from the deck. The mate came over the side; his face was purple with heat, and all a-twitch with astonishment.

"The most wonderful thing, sir!" he cried.

"What is it?" said I.

"There's a ship of seven hundred tons at the very least, hard and fast in that big hole, everything standing but the topgallant masts, which look to me as if they'd been crushed away by the roof of the cave. Her jib boom is gone and the end of her bowsprit is about three fathoms distant inside from the entrance."

"Anybody aboard?" I asked.

"I heard and saw nothing, sir," said he.

"Did you sing out?"

"I sang out loudly. I hailed her five times. All hands of us hailed, and nothing but our own voices answered us."

"How the deuce comes a ship of seven hundred tons burthen to be lying in that hole?" said I.

"My mate was a Yorkshireman. His head fell on one side and he answered me not.

"Are her anchors down?" I asked.

"Her anchors have been let go," he answered. "The starboard cable appears to have parted inboard. I saw nothing of it in the hawse-pipe. There are a few feet of her larboard cable hanging up and down."

"Swing your topsail," said I. "She will lie quiet. There is nothing to be afraid of upon that island."

"I then got into the boat, and my men pulled me to the mouth of the piers of the reef.

"I was greatly impressed by the appearance of these reefs on approaching them. They looked like admirably wrought breakwaters, which had fallen into decay, but were still extraordinarily strong, very rugged, imposing, and serviceable. The width of the entrance was about five hundred feet. The water was smooth as glass, clear as crystal, and when I looked over the side I could see here and there the cloudy sheen of the bottom, whether coral or not I do not know—I should say not. And now, right in front of me, was the great face of gloomy-looking cliff, and in the centre the mighty rift, shaped like that," said he, bringing the points of his two forefingers together, and then separating his hands to the extent of the width of his two thumbs. "No doubt the wonderful cave was a volcanic rupture. The height of the entrance was, I reckoned, about two hundred feet, and the breadth of it at its base about fifty. It stood at the third of a mile from the mouth of the natural harbor. I could see but little of the ship until I was close to, so gloomy was the interior; but as the men rowed, features of the extraordinarily housed

craft stole out, and presently we were lying upon our oars and I was viewing her, the whole picture clear to my gaze as an oil painting set in a frame.

"She was a lump of a vessel painted yellow, with a snake-like curl of cutwater at the head of the stem, and a great deal of gilt work about her headboards and figurehead. I knew her for a Spaniard the instant I had her fair. She had heavy channels and a wide spread of lower rigging. Her yards were across, but pointed as though she had ridden to a gale, and the canvas was clumsily furled as if rolled hurriedly and in a time of confusion. But I need not tease you with a minute description of her," said he. "It was easy to guess how it happened that she was in this amazing situation. Perfectly clear it was to me that she had sighted this island at night, or in dirty weather, when the land was too close aboard for a shift of the helm to send her clear. Once in the harbor her commander, in the teeth of a dead inshore wind, could not get out. What, then, was to be done? Here was a place of shelter in which he might ride until a shift of wind permitted him to proceed on his vogue. So, as I make the story run to my own satisfaction, he let go his anchor; but scarcely was this done when it came on to blow, the canvas was hastily furled to save the strain, but she dragged nevertheless. A second anchor was let go, and still she dragged—and why? Because, as a cast of the lead would have told the Spanish captain, the ground was as hard as rock and smooth as marble, and there was nothing for the anchors to grip. Dragging with her head to sea and her stern at the cliff's huge front, the ship floats foot by foot toward the cave, threading it with mathematical precision. The roof of the cave slants rearward, and as she drifts into the big hole her royal-mastheads graze and take the roof; the masts are crushed away at the crosstrees, otherwise all is well with the ship. She strands gently, and is steadied by her topmast heads pressing against the roof. Thus is she held in a vise of her own manufacture."

"You boarded her, I suppose?"

"Certainly I boarded her," continued Greaves. "It is by no means so dusky inside the cave as it appeared to be when viewed from the outside. I left a hand to attend the boat and took three men aboard. I believe I should not have had the spirit to enter that ship alone. By Isten! but she did show very ghastly in the gloom—very ghastly and cold and silent, with the appalling silence of entombment. No noise—I mean that faint, thunderous noise of distant surf—no noise of breakers penetrated. Well, to be sure, by listening you might now and again catch a drowning, bubbling, gasping sound, stealthily washing through the black water in the cave along the sides of the ship; but I tell you that I found the stillness inside that cave heart-sinking. I went right aft and looked over the stern, and there it was like gazing into a tunnel. How far did the cavern extend abaft? There would be one and an easy way of finding that out—by rowing into the blackness and burning a flare in the boat. This I thought I would do if I could make time.

"The ship was a broad, handsome vessel, her scantling that of a second-rater; she mounted a few carronades and swivels; clearly a merchantman, and, as I supposed, a plate-ship. She had a large roundhouse, and steered by a very beautifully and curiously wrought wheel, situated a little forward of the entrance to the

roundhouse. It did not occur to me that she might be a rich ship until I looked into the roundhouse; then I found myself in a marine palace in its way. Enough of that. The sight of the furniture determined me upon attempting a brief search of her hold. The impulse was idle curiosity—I should have believed it anyway. I had not a fancy in my head of any sort beyond a swift glance of curiosity at what might be under her hatches. Yet, somehow, before I had fairly made up my mind to look into the hold, a singular hope, a singular resolution had formed, flushing me from head to foot as though I had drained a bottle of wine. ‘Look if that lamp be trimmed,’ said I to a man, pointing to one of a row of small, wonderfully handsome brass lamps, hanging from the upper deck of the roundhouse. No, it was not trimmed. The rest of them were untrimmed. We searched about for oil, for wicks, for candles, for anything that would show a light. Then said I to two of the men, ‘Jump into the boat and fetch me a lantern and candle. Tell the mate that I am stopping to overhaul this ship for her papers to get her story.’

“While the boat was gone I walked about the decks of the vessel, hardly knowing what I might stumble on in the shape of human remains, but there was nothing in the way. The boats were gone, the people had long ago cleared out. Small blame to them. Good thunder!” cried he, shuddering or counterfeiting a shudder; “who would willingly pass a night in such a cave as that? The boat came alongside with the lantern. We then lifted the hatches, and I went below. Life was here, a hideous sort of life, too. Lean rats bigger than kittens, living skeletons horrible with famine. They shrieked, they squeaked, they fled in big shadows. There was not much cargo in the main hold, but cargo there was. I will tell you exactly the contents of the main hold of *La Perfecta Casada*,” he exclaimed, coming out of his bed, opening a drawer, and taking out a small book clasped by an elastic band. He read aloud.

“Five thousand serons of cocoa——”

“Pray,” said I, “what is a seron?”

“A seron is a crate.”

“Well, sir?”

“Sixty arobes of alpaca wool——”

“What is an robe?”

“An robe is twenty-five pounds.” He continued to read: “One thousand quintals of tin at one hundred pounds per quintal; four casks of tortoiseshell; eight thousand hides in the hair; four thousand tanned hides, and a quantity of cedar planks. Now, what do you think of the cargo of *La Perfecta Casada*?”

“It is a very good cargo so far as it goes, but there is very little of it.”

“There is enough said he,” with a gesture of his hand. “I should be very pleased to be able to pay the value of that cargo into my banking account.”

I made no remark, and he proceeded: “When I had taken a peep into the main hold I caused the after hatch under the roundhouse to be raised, and here I found a number of cases. They were stowed one on top of another, with pieces of timber betwixt them and the ship’s lining—an awkward-looking job of stowing. I left my men above, and descended alone into this part of the hold, and stood looking for a short time around me, roughly calculating the number of these cases, the contents of which I could not be perfectly sure of, though one of two things I knew those contents

must consist of. I called up through the hatch to the men to hunt about the ship and find me a chopper or saw, and presently one of them handed me down an axe. I put down the lantern, and letting fly at the first of the cases with much trouble split open a part of the lid. I would not satisfy myself that all those cases were full until I had split the lids of five as tests or samples of the lot. Then I concluded that the rest were full.”

“Of what?” said I.

“My men,” he continued, taking no notice of my interruption, “were, no doubt, considerably astonished to observe me hacking at the cargo with a heavy axe, as though I had fallen mad, and splintering and smashing up what I saw. I regained the deck and bid the fellows put the hatches on while I explored the cabins for the ship’s papers. There was a number of cabins in the roundhouse, and in one of them which had, undoubtedly, been occupied by the captain, I found a stout tin box, locked; but I had a bunch of keys in my pocket, and, strangely enough, the key of a tin box in which I kept my own papers on board the *Hero* fitted this box. I opened it, and seeing at once that the contents were the ship’s papers, I put them into my pocket and called to my men to bring the boat alongside. But I had not yet completed my explorations. I threw the axe into the boat, entered, and pulled into the harbor to look at the weather and to see where the *Hero* was.

“The *Hero* lay at the distance of a mile, hove-to. The weather was wonderfully fine and calm. We pulled into the cave again to the bows of the ship, and cut off a short length of the hemp cable that was hanging up and down from the hawse-pipe, having parted at about two feet above the edge of the water. The cable was perfectly dry. We unlaid strands and worked them up into torches and set fire to three of them—that is to say, I and two of the men held aloft these blazing torches, while the other two pulled us slowly into the cave past the ship. There was not much to see after all. The cavern ended abruptly at about a hundred yards astern of the ship. The roof sloped, as I had supposed, almost to the wash of the water, it and the walls working into the shape of a wedge. I had thought to see some fine formations—stalactites, natural columns, extraordinary incrustations, and so forth. There was nothing of the sort. The cave was as like the tunneling of a coal mine as anything I can think of to compare it with; but how gigantic, to comfortably house a vessel of at least seven hundred tons, finding room for her aloft to the height of her topmast head! It was more like a nightmare than a reality to look back from the black extremity of the cave toward the entrance, and see there the dim green of the day—for the light showed in a faint green—with the upright fabric of the ship black as ink against that veil of green faintness. The water brimmed with a gleam as of black oil to the black walls. One of my men said:

“‘Suppose it was to come on to blow hard, dead in-shore, how would it fare with that ship, sir?’

“‘What could happen to hurt her?’ I answered. ‘Never could a great sea run within the barriers of reefs, and no swell to stir the ship can come out of that sheltered space of water, and keep its weight inside.’

“But do her people mean to leave here there?” said I.

“We may assume so,” he answered, “seeing that she was encaved, as far as I can reckon from the dates of her papers, in or about the month of August, 1810.”

BENCH AND BAR: WIT OF THE COURTROOM*

Without Argument—A young lawyer talked four hours to an Indiana jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said: "Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.

Baron Maule's Rebuke—Baron Maule once rebuked the arrogance of Mr. Cresswell, who had been treating the bench with a lack of courtesy, in the following terms: "Mr. Cresswell, I am perfectly willing to admit my vast inferiority to yourself. Still, I am a vertebrated animal, and for the last half-hour you have spoken to me in language which God Almighty himself would hesitate to address to a black beetle."

Corroborative Evidence Needed—In a Washington county town a little while ago, the local champion liar was brought up before the justice for stealing hens. It was a pretty plain case, and by the advice of his lawyer the prisoner said: "I plead guilty." This surprising answer in place of a string of lies expected staggered the justice. He rubbed his head. "I guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," said he, after a pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."

Profiting by Experience—There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary text-books and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the Court knows a little law itself?" "That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

Contempt in the Second Degree—In arguing a point before a judge of the superior court, Colonel Folk of the Mountain Circuit in North Carolina laid down a very doubtful proposition of law. The judge eyed him a moment and queried: "Colonel Folk, do you think that is law?" The colonel gracefully bowed and replied: "Candor compels me to say I do not, but I did not know how it would strike your honor." The judge deliberated a few moments and gravely said: "That may not be contempt of court, but it is a close shave."

Tried by his Peers—Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer, once went to one of the interior towns of Maine, where a boy was on trial for arson. He had no counsel, and Mr. Paine was assigned by the court to take charge of his case. He discovered, after a brief interview with the boy, that he was half-witted. The jury, however, was composed of farmers who owned barns such as the defendant was alleged to have set on fire, and, in spite of the boy's evident weakness of intellect, they brought in a verdict of guilty. The presiding justice turned to Mr. Paine and remarked: "Have you any motion to make?" Mr. Paine arose, and in his dry and weighty manner answered: "No,

your honor. I believe I have secured for this idiot boy all that the laws of Maine and the constitution of the United States allow—a trial by his peers."

Sarcasm of the Bench—The sarcastic Justice Maule did not spare his judicial brethren. "I do not believe," he said to the counsel once, "that any such absurd law has ever been laid down, although it is true that I have not yet seen the last number of the 'Queen's Bench Reports.'" When a witness was telling an impossible story, and declared that he would not tell a lie, for he had been wedded to truth from his infancy, Justice Maule observed, in his dry, incisive tone: "Yes, but the question is: How long have you been a widower?"

The Retort Judicial—Chief Justice Rushe and Lord Norbury were walking together, in the old times, and came upon a gibbet. "Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?" "Faith, I should be travelling alone!"

Getting the Whole Story—Attorney: "I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. Reluctant Witness: "I've told you everything of any consequence." "You have told me that you said to him: 'Jones, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply." "Well, he said: 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin' little yee-hawin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed shy-ster lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

A Judicial Boomerang—An irascible old judge, being annoyed by a young lawyer's speaking to him about a legal point in the street, threatened to fine him for contempt of court if he did not cease to annoy. "Why, judge," said the lawyer, "you are not in session!" "I'd have you know that this court is always in session, and consequently always a subject of contempt."

Testimony of a Survivor—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. "Ah, my lord," said the culprit, making a low bow, "they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

English in Court—In a trial before Judge Bowen at Del Norte, Colorado, one of the parties was represented by Judge Hamm and the other by C. D. Hayt, now of the Colorado supreme bench. A Mexican juror, regularly venired, asked to be excused from service. "Why do you wish to be excused?" asked the court. "Well, chuch," said the Mexican, "me—no—understand—good—English." "That's no excuse," answered the judge, with assumed severity; "nobody's going to talk to you but Judge Hamm and Charlie Hayt, and they don't either of them speak good English."

* Compiled from various sources.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FASHIONS AND FOIBLES

The Feminine Latchkey Mrs. Lynn Linton *To-Day*

Much has been written of late about the liberties of girls and the right of young women to such knowledge of the world—such participation in the rowdy pleasures of life—as has hitherto been reserved for men only. Of course there are two sides here, as in every other question of human life and morals. The old-fashioned cling to the sentiment of maidenly modesty and womanly purity; the new school derides both possessions as ridiculous impedimenta, which the wise do well to fling away as soon as possible. Their idea is to teach girls everything theoretically, to the end that they may be better able to protect themselves and be warned off practical experiments by the clear knowledge of results; that is, this new school thinks that female immorality is due solely to ignorance and curiosity, and that to familiarize the mind with certain subjects, to load the imagination with vicious images, is a sure way to preserve innocence and maintain chastity.

Hence the demand by certain sympathetic matrons for the recognition of daughterly revolt, for the possession of a latchkey, for the initiation of unmarried girls and women into all the mysteries both of nature and of vice;—which method of preserving innocence seems to the other side very much akin to plunging up to the neck in a bog lest new shoes should be soiled by walking in a muddy lane. To preserve physical chastity by destroying mental purity is surely to lose the substance for the shadow, if even this were the result of these disastrous teachings. But it is not. The most thoroughly “instructed” girls are the peasantry in the country and the poor of the city streets. They know, from quite an early age, the whole subject under present discussion, and they use that knowledge, not to edification. They have freedom, sexual equality, theoretical enlightenment; and the great bulk of the illegitimate population dates from them, not from the lady-girl, sheltered, protected, unenlightened. This is something too patent to be either argued about or denied. Yet with this object-lesson right before their eyes and sounding in their ears, the revolted daughters and their sympathetic matrons cry aloud for the latchkey—for absolute equality in pursuits, pleasure, knowledge, with men—for complete theoretical initiation—all in the name of virtue, and on the plea of preserving their purity.

The same argument holds good concerning the introduction of women into political life. The favorite plea is: The greater virtue of women will moralize politics, rendering sweet that which is now bitter, patient that which is now passionate. Here, again, the object-lesson taught by the Dames de la Halle, by the “pétroleuses,” the Louise Michels, the Russian women Nihilists, the aiders and abettors of Anarchy—this object-lesson is of no avail. The enthusiasts for the moralization of politics by the admission of women into the active arena do not or will not remember that the sole reason why women are more virtuous than men in certain directions is because they are less tempted and less accustomed. Where women are treated like men, and are one with men in trials and temptations, they succumb like men, and are not a whit better, if, indeed, they are not worse. The drinking woman is as horribly weak to her vice as

the drinking man. The gambling woman is as reckless as the gambling man. The brute woman matches the brute man in all his bestialities; and the active politician, if a woman, would be as fierce, as unscrupulous, as unfair as the man. Where women have gained has been by that very fact of being “sheltered,” which it is now the fashion to deride. When they are not so sheltered—when they come into contact with the life of men as men themselves, they are just as bad as the worst of those of whom they are supposed to be the superior. So will it be in politics. The strife of parties and the heat of contest will leave its mark on them as it has done on their brothers and husbands, their fathers and lovers; and the mischief they would do the world at large will have its first outfall in the mischief they will do themselves. The political latchkey would be fatal to all the distinctive virtues of womanhood.

For all these considerations, those women who have lived long enough to see the drift of things and to understand the realities of life oppose, with all their might, the new departure indicated in the phrase, “The Revolt of the Daughters.” They see in the doctrines there advocated the destruction of all that has hitherto made the ideal of womanly virtue. The coarsening of the mind by familiarity with coarse subjects; the defloration of the moral nature by unnecessary as well as untimely initiation into the mysteries of life; the lowering of the womanly ideal by the destruction of purely womanly characteristics—all these things, which are so patent to the experienced and so closely hidden from the inexperienced, have thrown the elder women into the ranks of the Conservative opposition, into which ranks the insurgents pour their red-hot shot with more deadly intent than effect. But again we say, Look at the result on the lower classes of this equal freedom and equal knowledge. Look at the laundry-hands, for instance; at the factory-girls; at the dwellers in the slums; even at domestic servants; and then say whether the “latchkey” demanded by some of our lady-girls and matrons has wrought to better issues among those emancipated than we find among the sheltered. Why, even not going so far as this, we all know how “office work” takes off the subtle perfume and beauty of a girl’s character. When once girls are allowed to trail about the streets alone and are forced to fight for themselves, they lose that wonderful perfume, that spiritual fragrance, which is the distinctive charm of maidenhood. They may be substantially as good as gold and as chaste as snow; but the gold is slightly tarnished and the snow is dusted over. What folly, then, to face this loss when not made necessary by circumstances!—what criminality to urge it, to uphold it, to advocate it, as a mere social experiment, and the outcome of a mere personal desire!

Beautiful Hands of Famous Women *The New York Tribune*

One of woman’s greatest charms is in the beauty of her hands, members which are truly adorable when their smallness is combined with other indications of fine breeding; but even if they are large they may still be beautiful if they are shapely, finely made, and white, with blue veins, taper fingers, and rosy nails slightly arched. The women of North America have the

smallest hands in the world, and next to them come the Austrian, Spanish, French, and Italian ladies. Those of the fair Spaniard are often spoiled by coarse fingers, rounded at the tip. Russians have long but beautifully formed hands. The hands of English women of rank are aristocratically shaped, but they are long and sometimes too dry. The French grande dame takes the best care of her hands all the world over. Germans are generally endowed with large and flat ones, with enormous fingers. A typically beautiful hand is that of the Duchesse de Mouchy (née Anna Murat); it is very small, delicately formed, with taper fingers curved a little at the extremities, and almond nails. The hand of the Vicomtesse de Galard is exquisite. It recalls Canova's statues, of which the hands are smaller and more aristocratic than those of the famous Greek models. Two of the Austrian archduchesses are noted for their lovely hands—the Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Queen Christina of Spain, and the Archduchess Maria Theresa, sister-in-law of Emperor Francis Joseph. Of fair Frenchwomen who can boast of a charming hand the Duchess of Ayen and Mouchy are among the best known; also the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne and the Princesse de Wagram, the Duchesse de Luynes and the Princesse de Poix. Mmes. de Yturbe and de Mieri, though Spaniards, have hands as perfect as are their feet, and the Duchesse de Morny is another of the Peninsular beauties whose hands are good. A charming specimen of the Russian hand is that of the Duchesse de Sesto—long, but superbly made—while those of the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and of Lady Randolph Churchill (née Jerome) afford illustrations of the lovely little hand of the North American woman. Most Parisiennes wear $6\frac{1}{2}$ or $6\frac{3}{4}$ gloves. These are not the smallest sizes for a pretty hand, but are those worn by many of the fairest of the sex, for a tight glove is a perfect abomination. It makes the hand look larger instead of smaller.

When putting gloves on, always begin by buttoning the second button; then, when buttoned to the top, you can easily fasten the first button without tearing the kid. Never remove the gloves by pulling the fingers, but by drawing the part covering the wrist over the hand, and leave them thus wrong side out for some time before turning them to their proper shape. Always lay gloves lengthwise; never roll them. Light-colored gloves should be placed between two pieces of white flannel. There is nothing better to perfume gloves than a tiny tablet of concentrated scent or a small sachet within the hand. A glove thus scented never loses its perfume. Some people pretend that it requires at least five aristocratic generations to make a perfect hand; this is somewhat exaggerated, for much may be done to alleviate the rough influence of hard work, and to all is given the means of having a white and delicate hand, which is a great step toward its beauty, even if the hand be not molded in an aristocratic form. In work or in idleness the hand may with a very little precaution become lovely. The culture of hand beauty was once carried to such an excess that some ladies would never close their hands for fear of hardening the joints. For the same reason, pages and footmen used to carry their mistress' prayer-book, too heavy for her delicate hands, and no lady ever dreamed of opening a door herself for fear of spoiling them. The first lady who carried a prayer-book to church and opened and shut her own

doors was considered a "strong, emancipated" woman by her more prejudiced sisters.

Nowadays women have become far more reasonable on this score, as on many others; but still it is well not to swing to an opposite extreme in neglecting too much the care of the hand. Riding, driving, sewing, tennis, rowing, and housework are detrimental to its beauty. But even with these employments, we may keep the hands fairly soft if we will, by giving them a few moments' care and attention at the end of the day's work. Always wear gloves whenever and wherever you can. If you cannot do this, and the palm of your hand becomes rough, rub it gently with pumice-stone until it regains its primitive delicacy of surface. In the morning, after washing the hands with bran or oatmeal, rub them with a slice of lemon, which will soften and polish the nails. Use soap as little as possible. Lemon and, if necessary, a pinch of salt, will remove the most obstinate stains. Never throw away lemon or orange peel, for these alone will sometimes take away stains without even using water. Strawberry and sorrel leaves steeped in milk are also among nature's cosmetics for the hand.

The Samovar Fad..... A New Collecting Mania..... New York Herald

Frequently of late the appearance of handsomely attired women unescorted, but unmistakably leaders of fashion, has startled the sidewalk inhabitants of the East-side. Now the sight of these lovely visitors for a month or more has accustomed the East-siders to their beautiful presence, for these tenement dwellers are the quickest and sharpest in the world, and the Polish, Jewish and German women waste no time wondering what the ladies are there for. They know it is a samovar. Yes, that has been the fad of the expiring season—the collection of genuine samovars from their original owners. Who knows where the craze started, whether among the artists or among the fashionables? It ran feverishly through the ranks of both, and, as in many other instances, there was a tremendous rivalry between them. Some one of the mondaines—Mrs. Paul Thebaud, Mrs. George Kip, Mrs. J. J. Astor, or Mrs. Eugene Kelly—sits for her portrait to some well-known artist and sees in his studio a samovar. Its quaint shape, splendid copper brilliancy and general attractiveness catch and hold her admiration. Oh, if she could but have it! The artist regrets very deeply, but it was brought over from Russia by a very dear friend. You comprehend? And he could not part with it. But he has heard that down on the East-side, among the Russians, Poles and Hebrews, there are samovars, genuine things, of exquisite shape and workmanship. Besides, there's the fun of hunting for them. In some such way the first "swagger" woman got the idea of hunting through the East-side ghetto for her samovar.

Although it made no stir, this samovar fad spread widely, and engulfed in it most of the best-known women of New York. Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Addison Cammack, Mrs. Heber Bishop, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Fred Pierson, Mrs. David Thomson and Mme. Del Valle were caught by the craze, and not one of them but has made her collection, which comprises from two to a dozen beautiful samovars. It is true that not all of these ladies have gone hunting for them in the queer places indicated, or that all of them owe their collection to the fact that Russian families bring their samovars with them when they emigrate. Some of the

collectors made their search in St. Petersburg, while others are the result of diligent work on the part of agents in various parts of the world. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is too original not to have made her collection in propria persona. The author of *A Diplomat's Diary*, besides, has had too exceptional advantages of sojourn in the great capitals of the world to be contented with bric-a-brac and articles de luxe which she has not found in their proper environment. During the last winter Mrs. Cruger added to her fine collection, which, even with losses by any source deducted, constitutes one of the largest and finest in this country.

One of the quaintest of samovars is the proud possession of Mrs. Bishop, which was procured for her in a small Russian town by some English relatives. It must have originally been a rude copy of an Ikon, for there is a resemblance of modeling which is a rarity in samovars. Another one almost as singular and unique is a representation of a chateau in brass. This is the property of Mrs. Willing, the mother of Mrs. J. J. Astor. A quaint one, which probably dates back to the reign of Catherine, is in an unusual state of preservation, its original turrets or pinnacles not exhibiting a bruise or dent. This is a proof of the extremely jealous care which is bestowed on their samovars by all kinds of Russian people from the peasant to the prince. How largely it figures among the comforts of life cannot have been overlooked by any one who read the Russian novels during their vogue. The first order of the traveler arriving at an inn or hotel is for the samovar, and the first offering of hospitality to a guest is always the same. The beautiful modern samovars are, naturally enough, not to be compared with those which have been collected and serve the purpose of bric-a-brac. It is very seldom, indeed, that any of the old and quaint tea-makers are heated and put to use, although there is in many cases no good reason why they should not be "useful as well as ornamental." Usually they occupy a niche or a pedestal and are kept as idle as a Chinese god, while the modern ones referred to above fill all the requirements of 5 o'clock tea.

To the grief and present regret of the artists and the future sorrow of enterprising fashionables the field of the New York ghetto has been pretty thoroughly explored, and not as many "finds" of value will be heard of next season as last unless the news has spread to Russia and the poor people there manufacture "genuine antiques" in samovars, especially for this market. One lady, while passing a butcher shop on Division street, was accosted in French by a woman, who asked assistance. She said she came to this country from China to visit her brother, who had obtained possession of \$1,200 of her savings, and she could not make her plaint understood by a civil justice in the Second District. Tired as the fashionable woman was by an unsuccessful hunt after samovars, she was moved to compassion by the plaint of Mme. Janne, and accompanied her to court, where the strange spectacle of one of New York's daintiest women acting as interpreter for a stranger was presented. After this experience she went back to the meat shop with Mme. Janne to look at some papers, and there, in a room over the butcher shop—a bare, uncarpeted and not particularly clean room—stood a magnificent samovar. It belonged to the butcher and had been brought from Russia fifty years ago. The mondaine was an expert by this time in samovars, but

she had never seen so fine a specimen as this before. When she had done gasping she inquired if it was for sale. They told her no, it was not, and an exorbitant figure would not tempt them. After a tantalizing examination of its beauties, the fair New Yorker went back to where she had left her cab. That same night a package reached her house. Undoing it, she found within the coveted samovar, with a card in a cramped hand, "Souhaits sincères de Mme. Janne." Her good action had met with an instant reward.

My Lady's Dressing Table.....Harrydele Hallmark.....Pittsburg Leader

The toilet table of the day, like most else in furniture, dress, and decoration, is cut according to prevailing French ideas. The most approved style is the low, highly polished, ornamented with Marqueterie, table, that requires one to be seated before it in order to get a glimpse into the mirror. True, it lacks one luxury that most women enjoy—a multitude of drawers; but the woman who is so luxurious as to own a French dresser has usually many closets and wardrobes. Again, the mirror is quite small; but a swinging cheval glass goes as an accessory. The best of these French tables come for \$350, and few are less than \$100. These are built of mahogany, with rich, elaborate inlays, or else of a highly polished metal used for this purpose, ornamented with silver. A good specimen of the toilet table of the day is the pride of a brilliant young married woman in the smart set. The heavy metal frame is inlaid with silver, the mirror has a wide frame of filigreed silver, and candelabra of silver flank either side. On this table is first spread a strip of chamois to prevent the toilet articles from in any way marring or scratching the brilliant surface; over the chamois is a cover made from two five-inch strips of brocaded satin ribbon, with eutredeux and edges of duchess lace. The candles in the silver sticks are rose-colored with ciel-blue shades, matching the colors in the brocade cover. On the brocade are laid out all the toilet silver so dear to the heart of the latter-day woman. It is strange that this one small person should require thirty-five toilet articles to assist her in making her appearance before the world, but so it seems. I think she possesses everything that can be devised of silver to suit a separate need.

There are hosts of women who have discovered that to possess a "fin de siècle" toilet table they need not spend much money. For these latest fancies in furniture can be duplicated in many a heritage from a fair woman's grandmother. Stored away in old New York attics, covered by dust and scratches, were dressing-tables that are now the envy of many rich women without grandmothers. But let no one suppose that these ancient tables are restored in an amateur fashion. Only a dealer who thoroughly understands the treatment of woods is trusted to polish them up. At the outset of the craze a large number of tables, perfect in shape, were ruined by ignorant polishing. The French styles are never draped. As a usual thing the wood is so exquisitely inlaid that one would not wish to hide the design. Next in mode to this extreme of fashion is the use of some old chest of drawers in handsome wood. These are more often obtainable than the French dresser, for few are the houses that do not possess an old mahogany set of drawers, more or less elegant. Such chests, with a mirror hung above, are furnishing many a smart woman's apartments. If the

chest is devoid of ornament, brass handles are bought and attached. The large mirror to hang above can be either square or long. A lining of satin is put in all the drawers, a layer of cotton batting underneath, sprinkled with sachet powder. When lavender is used the old-time effect is complete. The ordinary square glass, marble-topped bureau, of five years ago seems to be obsolete. The brass dresser, too, is another style that is rapidly going out.

Ordinary tables are used as dressers in the place of the bureau. A plain work-table prettily covered, with an oak-framed mirror hanging above, is considered in correct taste. The two pieces can be got together for \$6, whereas the ordinary pine bureau costs \$10. The handsomest toilet articles are not considered out of place on it. This plain, solid, clean style of dresser has taken the place of the home-made table of pine, covered and draped with muslin. The latter, while pretty, should never have been advised, for it was a difficult matter to keep it clean. The least dust ruined its daintiness. Many girls had these muslin toilet tables in their rooms as effective furnishings, but sacredly guarded them from all use. One of the novel devices for a dresser which I saw lately was owned by a young decorator of high standing in New York. A mirrored door that had been unswung from a china closet in an old-fashioned house was placed across a corner in the sleeping-room, its hinges being removed. Against it was set a low chest of brass-handled drawers. A heavy yellow satin cover was laid over the top of the chest, and the tall door was draped with an old fishing net. The toilet articles were of burnt ivory. This arrangement corresponded with the window draping, which was of yellow silk, with a fish net thrown carelessly over the pole. Mirrors are sometimes draped, but not all with silk.

White silk muslin in double width is considered a good draping material. The edges are finished with a four-inch accordion pleating of the same. The piece is caught at the centre above the mirror with a white satin bow, and the drapery hangs plainly down by the sides of the table without being caught. A cover is made in the same way of the same material and laid over a strip of white canton flannel. Most women openly prefer washable covers; many use the ever dainty butcher's linen with wide hemstitched hems. The mistake is now seldom made of draping a plain table around the legs. The effect of simplicity is sought. Where a decorative cover is used it is usually made from satin ribbon and lace. The ribbons should be four inches wide and joined with open heavy yellow lace. Three bands is sufficient. A cover should not come quite to the edge of the table. A ruffle of the lace is put around the whole and a thin protective piece of chamois or canton flannel placed under. Many use pieces of brocade or plain silk, with the edges simply turned in, not hemmed. Frilled white Swiss covers are sometimes used, but not with the old orthodox pink or blue linings. They may have a satin butterfly bow at one end. Chiffon is used as cover for these dainty white mahogany dressers that are so very expensive, but so very beautiful. With their fair owners the perishable cover is easily replaced. A double-width piece of right length is creased and ironed down into one-inch folds. An accordion pleating of the material is laid all around the four edges, and a satin butterfly bow is placed at either end. If the room is hung in any light color, the chiffon can match

it. The study of harmonies in color has become almost a science in indoor decorating and furnishing, and gives opportunity for any amount of taste and originality.

Torchon or platte Valenciennes on covers or hangings is not considered tasteful. If the material is Swiss, silk muslin or any of the thin wash goods, the trimming is made from the same goods. If silk or satin is used, the rich, open laces now in vogue form the trimming. But invariably if the toilet table is in a room where one lives a great deal, the best decorators advise linen hemstitched covers. These can go into the wash every week and therefore preserve a freshness that silk or Swiss lose after much use. The toilet articles usually depend on the wealth of the owner or the generosity of her friends. Here is the usual outfit: Brush, comb, and hand mirror; two cologne bottles; glove stretcher; two powder boxes, one for face powder and the other for glove; ten manure implements, these all laid in a tray; ring stand; pin tray; hat and clothes brush; watch stand; button hook and glove buttoner. The silver and jeweled bonbonnières that have gone out of their normal use to some extent, are used by many women to hold the red finger-nail salve that is necessary for well-cared-for hands. I asked at a well-known Broadway jeweler's which was the best, the yellow or white bristles, in selecting brushes. I was told that it made no difference, except in the looks. All the best bristles were from the Russian boar. In their natural state they are the unpleasant yellow which is retained for many brushes. But the whitening did not injure them. The bristle is split only twice to make stiff, hard brushes, several times to make them soft. The best brushes can be distinguished by the little bunches of bristles being placed far apart. This is a good sign to look for; also in the matter of keeping them clean, as the water passes more easily between. All brushes, not in use, should be placed bristles down.

Once a week brushes should be washed in warm water and household ammonia, no soap used. They should be well shaken and laid in the sun for a few moments. The best results of cleanliness are obtained when two brushes are rubbed together in the water. If the bristles get discolored, a teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen with ten drops of hartshorn mixed with a pint of warm water cleans them perfectly. If the wood of the brush is of snakewood or any of the fashionable varieties, care should be taken that the back and handle are not wet when the brush is laid in the sun, or they may warp or crack. The most fashionable material used for toilet articles is carved burnt ivory. But this is within the reach of a few as a single nail polisher costs \$35. Next to this in popularity comes repoussé silver. The plain silver is bought entirely for men. Celluloid has gone out, but the imitation burnt ivory, which costs the same price, is used instead. This makes lovely toilet articles. A brush and comb of it costs only \$2.50, a mirror, \$1.75. These, mingled with silver articles, look well. Some of the extravagant "special" pieces are made of old silver mounted with carved ivory and of gold mounted in green jade. Many of the colonial dressing tables have a full set of tortoise-shell articles, but they are too perishable for real use. No matter how handsome the case may be that toilet articles come in, it should be relegated to the closet. I saw a dainty dressing table yesterday at the home of a debutante that was spoiled by having the yellow plush case holding an elaborate silver outfit her, placed intact in the centre of the table.

TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

The Sexton.....George H. Look.....Kansas City Times

Nigh to a grave that was newly made
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade.
His task was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train through the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were as white as a foamy sea,
And these words came forth from his lips so thin:

"I gather them in, I gather them in.

"Many are with me, and yet still I'm alone.
I'm king of the dead and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold.
I've builded the houses that lie around
In every nook of this burial ground;
But come they stranger, or come they kin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, both man and boy,
Year after year, of grief or joy,
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all.
Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in and their final rest
Is here, down here in the earth's dark breast."
The sexton ceased, for the funeral train
Wound mutely over that solemn plain,
And I said in my heart when time is told
A mightier voice than that sexton's old
Shall sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
I gather them in, I gather them in.

The Jackdaw of Rheims.....Richard H. Barham.....Ingoldsby Legends

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk; and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee,
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, the rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face of his Lordship's Grace
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,

"We are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!—
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure

As any that flowed between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne:
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."
The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
The little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about.
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes—they turn up the plates—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates—
They turn up the rugs—they examine the mugs—
But no!—no such thing—they can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and priggled it!"

The Cardinal rose, with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they search till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way—
His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb, [HIM!—
That heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and slower he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door, [straw
When the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks and the
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—
When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd:
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads,
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
The conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

Ballad Upon a Wedding.....Sir John Suckling....Poems

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:
O, things without compare!
Such sights again can not be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, tho', than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest.
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town,
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid;
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce,
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About your young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
But O! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride;
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, the youths carouse;
Healthis first go round, and then the house,
The bride's come thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

O th' sudden up they rise and dance;
They sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Conciliation and Arbitration....In Labor Troubles....Chicago Scandinavians

"The greatest railroad strike in the history of this country," was settled—not by arbitration, as has been generally asserted, but by conciliation supplemented by arbitration. The difference, in the present instance, is as essential as is the difference between failure and success. Arbitration was repeatedly proposed and urged as the best means of ending the struggle, but was as often rejected. But when the parties to that contest were induced to meet face to face before a committee of representative men counseling peace and moderation, the points at issue between them were disposed of, one by one, and with surprising ease. Almost before they knew it they were clasping hands. The finding of the committee of arbitration only sealed their agreement, beyond which there remained but little for the committee to do. That arbitration has been an effective and successful means of adjusting industrial differences no one will attempt to deny. Yet arbitration pure and simple lacks the essential elements of peace-making, and this inherent weakness in the system was brought into conspicuous prominence during the contest on the Great Northern Railway. The matter is taken out of the hands of the parties directly concerned, who, for this very reason, accept a decree of arbitration as an edict of compulsion. If they bow to it their submission is apt to be reluctant and sullen. It is self-evident that in such instances a permanent settlement is not effected, even if peaceful relations are restored for the time being. This inherent weakness in the system is the real source of the distrust of arbitration which is so frequently manifested by employers and workingmen. Arbitration is either rejected outright with the explanation that "there is nothing to arbitrate," or propositions for arbitration are accepted by one side with reservations which preclude acceptance by the other. This also was clearly illustrated during the contest between the Great Northern Railway and the A. R. U.

"Conciliation" is not open to any of these objections. This method of peace-making goes to the very root of the difficulty. It puts the contestants upon their good behavior, as it were, and appeals to their reason and sense of fair play. It eliminates every element of distrust and induces to frankness and open dealing, because it leaves the matter entirely in the hands of the contestants. The only compulsory feature about a process of conciliation in a matter seriously involving the community at large is that the parties must reason together before a body of men representing the public—in other words, in the sight and hearing of the public, which always is a third party to industrial controversies. The effect of this is to repress prejudice and every tendency to rancor and bitterness, and, on the other hand, to impress the contestants with a sense of their duties to the public. Misunderstandings are brushed aside, the real points at issue are divested of all irrelevant and disturbing elements; common sense and fair play are given free and full swing. A settlement reached in this way and under such conditions is a permanent adjustment, because it is an act of the free will of the contesting parties.

As is quite generally known, in Norway and Denmark incipient legal controversies are adjusted by a somewhat

similar process of conciliation. This system has been introduced in North Dakota, where it seems to work well. It is asserted that the fruits of the new law already are visible in a marked decrease of petty litigation. But the settlement of the strike on the Great Northern is the first instance in this country where the principle of conciliation has been brought into play, in "optima forma," in an industrial contest of large dimensions. When every effort to have the controversy adjusted by arbitration had failed, the logic of the situation pointed to conciliation as the last hope of a peaceful settlement. The experiment proved successful beyond all expectations. The happy outcome of the serious difficulty has taught lessons which more than counterbalance the tremendous cost of the great contest. The strike led spontaneously to the discovery of a new principle and marks a new departure in adjusting strained relations between capital and labor. It has demonstrated beyond doubt or cavil the efficacy of conciliation supplemented by arbitration. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be lost upon law-makers and other exponents of public opinion. Every organic law in the land ought to contain a clause of some kind providing for the establishment of boards of conciliation and arbitration.

Women's Great Opportunity....Lady Violet Greville....The Humanitarian

The craze for amusement which formerly pervaded but a very small portion of the world has spread with an appalling downward tendency, leavening the middle and even the lower classes, and is increasing daily, destroying the balance of weak minds and acting like a poison on the younger generation. We see it in the domain of fiction written by woman. The revolt of woman expressed herein meets with the approval of the sex, the volumes which contain these doctrines are greedily snapped up by the reading public and may, therefore, be fairly taken as an expression of average opinion. The revolt, though directed, theoretically against the male sex, is yet practically a revolt against duty, against work (except such as is undertaken for the worker's own satisfaction), against conventionality, and especially against claims of domesticity. The modern woman dislikes marriage, not because she is too ethereal, or of too fine clay for the grosser forms of passions, not because of the higher intellectual life which she wishes to lead and to which the joys and duties of marriage might be a bar; but because of its ties, of the thousand gossamer threads, the husband's wishes, the wants of the children, the innumerable demands on unselfishness, which hold her in their grasp. She rebels against what is after all, the "quid-pro-quo" of marriage, the common responsibilities, the daily duties, the fixed tasks.

Has a man, then, no inmost desires ungratified? does not he also sometimes wish for a truce to work? does he not also chafe against "the beneficent harness of routine?" does he not also long, sometimes, to throw prudence, and temperance, and labor to the winds, to unchain himself from the tedious desk or the dingy counting-house, and to plunge into the green lanes, to revel in flower-gemmed pastures, to hold out both hands to love, and life, and joy, and clasp them to his breast, and forget all except that he is happy? And, if he

does this without regard to the life that is intended for him, to the groove in which he is placed—does not he suffer also? The fact is, none can escape from his own fate, and the straining to avoid it, the wild struggling for originality and curious individuality, may be taken as a sure sign of weakness. The strong man is silent! It argues a weak and narrow mind to be always fighting against necessity. With all the openings and opportunities placed before woman, there is no need for anyone who wishes to adopt a profession or to take up definite work to be balked of her wish, provided the wish is genuine and the powers of the worker adequate. But it is not the real working-woman who is crying out; she has her little sphere to govern and she can make something of it. The woman with a grievance is the woman who has something to do but will not do it, the woman who wildly rebels against maternity, against domesticity.

To use the words of a chronicler of one of these ladies: "I never saw so self-conscious a creature; her own personality appears to have been her single sustained and successful study." The indictment is severe, coming from a friend, but not untruthfully so. The woman who is living a real life, the life of the affections, of the intellect and of the soul has no time to be self-conscious. The greatest intellects were always the most humble, and have been the first to recognize the limits of human knowledge. Woman, it has been said, "is the perpetual High-priestess of the Ideal." A woman without natural affections is a monster, and these natural affections must be cultivated, even as our limbs must be exercised, or she loses the capacity to feel them. But to-day a home has become a place to sleep in, scarcely even a place to dine in, considering the craze for dining in restaurants and the popular delight in paying very dear for a dinner, decidedly worse than the one you could have in your own house. As for sitting at home, passing an afternoon within the four walls, such a thing is undreamt of. The young generation are always in a hurry; they have no time to answer letters, to write notes; instead they send peremptory little messages on telegraphic forms; they have no time to be civil, no time to leave cards, no time for consideration or courtesy; they are always late, always hurrying with haste and unrest, running after the minutes they have wasted. Naturally, deep, serious thought becomes impossible, heavy books are eschewed, the improvement of the mind, if there is to be any, must be effected by reading startling or improper novels, which are discussed over the tea-table by young girls in their teens.

A small minority, owing to circumstances, must always go down into the arena and fight the battle of life; some names will always emerge from the crowd and ring triumphantly in the world's ears. We may deplore the fact of publicity that encompasses like a halo these women's paths, but genius and power can never be suppressed and the patient worker must always command unlimited respect. Yet what has the new womanhood professed or attempted that has not been done before quietly and unobtrusively by former generations? Women are not now more learned than Lady Jane Grey or Queen Elizabeth or Mrs. Elizabeth Carter; science is not more loyally served than by Mrs. Somerville, the perfect wife and mother, or by Caroline Herschel, the devoted and patient sister. Where are the poetesses who have surpassed Mrs. Barrett Browning, Miss

Christina Rossetti, or Adelaide Proctor? What novelist has excelled quiet Miss Austen, or shy, shrinking Charlotte Brontë? Yet these women lived in a day which we consider typical of the subjugation of women. True, they did not ride on bicycles, they did not lecture on platforms, they adopted no rational dress, they disdained to clamor for equality with men, but their influence was nevertheless great. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength" might have been their motto; in passion and power they have never been rivaled, in sweet reasonableness they found their crown of glory. Human life must be natural, genial, and human if it is to be worth anything; the infinite complexities of existence which puzzle and trouble and sadden us when we are young and inexperienced, resolve themselves after awhile into the simplest elements; a little love, a little patience and sympathy unravel the threads and enable us to read the enigma.

"Home, Sweet Home" has not been unnecessarily extolled by the poet; the sacredness of family life and its sweetness is the foundation of a nation's true greatness, and in the self-control, the fine sense and the delicate nobility of its women lies the essence of its strength. It will be a bad day for England when the feminine element in the country cast off their old associations, enter the lists with men without the men's safeguards, and in doing so lose the chivalry, the respect and the affection of the very sex they seek to emulate. If women really wish to mould the destinies of men, if they wish to introduce a finer code of honor and purity, let them hold up a higher standard for themselves, let them refuse to worship money in the vulgar fashion of the day, let them abjure worldly marriages and accept high thinking and plain living; let them purge society of the unhallowed leaven that has crept into it, of its low aims, its mean frivolity, its scarcely veiled dishonesty; let them make their homes what they should be, a shelter, a refuge, an ark of salvation, a haven of rest and peace where the world is no longer out of joint, but where reigns one great harmony of love with woman as the apostle of justice, strength and courageous heroism, joyfully accepting her real mission to restore order out of disorder, to re-establish the nice proportions of unwritten laws and to spread over all the common and mean things of the earth the subtle and suave perfume of her womanly grace and goodness.

The Gothenburg System.....Axel Gustafson.....New York Ledger

Certain influential politicians among us have been hard at work for the past five or six years, educating public opinion in favor of the so-called Gothenburg system for licensing the liquor traffic. Judging from present appearances, they are likely to meet with some success. Only the other day the Massachusetts House, by a vote of 132 to 39, passed a second reading of a bill permitting cities which had voted license for two successive years to adopt the Scandinavian plan if a majority of citizens favored its trial. But before this system becomes grafted on American life it would be well for the public to examine a little more closely into the character and working of the plan. To be sure, magazines and papers have been filled with eulogies of the system, special commissioners who have investigated the workings of the system heartily recommend it, and yet, with all due respect for Mr. Gould, Mr. Koren, et al., their writings do not show that they know what they

are talking about. There are many resemblances and only few differences between the American and the Scandinavian systems of licensing. Both alike professedly aim at securing public good, both are conducted under the eye of the law. In both systems it is required that the keepers of houses shall be of good repute, conduct their houses respectably, sell only pure liquors and close according to law, etc. American licenses are granted at fixed fees, the Scandinavian are sold at auction. Then as regards the differences between the American and Gothenburg system. The American grants license to individuals for all kinds of liquors; the Gothenburg to licensing companies restricted to the sale of distilled. The American license is good only for one year, the Gothenburg for three years. According to the American plan the whole profits of the business go into the pockets of the licensee; according to the Scandinavian all the net profits, save five or six per cent. on the capital invested in the business, go into the public treasury, and are expended for stated public improvements or charity. The supposed advantages of the Scandinavian system, according to its champions, are:

1. Complete divorce of traffic from politics; 2. Private gain entirely eliminated; 3. Reduction of licenses and reduction of temptations to drinking; 4. Advancement of temperance. Rightly or wrongly there is a general belief that the liquor traffic is the chief corrupter of our politics. Any scheme, therefore, which excludes the saloon from influence in politics is likely to receive warm and general public approval. But what reasons there can be for expecting such result from the adoption of the Gothenburg system is not apparent. It may take the traffic out of party politics, but even at present the traffic is largely non-partisan, following the party that favors the trade. But still isn't it a rather odd conclusion that the abolition of individual monopoly and substitution of a corporate one should serve to remove that monopoly from the arena of politics? Prior to the introduction of the Gothenburg system in Sweden the traffic had very little to say in politics; now, however, the case is quite different, and there is danger that in a short while, by reason of the licensing companies, Sweden will be the worst liquor-ruled country in the world.

Then as to the elimination of private profits. This is another immensely taking prospect as the result of the adoption of the Gothenburg system. That squares one of the principal planks in the Populists' platform, and satisfies the demand of a vast number of lofty reformers. But it is true only in the letter, not in the spirit. No doubt the adoption of the Gothenburg system eliminates private profits, but it substitutes corporate profits. The champions of the system assert that the only profits the companies get are the five or six per cent. on their investments. And, literally speaking, that is true, but there are various outside channels connected with the company monopoly which yield enormous profits. If it were not so, let me ask a common-sense question. Considering the vast outlay necessary for establishing such a company and to conduct it properly, considering its short tenure of power (three years), conditionally according to lease, or even at the mere pleasure of the provincial governor, where either in Sweden or the United States is the body of practical business men who would undertake the job? No, there are various sources of great revenue indirectly con-

nected with the business, the chief among which, and the only one to which in the present paper I can refer, being the brandy refineries. The companies are pledged to supply only pure and unadulterated liquors in their house. What is then more natural than for the companies to establish their own refineries? This they do; buying crude liquors in large quantities they refine these and charge the respective towns from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. for the operation. I have been told that Mr. Gould says that only five or six per cent. of the profits for refining go to the companies, but a little reflection ought to show him the absurdity of such contention. The bond between the company and the municipality extends only to the sale of liquors. The refining is an entirely private speculation.

Some years ago, when I visited Gothenburg, the people were enraged because the company had presented a bill for ten thousand broken brandy glasses (heavy, almost unbreakable mugs). No, the Gothenburg system creates invincible brandy trusts, who use all kinds of devices to bolster up the system, and they seem to have succeeded in fooling our special commissioners as thoroughly as the Czar did Doctor Talmage. Of late the companies have become zealous missionaries in distributing their wares, so zealous that a bill has been introduced in the Swedish Rixdag to prevent companies from sending their agents about the country tooting for brandy orders. Consider next the argument as to the reduction of licenses and reductions of temptations to drinking. This is only old high-license fallacy. Does the system advance temperance? How? Because the surplus profits are devoted to public improvements and charitable objects, the maintenance of temperance organization, etc.? But is not such an allocation of the returns a bribe to the public conscience? Advancement of temperance forsooth! Yet brewers and distillers have seats upon the company boards, and the municipal machinery is used to disguise and conceal the increasing havoc done by the drink, as well as shut the mouths of reformers by the monetary aid it gives to reform movements, especially temperance societies.

Permit me to give a few glimpses inside the workings of the Gothenburg system. The army of officials are paid fat salaries, managers are paid as much as one of our high-school teachers, having besides free home and perquisites from food and fermented drinks. Now the report issued by the Massachusetts Commission showed a large reduction of drunkenness traceable to the company's shops. Of course, a manager is mightily interested in not letting any drunken guest on his premises if he can prevent it, and as magistrates and justices are on the licensing board of shareholders in the refinery, the police have great difficulty in seeing drunken men coming from the company's shops. And if the police arrest them the judges release them, and reprimand the police.

But while the convictions for drunkenness traceable to the company have steadily decreased, the convictions for drunkenness contracted in other places have increased terribly; so that in Gothenburg, for instance, in eleven years, from 1880 to 1891, it is more than doubled. In a recent article Professor Gould, the indefatigable defender of the Gothenburg system, says: "A plan which has stood the test of more than a quarter of a century of successful operation offers an augury of hope."

Where did Professor Gould get that assurance? For years past I have frequently visited Gothenburg and

closely inquired into the working of the system. The temperance people of Gothenburg itself declare that it is a sham and a fraud. There are some exceptions, but they are rare and have little weight. We had the subject before us at the international Congress at Christiania in 1891, and of more than a dozen delegates from Gothenburg there weren't more than two who tried to defend the system. The radical temperance forces all over Sweden and in Norway and Finland strenuously oppose it, having found by experience that once it is adopted it stays, as it becomes entrenched behind the cupidity of the taxpayer and hypocrisy of the reformer, and shielded and upheld by the respectability, influence and wealth of its promoters. Doctor Hedlund, editor and proprietor of the Gothenburg Commercial, the most influential paper in Sweden, and truly styled the "father of the Gothenburg system," has become convinced that it is a failure, and now he is advocating the total prohibition of distilled liquors. Our last error will be worse than the first if we adopt the Gothenburg system in this country.

Rivalry of the Sexes.....Edward L. Youmans.....Popular Science Monthly

When men and women come to saying ungracious things of one another in a kind of hostile rivalry, the situation is not pleasant, and bodes no good to the coming generation. The evil may be a limited one, yet it is, as far as it exists, a real one, and is already embittering and unsettling a good many lives. Well would it be, therefore, if some one would come forward with an eirenicon that would still the unnatural jarring which is a decided feature of to-day's civilization. It is the women to-day who are in the main on the aggressive. In fiction and essay they are employing their new-found intellectual powers in demonstrating how poor a creature is man. According to some, it would appear as if man had been the great imposture of the ages, and that a certain instinct of preservation had led him to deny culture to woman, lest he should be found out, and the bubble of his reputation eternally collapse. One recent writer, who, however, assumes a man's name, has it that if Nature had not implanted a troublesome amount of affection in woman's composition, she could by her greater force of will and character drive man into a corner of the universe, just as the inferior races of the past have been driven before the superior ones.

This is not wholesome. If men have abused their power in the past, it is only what holders of power, who were also fallible mortals, might have been expected to do: and if women were wise, the lesson they would learn, now that they are more and more being placed in the way of acquiring power themselves, would be, if possible, not to abuse it so much as men in their day have done. There is little to be gained by turning the shafts of feminine wit against men, nor will the feminine character be improved by much indulgence in the practice. Better far will be a serious effort to rise to the level of their new opportunities and responsibilities. A man may be a great scholar and a great fool, and so, we venture to say, may a woman. It is a much easier thing to stimulate the intellect than to strengthen and enrich the moral nature; and it does not follow that, because women now have access to most colleges and universities, they are going at once to show a higher type of character. It is not impossible even that a reliance on those methods of culture which have been devised for men may tend to impair in a greater or less degree those finer

intuitions which are claimed as the glory of the female sex, and in which we are quite prepared to declare our own firm belief. The intellectual differences between the sexes may be less than has hitherto been supposed; but there are differences nevertheless, and it is the manifest interest of the race that these should be developed and made prominent, rather than weakened and obscured. So greatly have the claims of women been advanced within the last half generation that it seems almost like offering an indignity to her present state to quote the lines of Tennyson once greatly admired:

"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain."

Still, perhaps, there is wisdom in the words, and, if so, it might be well to suggest a caution lest, in the eager assertion on her part of equality on all points with men not to say of superiority to him—something of inestimable value be, if not lost, allowed to fall into comparative disuse, with more or less of resulting injury.

If the human race is to endure, and if civilization is to advance, the relations between the sexes must not permanently be relations of rivalry. Men and women were not made to struggle with one another for the advantages of life, but mutually to aid one another in reaping those advantages. That "sweet love" of which the poet speaks is given as the reward of right relations between man and woman; and, where other guidance is lacking, we may profitably ask whether any given line of conduct tends to the gaining or the sacrificing of that reward. If to the former, then it may safely be said to be right conduct; if to the latter, wrong. What it is clear that man has to do in these later days is to frame to himself a higher and completer ideal of manhood than he has hitherto, on the whole, entertained, and try to live up to it. The awakened womanhood of the age—when allowance has been made for all that is hysterical and morbid and heartless in contemporary feminine utterances—summons him most clearly and distinctly to walk henceforth on higher levels in the strength of a nobler self-control. Then he has to recognize in the fullest sense, without a particle of reservation, that he has in woman not a weaker shadow of himself, not a reflection of his glory nor a minister to his pleasures, but a divinely-bestowed helpmeet, to whom special powers and faculties have been imparted for the interpretation of truth and the beautifying of life.

The new times call for new virtues; and not too soon has man been awakened—or rather he being awakened, for the process is far from complete—from what, with acknowledgments to Kant, we may call his "dogmatic slumbers." The Sphinx is at our gate again with its everlasting riddles, and woe betide us if we do not solve them! For this will be needed the combined wit and wisdom of the best men and women of the time, and by the best we mean not those who pride themselves on the most encyclopædic knowledge, but those rather who with sufficient knowledge to understand the world around them can, by the exercise of the deepest human feeling, place themselves at the heart of the social situation, and so give us a clew to "the master knot of human fate." The great remedy for vain rivalry is to join hands and hearts in useful work—in work for that universal humanity which, though not a fit object of worship, is at least an inspiring object of devotion.

CYNICISM IN ALLEGORY: LIFE POEMS IN PROSE*

BY OSCAR WILDE

THE ARTIST.

One evening there came into his soul the desire to fashion an image of "The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment." And he went forth into the world to look for bronze. For he could only think in bronze.

But all the bronze of the whole world had disappeared, nor anywhere in the whole world was there any bronze to be found, save only the bronze of the image of "The Sorrow that endureth for Ever."

Now this image he had himself, and with his own hands, fashioned, and had set it on the tomb of the one thing he had loved in life. On the tomb of the dead thing he had most loved had he set this image of his own fashioning, that it might serve as a sign of the love of man that dieth not, and a symbol of the sorrow of man that endureth forever. And in the whole world there was no other bronze save the bronze of this image. And he took the image he had fashioned, and set it in a great furnace, and gave it to the fire.

And out of the bronze of the image of "The Sorrow that endureth for Ever" he fashioned an image of "The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment."

THE DOER OF GOOD.

It was night and He was alone. And He saw afar off the walls of a round city and went toward the city.

And when He came near he heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy, and the laughter of the mouth of gladness and the loud noise of many lutes. And He knocked at the gate and certain of the gate-keepers opened to him. And He beheld a house that was of marble and had fair pillars of marble before it. The pillars were hung with garlands, and within and without there were torches of cedar. And he entered the house. And when He had passed through the hall of chalcedony and the hall of jasper, and reached the long hall of feasting, He saw lying on a couch of sea-purple one whose hair was crowned with red roses and whose lips were red with wine. And He went behind him and touched him on the shoulder and said to him, "Why do you live like this?" And the young man turned round and made answer, "But I was a leper once, and you healed me. How else should I live?"

And He passed out of the house and went again into the street. After a little He saw one whose face and raiment were painted and whose feet were shod with pearls. And behind her came, slowly as a hunter, a young man who wore a cloak of two colors. Now the face of the woman was as the fair face of an idol. And He followed swiftly and touched the hand of the young man and said to him, "Why do you look at this woman and in such wise?" And the young man turned round and recognized him and said, "But I was blind once, and you gave me sight. At what else should I look?"

And He passed out of the city.

And when He had passed out of the city He saw seated by the roadside a young man who was weeping. And He went towards him and touched the long locks of his hair and said to him, "Why are you weeping?" And the young man looked up and recognized Him and

made answer, "But I was dead once and you raised me from the dead. What else should I do but weep?"

THE HOUSE OF JUDGMENT.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment and the Man came naked before God.

And God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and thou hast shown cruelty to those who were in need of succor, and to those who lacked help thou hast been bitter and hard at heart. The poor called to thee and thou did'st not hearken. The inheritance of the fatherless thou did'st take unto thyself, and thou did'st send the foxes into the vineyard of thy neighbor's field. Thou did'st take the bread off the children and give it to the dogs to eat, and my lepers, who lived in the marshes, and were at peace and praised Me, thou did'st drive forth on to the highways, and on Mine earth out of which I made thee thou did'st spill innocent blood."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

Again God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and the Beauty I have shown thou hast sought for, and the Good I have hidden thou did'st pass by. The walls of thy chamber were painted with images, and from the bed of thine abominations thou did'st rise up to the sound of flutes. Thou did'st build seven altars to the sins I have suffered, and did'st eat of the thing that may not be eaten, and the purple of thy raiment was brodered with the three signs of shame. Thine idols were neither of gold nor of silver that endure, but of flesh that dieth. Thou did'st stain their hair with perfumes and put pomegranates in their hands. Thou did'st bow thyself to the ground before them."

And the Man made answer, "Even so did I."

And a third time God opened the Book of Life.

And God said to the Man, "Evil hath been thy life, and with evil did'st thou requite good, and with wrongdoing kindness. The hands that fed thee thou did'st wound, and the breasts that gave thee suck thou did'st despise. He who came to thee with water went away thirsting, and the outlawed men who hid thee in their tents at night thou did'st betray before dawn. Thine enemy who spared thee thou did'st snare in an ambush, and the friend who walked with thee thou did'st sell."

And the Man made answer, "Even so did I."

And God said, "Surely I will send thee into Hell."

And the Man cried out, "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee to Hell, and for what reason?"

"Because in Hell have I always lived."

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

And after a space God spake, and said to the Man, "Seeing that I may not send thee into Hell, surely I will send thee unto Heaven. Even unto Heaven will I send thee." And the Man cried out, "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee unto Heaven, and for what reason?"

"Because never, and in no place, have I been able to imagine it," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

* From *The Fortnightly Review*.

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE OF TO-DAY

Boar-Hunting with Hounds....George E. Walsh....Goldthwaite's Magazine

The importation of several boar-hounds into this country from Germany, and the preservation of the dog's natural enemies in several places here, seem to promise the renewal of a sport which mediæval Europe keenly relished. The boar-hounds are trained to meet the wild animal with great tact and intelligence. The hound is swift and strong in his movements, but it is only his superior intelligence which saves him from being ripped open by the foam-flecked tusks. The hound takes his position in front so that the boar is brought at bay, and the wild animal immediately becomes madly excited and angry. It is equally a critical moment for hunter and hound. With sudden impetuosity he turns either upon the annoying hound or upon the horseman. In the former case a well-trained boar-hound will take care of himself, adroitly avoiding the sharp tusks, and yet determinedly heading the boar off if he attempts to escape in any direction. Should the infuriated beast turn upon the hunter, all his skill and strength is to be needed to avert the disaster by a well-aimed thrust with his boar-spear.

The nature of the wild boars makes them different from all the other wild animals for which dogs are trained. They have marvelously-developed necks and forequarters, with a stiff bristling crest over their backs which alone can often repel enemies. Two long, sharp tusks pointing upward adorn the lower jaw, and one blow from these would kill man or beast. The wild boar is very sensitive to sounds and odors, and he can detect the presence of an enemy at a long distance. Added to all of these favorable qualities are others which are no less important, such as swiftness and activity in running, unquenchable fierceness, and hard, determined powers of fighting. To encounter such a warrior the boar-hounds have to be thoroughly disciplined for field work, and any amateurish training would simply endanger their lives when the hounds are brought face to face with one of the wild boars.

*Storming the Matterhorn.....W. D. McCrackan.....Romance Switzerland**

The glory of first ascents has departed from Switzerland. The golden age of alpine climbing is no more. Explorers have left for other highlands, farther from the beaten track. The Tyrol came first, then the Dauphine, the Carpathians, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the Andes, and the snow mountains of New Zealand. Not long ago, Kilimanjaro, the great snow mountain of Africa, was ascended. The wave of pioneer climbing has passed over Switzerland, onward, to conquer the world. After Mont Blanc, all the other great peaks were ascended, one by one—in 1811, the Jungfrau; in 1812, the Finsteraarhorn. Then came the scientific investigations of Agassiz, Guyot, and Desor, of Forbes and Tyndall. Monte Rosa was conquered in 1851. From 1854 on, a great number of Englishmen entered heart and soul into the work of exploring the glaciers and peaks—men like Hudson, Kennedy, Hardy, Wills, Whymper, MacDonald, Ball, and others. It was the era of exploration, the heyday of famous guides—like Johann, Benen, Melchoir, Anderegg, and Michel

* Published by the Joseph Knight Company.

Croz. The Alpine Club was founded in 1857; and the work of describing the Alps was planned out and pushed forward with such vigor that to-day hardly a nook or cranny remains unexplored.

During that time many remarkable ascents were made. The late Professor Tyndall, among other exploits, managed to be the first to reach the top of the Weisshorn. On one occasion this intrepid scientist climbed Monte Rosa absolutely alone, in his shirtsleeves, with one ham sandwich and a pint bottle of tea. At another time he risked his life in treacherous weather in order to place a minimum thermometer upon the summit of Mont Blanc. For many years he was in the habit of spending his summers upon the Belalp, near the Eggishorn, in a cottage of his own, whence he could easily explore the marvels of the great Aletsch Glacier, as well as the monster mountains of the Bernese group. But perhaps the most thrilling of the many first ascents made at this time was that of the Matterhorn (14,705 feet) by Mr. Edward Whymper, in 1865. In his delightful book, entitled *Scrambles Among the Alps in the Years 1860-69*, this dauntless climber gives us a graphic account of his extraordinary feat and its sad culmination. The Matterhorn looms above Zermatt like a monument—like something between a pyramid and an obelisk, with sides of precipitous cliffs. Before Mr. Whymper's ascent, it was considered the most thoroughly inaccessible of all mountains. In fact, it was the last of the great peaks to remain unscaled; and the natives had a stock of gruesome legends to relate. Several years in succession Mr. Whymper went out from England to explore its cliffs, and experiment with appliances for surmounting its difficulties. He was obliged to record seven failures before he succeeded.

One of these attempts came very near ending fatally. He was entirely alone upon the mountain, and at a great height, when, in turning a difficult corner, he slipped and fell back, head over heels, down a steep snow-slope. Incredible as it may seem, he was not killed by this fall. A kindly ledge stopped him just in time; and so he was able to make his way down uninjured, though decidedly the worse for wear. It was on the 13th of July, 1865, on a perfectly cloudless day, that a party started from Zermatt on this perilous expedition. Besides Mr. Whymper himself, there was the Rev. Charles Hudson, considered one of the best amateur climbers of his day; a young friend of his, named Hadow, who, though only nineteen years of age, had just been to the top of Mont Blanc; and Lord Francis Douglas, of about the same age, just fresh from his ascent of the difficult Ober Gabelhorn. These gentlemen were accompanied by three guides—Michel Croz of Chamois, Peter Taugwalder, and the latter's son. It is necessary to specify their names carefully in order to understand the party's tragic descent. The night was spent in an improvised camp at an altitude of about eleven thousand feet. Before dawn the party resumed its progress. At an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet the most difficult part of the ascent began. The climbers had to make their way up the face of a steep sloping cliff, partly covered with snow and ice films. But this dangerous part was, happily, sur-

mounted; and at 1:40 p. m. Mr. Whymper and the guide Croz simultaneously reached the virgin summit. Then came the descent, which was to end so fatally. The party were roped together in the following order: The guide, Michel Croz, led; then followed young Hadow, and after them Hudson, Lord Douglas, Peter Taugwalder the elder, Mr. Whymper, and, last, Peter Taugwalder the younger. As they were descending the dangerous icy cliffs referred to above, a slip was made which resulted in one of the most terrible accidents recorded in the annals of mountaineering. Mr. Whymper, who was one of the survivors, relates:

"Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet one by one into their proper positions. As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock; but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself. At this moment, Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately I heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rock would permit. The rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn gletscher below—a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them."

The three survivors clung for half an hour to their perilous post on the cliff, unable to move up or down, the two guides completely unnerved and breaking out every moment into loud lamentations. Then they made their way down, as best they could, looking in vain for traces of their lost comrades. To add to their terror, when they were farther down, a very rare phenomenon of the Alps suddenly loomed upon them. A mighty arch appeared against the sky, and gradually two vast crosses developed within it. The guides, appalled by this unearthly apparition, thought it had some connection with the accident. The survivors were obliged to spend another miserable night upon the mountain before, shattered and exhausted, they could descend to Zermatt. The bodies of the fallen were discovered lying in the order in which they had started from above, but that of Lord Douglas was never recovered; a few articles of his clothing only were found. Such was the tragic first ascent of the Matterhorn. The mountain is now frequently ascended, even by ladies. The rocks have been blasted at difficult points, and ropes attached.

Switzerland has now become the "Playground of Europe." Of the hundreds of thousands who visit it every summer, thousands swarm over its passes and summits in frantic emulation. Some enthusiasts choose

the winter for their ascents, and others wander for weeks at a time from chain to chain without descending below the snow-line. There are those who profess to find pleasure only in climbing rocks. The Jungfrau is voted tame and dull, because there is too much snow upon it. The great thing is to discover some new route, more perpendicular than the others, to pass over the Alps across-country, as it were, taking as little account as possible of natural obstacles. In fact, the passion for Alpine climbing has now reached a point undreamed of by the pioneer climbers. It has entered upon a new and, in some respects, a ridiculous period. No wonder that "Tartarin sur les Alpes" was written, or that Bompard should say to the hero from Tarascon:

"Switzerland at the present day, Mr. Tartarin, is nothing but a vast Kursaal, open from June to September, a panoramic Casino, where people meet from the four quarters of the globe to amuse themselves. It is managed by an enormously rich company, with hundreds of thousands of millions, having offices in Geneva and London. . . . At the same time the company, in view of the patronage of its English and American climbers, keeps up the dangerous and terrible appearance of certain famous Alps, the Jungfrau, the Monk, and the Finsteraarhorn, although in reality there is no more danger there than elsewhere." "But still, the crevasses, my good friend, those horrible crevasses! . . . If you fall into them!" "You fall on the snow, Mr. Tartarin, and you do not hurt yourself; there is always below, at the bottom, a porter or a hunter—some one who picks you up, brushes you off, shakes you and politely asks if monsieur has any baggage." . . . "What nonsense are you telling me?" But Bompard continued with redoubled gravity: "The keeping in repair of these crevasses entails one of its largest outlays upon the company." As an antidote to the sad catastrophe on the Matterhorn, you cannot do better than read Tartarin's ludicrous ascent of the Jungfrau. His refusal to take any precautions, his serenity after falling into a crevasse, his complete confidence that the whole excursion was a joke and the guides were accomplices—all this is quite inimitable. Happily, mountaineering, even in Switzerland, has not come to such a pass. There was some virtue in the knight-errantry even when Cervantes killed it with satire; and there is plenty of exhilaration left in mountain climbing, plenty of splendid exercise. Steady eyes and nerves, self-control and self-sacrifice are still needed, only it is a little discouraging to adventure, this orderly systematizing of climbing by means of club huts and guides with diplomas.

Popularity of GolfThe Old Scotch GameNew York Recorder

Society is as prone to fads as are the sparks to fly upward. And the latest in outdoor fads is golf. Tennis, archery and polo have each had their turn, and golf is now coming in to replace them in the fickle minds of the Four Hundred. At Lenox, Westchester, Yonkers, Tuxedo, Meadowbrook, Southampton, Newport and Morristown, N. J., clubs have sprung up, and the craze for the game threatens to become as great here as it was in England four or five years ago. Without being as violent as tennis or polo, the ancient Scotch game furnishes more exercise than either archery or croquet, and seems to find favor with those lovers of outdoor sports who are too stout, too old or too lazy to enjoy any of the severer games. Golf is a cross between hockey, or

"shinny" as it is better known, and croquet. It is played on lawns or fields with hard rubber balls and a great variety of mallets, which differ little from the regular "shinny sticks," or from one another in size or shape. The game is a very old one, and was played in Scotland as far back as 1457. It became suddenly popular again in England five or six years ago, after having fallen into disuse for many years. In 1889 it was introduced into this country, and it has slowly but surely been gaining a foothold here ever since. This year, however, it has sprung up with wonderful vigor, and all of the most fashionable country clubs have their grounds, and the "smart set" are enthusing greatly over the game.

At Newport, where society fads are always popular, the new golf club has detracted much from the popularity of the famous Casino. The polo field, the yacht clubs and the tennis matches have all suffered from the transference of interest to the new game. One good reason for the change is that the women can play golf as well as the men, while they cannot play polo at all, and in the other sports they take only a small part. Theodore A. Havemeyer is called the father of golf at Newport, and is president of the Newport Golf Club. This organization, although only two or three years old, is in an excellent condition, and its star is still in the ascendant. New grounds have been bought this year, and when they have been put into shape and thrown open for the use of the members they will afford one of the finest golf courses in America. They are very capacious and furnish space for a large number of links. A fine clubhouse is also being built on the new grounds. Among the other enthusiasts who make Newport the headquarters for their matches are Robert Goelet, Center Hitchcock, Lloyd Brice, Buchanan Winthrop, William Eldridge, Lorillard Spencer, William Hunter, Theodore Beach, James L. Kernochan and Mortimer Brooks. Scotchmen swear by their game of golf, and it is perhaps for that reason that a large majority of those on this side of the water who play the game imitate in point of costume, if not otherwise, the Scotch gentleman. The orthodox dress for the sport is, therefore, plaid knickerbockers very loose at the knees, heavy plaid woolen stockings, and a plaited coat and cap to match. For comfort this costume can hardly be improved upon, and as the game requires a great deal of light exercise the dress described is worn almost universally.

The Chinaman's description of tobogganing is somewhat characteristic of golf. On a toboggan it is: "S-s-s-t! Walkee mile back again!" While in a golf match the only difference is that the distance that the player has to walk is broken up by several blows at the little ball. Enthusiastic golf-players think nothing of walking four or five miles in an afternoon on the golf course. A golf course consists of a series of links. The usual number is nine, and each link is about a quarter of a mile long. The teeing ground at the start of each link is simply a piece of level turf from which that part of the game is started. The ball is placed upon the "tee" and driven with one of the biggest clubs in the direction of the hole at the other end of the link. The object of the game is to drive one's ball into the small hole, about five inches in diameter, at the end of the link. Each player has a ball, as in croquet, and the player who knocks his ball into the hole with the smallest number of shots wins the "hole," and the next link is started. A game generally con-

sists of eighteen holes, or twice over the length of an ordinary golf course. The ground over which the links run should be naturally or artificially rough.

"Hazards" furnish variety to the game, and when a course is laid out, hedges, ditches and other obstructions are put in the way of the players, if nature has not already provided them. The skill in the game lies in the dexterity with which the ball is driven toward the holes, and "put" into them when they are within putting distance. A great variety of mallets or clubs are made for the different kinds of strokes. The list of those, as used in England, comprises eleven wooden and eight iron clubs, as follows: Wooden, driver or play club, grassed driver, long spoon, middle spoon, short spoon, baffing spoon niblick, brassey, bulger, putter and driving putter; iron, iron putter, cleek, driving iron, medium or ordinary iron, lofting iron niblick, president and mashy. Every one of these clubs is shaped like the ordinary "shinny stick," the only difference between them lying in the size and shape of the knobs at their lower ends and the length of their handles. Few players need or use more than half the mallets listed. On this side of the water, six or eight different clubs are generally used for a complete set. It would be a great annoyance to have to carry any such number of mallets, and a player may be two miles away from the clubhouse in the course of a game, and cannot return each time he wants to change his club.

For this purpose, one of the regular attachés of a golf course is a "caddy." Caddies are boys who follow the players over the links and carry in a case, slung over their shoulders, a set of clubs for each player. After each stroke, the club used is returned to the caddy and the player follows his ball to where it has stopped rolling. Then he considers the needs of the next stroke and selects the proper club for it from the caddy. And thus the game goes merrily on from tee to hole, and from tee to hole, over the whole course again and again, until the players are wearied of the sport and return to the clubhouse to put up their clubs and talk over their scores. The links of the course are generally laid out in irregular lines starting at, or near, the clubhouse, and after a detour of perhaps a mile and a half or two around the surrounding field and meadows, back to the starting point, so at the end of the round the players are generally quite close to their cozy quarters. It is at this sport that the wearied business man spends his summer afternoons and thanks his Scottish ancestors for the better health and better spirits gained by it.

At an American Bull-Fight....Herbert Heywood....Chicago Evening Lamp

With the revival of the old-time sports and pastimes in southern California the glamour of old Spanish days again hovered over Coronado beach, though the blue hills of Mexico no longer frowned in gloomy sovereignty over a subject land. American faces filled the grand stand upon the Coronado race track where the sports were to be held. They were drawn there to see the novel feature of a genuine Mexican bull-fight. The bulls were in a large corral opposite the grand stand—four great creatures that shook their broad horns and threw up the earth as if scenting the bloody contest. As the seats above the corral were filled and faces peered down above the heavy stockade fence they pawed the ground and emitted hoarse roars. The most ferocious looking was a gray bull that had been driven

sixty miles from Mexico. Until then he had never seen a fence or an unmounted man. On the way here he had gone through fences and terrorized whole communities, as he passed, surrounded by a dozen vaqueros with goads, whips and lassos. The great red bull was from one of the large California ranches. The bull-fight was kept in reserve for the final exhibition.

The pastimes were begun by a burst of music from a Mexican band of silver instruments. A brilliant cavalcade of Spanish and Mexican horsemen appeared down the track. The leader rode in advance on a splendidly-caparisoned steed. He was attired in a velvet jacket with silver buttons and fringed trousers. His chain bridle clanked and his spurs jingled as he reined up his horse and with courtly Spanish grace lifted his sombrero to the judges and said "at your orders," to signify that his men were in readiness. The word was given and a brilliantly-colored cavalcade of American cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, brightly bedecked matadors dashed past and rounded the half-mile track to the three-eighth pole and halted. A herd of wild steers was turned into the track and rushed bellowing past the stand. The vaqueros made a run upon them, swinging in long coils their riatas, and were soon mingled with the herd. With wonderful dexterity they entangled the legs of the steers with their ropes and threw them in the dust, dismounted and tied them in less than a minute. Other vaqueros would ride up to a fleeing steer, grasp the tail and with a jerk throw the animal. Leaping to the ground the man would tie the legs of the struggling beast before it could rise. These "tying" and "tailing" operations are practiced on the cattle ranches of southern California and Mexico at rounding-up and branding seasons, but here the cruel and repulsive feature of branding was omitted.

The Mexican vaqueros almost live in the saddle and are the best horsemen in the world. They then gave an exhibition of wild horse breaking or "broncho busting." Horses that never felt rope or strap were turned into the ring, lassoed, saddled and ridden by these fearless knights of the rancho. When first mounted the bronchos were frenzied with excitement and vicious rage, and reared, "bucked," plunged and performed the wildest contortions in the air while the riders kept their seats with as much composure as if on rocking hobby-horses. Within half an hour the bronchos, with bleeding mouths and heaving flanks, tamed and subdued, obeyed the bit and spur. In these contests the daring of the men, their skill and dexterity, the brilliancy and gayety of color and movement combined to cover up any suggestions of cruelty, yet cruel it was. An amusing diversion, a burro race, was next introduced. The riders were Indians. The burros were the most perverse and wicked little animals that could be found. They balked, kicked, bucked, lay down and did everything but run, as a racer should. But the Indians were a match for them. With their clubs they beat and punched and set up such hideous yells that even the obtuse burros were affrighted and set off on a lively scamper, while the riders still plied clubs, hand and heels, and enjoyed the sport as much as the spectators.

Anticipation was at fever heat to see the bull-fight, for this king of sports is prohibited by law in the United States, and fears were entertained that it would be prevented at the last moment. The appearance of the red and yellow matadors set doubts at rest. All but one of

the bulls were removed from the corral. A vaquero rode in and as the bull charged him a matador leaped forward and flaunted his red decoy cloth. The bull turned and rushed at him with a ferocious roar that seemed like a fatal attack, but the matador, throwing his cloth over the animal's horns and eyes, dexterously slipped aside with not an inch to spare. It was a close shave, and the crowd which had watched breathlessly gave a great cheer. As the bull charged from one side of the pen to the other he sometimes lifted the horse off its feet, but the skillful matador was always at hand to prevent serious goring of either horse or rider. In the fight spears were not used, nor was blood drawn from the bull, as this feature and the disemboweling of horses was deemed too repulsive to be permitted.

But the fight was as exciting as if bloody. When the bull was at the height of his raving madness, the horseman retired, and the matador placed in the centre of the corral a mono, or wooden man, brightly painted, with arms extended and lower part rounded and weighted so that whenever knocked over it would swing back into an upright position. The bull took genuine satisfaction in the mono, for it would always stand up to be hit, and the people were almost paralyzed with delight as the mono bobbed up serenely and the bull renewed his attacks with growing ferocity. After a few good rounds it seemed to occur to the bull that there was something queer about the thing, and when he drew off to contemplate the havoc and saw the mono standing up bright and chipper as ever, swaying from side to side and inviting another tilt, he was the embodiment of brute astonishment. That was the funniest part of the tournament. As the bull could not be fooled longer he was turned on to the track and the great animal's humiliation was completed as a herder afoot ran up and with a sidewise pull of the tail turned him over. Two more bulls were introduced and the same performances repeated. After the last contest the matador rode the bull down the track. The whole affair was so planned that a humorous instead of a gory finale was rung in at the end of each act.

On the Pneumatic Road Skate.....Rival to BicyclingLondon Ironmonger

A rather formidable competitor of the cycle has made its appearance in the Midlands in the shape of a pneumatic road skate. It has lately been seen in the streets of Birmingham, and judging from the admiration it excites, is not unlikely to find its way soon into all parts of the country. The invention which was patented a short time ago by a Scotch firm is evidently derived from the old roller-skate of skating celebrity, but, whereas the ordinary roller-skate has four wheels, the pneumatic skate has only two, placed in line at either extremity of the skate. The wheels are larger than those of the roller-skate and instead of solid rubber are covered with pneumatic tires. The patentees claim for them that one can skate over ordinary turnpike roads with them the same as on ice and at even greater speed, while at the same time they will easily ascend and descend hills. Six or seven miles an hour, however, is the maximum speed attempted in the streets of Birmingham, and that only on smooth roads. One obvious advantage of the pneumatic skate over the pneumatic cycle is that punctured tires may be readily replaced, as the skater may carry surplus tires, or even reserve wheels, readily fitted, in his overcoat pocket.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

The Baby in Camp....Eliz. M. Comfort....Grizzly's Little Pard (Whittaker)

In this reading from a delightful little book, McLeod and his wife and baby enter the little mining camp of Gold Ledge in the Rocky Mountains, and are well received by old Grizzly and the other miners. The parents of baby Fay soon die, and Grizzly adopts her, with most humanizing results to the camp.

In a short time the heavily clogged wheels were freed from their casing of snow, the fallen horse was righted, and the road was cleared as far as the store. In the meantime, Grizzly had appeared and silently taken a hand in clearing away the snow. His powerful physique and grim silence, his furtive glances toward the wagon, and the rapidity with which he made the snow fly, attracted the attention of the little woman in the wagon. He had not been one of the number around the wagon at first, but she suddenly noticed the big, silent fellow bending to the task of clearing the ground with a zeal as if something serious was at stake.

When the wagon stopped before the store, Simpson, who had been working with the rest, cordially invited the newcomers to "git out and come in to the fire." A path had been cleared from the road to the store, the door of which stood invitingly open. The men stood about waiting for the "bit of caliker" to be lifted down from the wagon, and to render any further service they might for their honored guest.

Jean busied herself for a moment in the depths of the big wagon. Grizzly, standing close by, heard a queer little inarticulate sound from within. Instantly he stuck his shovel in the bank of snow, and with a long stride he stood by the front wheel where McLeod was also standing to lift his wife to the ground.

Jean appeared with what looked like a roll of shawls carefully held in her arms. Grizzly held out his hands eagerly. "Let me take that—bundle," he whispered, huskily, a tremble in his voice, and a world of pleading in his eyes uplifted to the woman's face.

Jean McLeod smiled very sweetly as she deposited the "bundle" in the outstretched arms, saying, "Thank you ever so much. I think she is still asleep, or at least hardly awake yet."

While McLeod helped his wife down, the men who had been watching Grizzly's movements, now began to gather about him. Here was a fresh surprise. A baby! They gave a sort of suppressed shout—"Lawdy! a baby! Hand over the kid!"

"Look out!" said Grizzly, gruffly, holding still more closely the roll of shawls from which unmistakable little grunts were now proceeding. "You'll scare it to death with your shouting."

The father now turned to relieve Grizzly of his self-imposed burden, but that worthy, merely saying, "She's all right," strode past him. Again every head was bared as the procession of three, headed by Grizzly bearing the little cooing bundle, passed into the store.

Not until the mother was seated by the stove did Grizzly relinquish his charge. She noticed how carefully and without any awkwardness he had held her baby, how loath he seemed to give it up even to her, and she mentally concluded that the big, grizzled fellow had a heart as big as himself and as tender as a woman's. "He'll tell me his story some day, if I stay here long enough," she said to herself.

The men crowded around to get a glimpse of the baby. Any kind of baby would have been considered beautiful in the eyes of these men, so long unused to seeing babies, and so hungry for the sight of one. But this baby! She would surely have carried off all the prizes at any baby show for beauty, sweetness of nature, and pluck. There she sat on her proud young mother's knees, dimpled, rosy, and smiling, looking about on the strange faces with wonder in her sweet eyes, but quite unafraid of these bearded men. Her little hood was removed, showing a crown of sunny hair that lay in rings all over her pretty head.

"My! ain't she a beauty!" gasped Tim. "An' she ain't afraid nuther—not a bit," he added delightedly.

Just then baby's father came in the little one's sight. "Ba ba!" called the baby, reaching out her little hands. "Gorry! ef she ain't a-talking to you! Lift her up so's we kin git a good look at her. God bless her! but she's a purty sight."

McLeod had lifted the baby to his shoulder, where she sat, a tiny queen on her lofty throne, holding court. Every man there was her sworn slave, as she cooed and gurgled and smiled, and distracted the crowd generally by her beauty and winning ways.

"Pass the little kid around. Let's have a holt of her," cried one of the men, holding out his hands to the baby. Baby looked doubtful. She put her little head down on top of her papa's hat, at the same time jamming the brim down over his eyes; but after much coaxing she yielded, and allowed herself to be "passed around" among them all. Her lovely eyes looked inquiringly into those of the strangers; her cooing and little gurgles of laughter ceased for the time. She was too busy studying these new faces and wondering about them to indulge in any levity. But she didn't cry; only when the round had been made, and the last one held her toward her mother, she gave a glad little gurgle and nestled down in her mother's lap, saying, "Mum-m-m-ma—mam-ma!" and then from the safe shelter of her mother's bosom, she babbled in her baby language just what she thought of the situation. It made a picture worthy the brush of a master.

The rude surroundings of mud-chinked log walls, hung with all sorts of mining tools and utensils, while barrels, boxes, picks and shovels were ranged along the room; the soiled, unpainted counter; the rough shelves behind it, filled with a motley variety of men's wearing apparel, canned goods, tobacco, and groceries; the dirty, unplanned floor, tracked over just now with grimy snow; the big box-stove in the centre, around it the group of unshaven, unshorn men, in soiled and worn garments of canvas and corduroy, and in the midst of this group a bright-faced woman holding in her lap a sunny-haired baby that smiled upon its rugged worshippers. Twenty centuries ago, amid rough surroundings, another babe had smiled upon its coarsely clad, soil-stained worshippers. The picture was not unlike this one, I fancy, and those shepherds, who had followed over many weary miles to pay homage to the Holy Child in the far-away old world and far-away olden time, rendered no truer homage than did these rough, world-hardened men to this little child.

All the chivalry, all the tenderness and nobleness of their nature were called forth by the sacred presence of pure womanhood and innocent childhood.

They would have lain down their lives for the sweet sake of that mother and baby.

Meanwhile Doc Lawton and Simpson were holding a consultation behind the counter. There was no hotel, even of the rudest sort, in this primitive camp of men—not even an empty cabin was there where the strangers could be housed for the night. A man could camp out most anywhere, but a woman with a baby! No, sir; something must be done for them.

"I'll tell you what, Simpson," said Doc. "If I can fix up a bunk at the back of the store here, they can have my shanty until the snow goes off."

"Bully for you, Doc, that's just the racket," said Simpson. "You've got the best cabin in the camp, and me little lady'll be as snug as anything. I wouldn't ask fur nothin' better. Jimminy!" he exclaimed, half to himself, "think on't! A woman with a kid in this here camp! It's my opinion he's got here by mistake—turned off the road goin' to Golden City. An't it the blamedest joke!"

Doc stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Well, we must make the best of it," he said, after a pause. "I guess they've got bedding in the wagon. Of course they must have—a good camping outfit, too."

"It's my plan," said Simpson, not noticing the other's last words—"it's my plan to git them to make the best of it. We han't no call for regrettin'. We fellers 'll git them settled fur the night, and then we'll hold a meetin' like in this store and see what we kin do to git 'em to stay. Tell *you*, Doc, I'd hate worst kind to see that there woman and her kid pull out o' this camp."

"Well, Simpson," said Doc, with a slow smile, "I feel that way myself, to speak with strict honesty, and McLeod, as he calls himself, seems a first-rate fellow, with plenty of sand."

"You bet he's got sand, and that little woman there, she's clear grit right through. And the little kid, too. Why, she never batted an eye while she was bein' passed around among a lot of strangers! I've seen young uns that would ha' fetched you bald-headed with their squallin' ef a stranger jest squinted at 'em. Oh, yes, we've got to git 'em to stay, we got to, somehow!"

A Court-Room Tussle.....A. T. Q. CouchEnglish Illustrated Magazine

The best tussle between counsel and witness noted in Cornish records was that which used to be related by William R. Hicks, formerly Governor of the Lunatic Asylum at Bodmin and prince of Cornish story-tellers.

The occasion was a horse-jobbing case; and the witness was an ostler, and alleged that he had been at work alone in the stable-yard, when the man who had stolen the horse came in. Counsel in cross-examination tries to get at the exact words that followed.

Counsel—"You were in the stable-yard at work, and defendant came in? Well, what then?"

Witness—"When I zeed 'un come in, I ses, ses I, 'How about the horse?' And he zaid he'd give me ten shilling to zay nothing about 'un."

Counsel—"He did not say 'he'd give you ten shillings.'"

Witness—"Yes a did; that's azactly what a did zay."

Counsel—"He could not have said 'he'; he must have spoken in the first person."

Witness—"No; I was the first person that spoke. He comes into the yard, and I ses, ses I, 'How about that horse?' and he zaid he'd give me ten shilling to zay nothing about 'un."

Counsel—"But he did not speak in third person?"

Witness—"There was no third person present. Only he an' me."

Counsel—"Cannot you give me the exact words that he used?"

Witness—"Zo I have; I've a-told 'ee."

Judge (interposing)—"Listen to me. He could not have said 'he would give you ten shillings to say nothing about it'; but 'I will give you ten shillings.'"

Witness—"He zaid nothing about your worship. If a zaid anything about your worship I never heerd 'un. And if there was another person present I never zeed 'un."

The cross-examination at this point was abandoned.

The Dead Wife.....At a Country Funeral.....Youth's Companion

The hour set for the funeral had come. The hearse with its black plumes stood at the farm-house door. It seemed a strange and foreign thing among the bright-colored hollyhocks, the commonplace sunshine, the lowing of cows in the barn-yard, and the chickens that moved about upon the green lawn before the house. The Jersey wagons of the neighboring farmers filled the roads, for the Garretts were much respected.

Mrs. Garrett, who had just died, was a "home body" and saw but little of her neighbors, but her husband had grown rich by great industry and close saving, and had pushed his children on in the world.

John, his only son, had been to college and the girls to a boarding-school, and were so improved that they seemed to belong to another class from their mother.

They had stood with their father at the coffin, to look for the last time at the woman who lay there.

"Your mother was a pretty woman when she was young," the farmer had said. It had startled him to see how thin and withered her face was under the white hair. "Sarah's only fifty," he continued. "She hadn't ought to look so old," he said. He had not thought of her looks when she was alive.

There was a certain sullen resentment under his grief that she was dead. How was he to do without her? She was a master hand at cooking and butter-making and laundry work and sewing. He had never thought to ask her if she needed help. She had never complained, and to complete her work she had risen at four and had gone to bed late at night. Things always ran smoothly. She never spoke of being ill. It stunned him when she took this cold and sank under it in two days. The doctor said that all her strength was gone. "Sarah had the strength of ten women," the husband said. "Where had it gone?"

He was amazed and indignant. Was this the justice of God, to take away a woman so useful? It was not just!

Her daughters sobbed vehemently. She had always been so tender! She did so much for them! They did not, it is true, feel well acquainted with her since they grew up. But between their music, and their studies, and their young companions, and other social occupations, their lives had been filled! They smoothed the folds of her merino gown, a little ashamed that the neighbors should see that she had no silk dress. She had insisted that each of them should have silk gowns, and had helped to make them.

Jack, her son, like his father, was shocked to see how tired and worn his mother looked. He had talked for a year or two of taking her for a week to New York. She had never seen a great city. But he always had some engagement. He remembered now that she had made enough in the dairy to keep him in his spending money at college. He wished he had contrived that little holiday for her! They all felt now how good and unselfish she had been, and how dear to them.

"Why should she be taken from us?" the old man moaned, bitterly. "It is cruel. Why has God done this thing?"

And the dead woman lying there could make no answer, save that which toil had stamped upon the thin, worn face, that seemed pleading for rest.

Uncle Joseph's Wooing..... Sarah H. Gardner..... Quaker Idylls (Holt & Co.)

One of the prominent figures in our meeting-house for many years was that of Uncle Joseph—for thus was he known by the young and old who frequented our religious gatherings.

He occupied the second seat in the men's gallery—and it was with him that the Elder shook hands in sign that Friends should separate, when it seemed likely that the spirit would move no others to utter gentle words of blessing or stern warning against the tempter.

As children we regarded Uncle Joseph in the light of a patriarch, although I now know that his years, at the time of which I write, had scarce reached the limit of a half century.

He was a comely man, straight and tall, his smooth-shaven face beaming with good nature, and his soft blue eye lighted with sympathy, but he was not intellectual. Slow of movement and uncertain in expression, his hearers were often troubled to follow his excellent thought, and it was no uncommon thing for my parents to refer to his ministrations as being "labored." We had a consciousness, based perhaps upon accidental knowledge, that he was uncommonly well-to-do, and also that there was considerable feeling in the society that Sarah Sidney, with her clear insight and facile speech, would be a fit life companion for the good man. But time wore on and there seemed no likelihood of a realization of this desire.

I can remember one occasion when the subject really assumed the importance that is usually given to gossip, but it was so lovingly and conscientiously touched upon that I was greatly impressed.

My father and mother were in the way of inviting many friends to dine with them on monthly meeting day. Quarterly meeting brought even more persons from a distance, and among the children little unaccustomed duties were distributed. I was frequently desired to remain for a time in the front chamber and assist our women visitors in removing their wraps and adjusting the cap crowns that often met with disaster beneath the stiff bonnets. It was always a pleasurable duty, for Friends never forget the young, and as each one grasped my little palm she did not neglect to speak an encouraging word to me.

On the occasion to which I have alluded, meeting broke up somewhat later than usual. I hurried home, warmed my chilled fingers, and ran upstairs, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth. I glanced about to see that the wood-box was full, and looked out of the window, where my eye rested upon a short line of car-

riages all bent in the direction of our home. First came father and mother, grandfather and the three younger children; then a vehicle well known to me as that of Elias Chase from Derry Quarter; and thus I counted them off, as they drew up beside the horse-block.

I missed Sarah Sidney, who generally came with Theophilus Baldwin's family, and having seen her placid face in its usual place on the seat beneath the gallery, fronting the meeting, I was at a loss to explain her absence. She was tenderly attached to mother, and I could not believe any light matter would take her to another's table.

A gentle voice called me to my duties:

"Why, Katherine dear, thee must have been very spry to get home before us. I was pleased to see thy interest in the meeting to-day."

The good woman kissed me and thanked me for the little aid I was able to give in unpinning her shawl. Directly afterward, sweet Jane Spencer came tripping up the stairs. She was frequently spoken of as exhibiting "overmuch ardor" in all her good works, but we children loved the enthusiastic little woman.

"O Katherine, I am glad to make use of thy quick fingers. My cap strings are sadly awry. I have been most uncomfortable in them all through meeting. Our breakfast was a trifle late this morning, and we had far to drive."

One and another arrived, each with a thought of me. "How thee grows, child," or "Thy mother is blessed in her little helpers."

The room was well-nigh full, when someone asked the question that had been trembling on my lips.

"Where is Sarah Sidney?"

No one directly replied, but after a moment's reflection nearly all had a suggestion or a little interest in her to express.

"Methought her face bore traces of anxiety this morning. I trust she has met with no further financial disaster. Thee knows, Rhoda, she is benevolent to a surprising degree in one whose purse is not lengthy, and it is therefore a serious matter to be forced to curtail in her giving."

"Sarah is too true a follower of the Great Teacher to be long afflicted by the things of this world," replied an aged friend.

"Ah, Hannah dear," answered the first speaker, "thee has never had the bread and butter trouble, and therefore thee can hardly compass its misery."

I think we all felt the force of this argument, for Hannah was richly dowered. Presently Jane Spencer sighed: "I cannot help wishing that Uncle Joseph would recognize that the hand of the Lord is pointing him to Sarah Sidney."

"If such be the will of our Heavenly Father, I doubt not it will be revealed in due time," and Hannah spoke with great deliberation.

"That is quite true, and undoubtedly it is only those among us who are a trifle worldly-minded, that show a disposition to hasten these things." Jane Spencer was always very meek under reproof, and I felt glad that others sustained her desire that Uncle Joseph should be a little less deliberate in his action.

"I can hardly think that he realizes Sarah's worth," said a late comer.

"On the contrary," it was Rhoda Longstreet's voice, "I am sometimes inclined to believe that his doubt rests

upon his own merit. If he were of the world's people I should say he was bashful. As it is, I call him slow in perceiving his adaptation to any peculiar calling."

"Thee may be right," responded Jane Spencer, and I was struck with the note of merrymaking that accompanied her words. "If so, I can only wish that somebody would give him a hint, for I really believe that Sarah has perceived their true relationship, and that her spirit is troubled since no sign is given unto her."

"Ah," interrupted Hannah, "shall we never learn that God does not wish us to call upon him for signs?"

Now it had chanced, although none of those present were at that time conscious of it, that Sarah Sidney had given up her seat in a friend's carriage to a person who was suffering from a weak limb, and had walked briskly along the frozen road toward our house.

Uncle Joseph, too, had chosen to leave his vehicle at home, and seeing in the distance a familiar, plump little figure, he made haste to overtake her.

For a few moments they talked together of the lesser things of life; then they fell into silence, which was at last broken by Uncle Joseph's voice.

"My mind has dwelt much to-day upon the Bible teaching of the relation of Ruth and Boaz."

I am sure the throbbing heart beneath the clear muslin kerchief of Sarah Sidney must have bounded a little at this. He went on: "Has thee ever thought it over and applied the test to our own lives?"

It certainly was not strange that the good woman hesitated before she answered:

"If thee means to ask whether it has been shown to me that I am chosen of the Lord to be thy companion, I will admit that it has; but, Joseph, thee is not an old man, nor am I a young handmaiden."

Uncle Joseph stopped short in his walk, and catching a frightened look upon the honest face beside him, he gravely said:

"It was not upon that relation my mind ran. I thought rather of the increased duty in this day and generation which must belong to the husbandman and his gleaners, or, in other words, the responsibility of him upon whom the benefits of this world have been showered, and the loud call ever sounding in my ear to extend help to those who need; and it has been whispered to me that thy material goods have been slipped from thee, and—and, I wished many times that I might make bold to offer my aid."

Could one marvel if a feeling of faintness crept over the gentle Sarah, or that a beseeching look set the seal upon the awful stillness that followed? Her face grew first scarlet, then very, very white. Uncle Joseph's voice sounded strange in her ear. She feared she should fall, but as the tones grew clearer, something else impressed her.

"Sarah, thee has a more receptive spirit than my own. I have sometimes longed to see aright in regard to the formation of a closer bond with thee, and I rejoice that through my own ill-chosen speech thee has been led to point the way."

He took her trembling hand between his own, and smiled down upon the sweet but tearful face; then her lips were opened, the pain went forever out of her heart, and she whispered only:

"Dear Joseph."

But her trial was not quite over. We were already summoned to the dining-room when Uncle Joseph and

Sarah Sidney entered the door together. I glanced about me, and was certain that I saw more than one look of satisfaction exchanged by the company present.

The moment of silent blessing was past. My mother moved as if to begin serving the soup, but she caught Uncle Joseph's eye, and awaited his slow words:

"Dear friends," he said with a little tremor in his voice, "rejoice with me, for to-day has our beloved Sarah Sidney revealed to me the message that the Lord has given into her keeping."

He paused, and with a flush brightening her soft cheeks Sarah asked calmly:

"Joseph, will thee kindly explain thyself?"

I never knew him to do anything so well as he now related to us the manner in which he had obtained an insight into the secret knowledge of Sarah Sidney's heart.

As he ceased speaking, her own rhythmic tones filled the room in tender thanksgiving to the Lord for his gift of companionship, and this has evermore remained in my memory as one of the most beautiful and fervent supplications I have been privileged to hear.

Why the Cyclone Spared the Pastor.....C. B. Lewis.....Chicago Times

"Good mawnin', sah, good mawnin'!" he saluted as he came up the hotel steps and removed his hat and bowed very low. "I war jest walkin' round dis mawnin' to see who was on de Lawd's side."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, sah, our meetin'-house got blowed away by a cyclone last month an' I'ze collectin' up to build anoder. Yes, sah, cyclone dun took it right off de face of de airth."

"Is this the first time?"

"Yes, sah. Dat meetin'-house dun escaped all de odder cyclones befo' dis."

"Did you see the building go?"

"I did, sah. I was right dar at de time, bress de Lawd! Dat was de moas' powerfu' sight yo' eber did see in all yo' life. It was long in de arternoon, sah. I went ober to de meetin'-house to get my hymn book. I was in dar when the cyclone riz up. She cum mighty sudden, sah. I heard a sorter howl, like a dawg fast in de fence. Den dar was a-groaning, like somebody had fell down sta'rs an' busted hisself. Den dar was a whoop, like as if eberbody in town had got drunk an' was prancin' around."

"And then she struck?"

"She did, sah. I knowed what was comin', kase I seed 'bout five cyclones in my time. I run around to de back eand of de buildin' an' braced up agin it wid all my might, but shoo!"

"It went, did it?"

"Jest didn't mind me nohow, sah. De cyclone picked dat meetin'-house right up same as yo' would lift a shingle, an' de next minit was cl'ar across de ribber an' all smashed to squash."

"And weren't you hurt?"

"No, sah. Nebber got a scratch."

"How do you account for that?"

"Providence, sah—just Providence. I was saved dat I might collect up money fur anoder meetin'-house."

"That's rather curious. If you had been killed somebody else could have collected, couldn't they?"

"Dey could, sah, but I'se de only pusson around yere who ebber dun collected up a dollar fur de Lawd an turned in ober sebenty-five cents of it."

BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN: RETURNING TO SERVICE

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

I'm 'ere in a lousy ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,
A layin' on to the Sergeant I don't know a gun from a bat;
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my sock's stickin' out o' my boots,
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step along o' the new recruits!
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again:
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card,
I'm back to the Army again!

I done my six years' service.—'Er Majesty sez: "Good-day,—
You'll please to come when you're rung for, an' 'ere's your 'ole back-pay;
An' fourpence a day for baccy—an' bloomin' gen'rous too;
An' now you can make your fortune—the same as your orf'cers do."
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Ow did I learn to do right-about turn?
I'm back to the Army again!

A man o' four an' twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade—
Besides "Reserve" agin' him—e'd better be never made.
I tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough for me,
An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's barricks, an' I thought I'd go an' see.
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Oo would ha' thought I could carry an' port?
I'm back to the Army again!

The Sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the other eye,
An' sez to me, "Shun," an' I shunted the same as in days gone by;
For 'e saw the set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't 'elp 'oldin' straight
When me an' the other rookies come under the barrick gate.
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt—
I'm back to the Army again!

I took my bath, an' I wallered—an', Gawd, I needed it so!
I smelt the smell o' the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go.
I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men what drill,—
An I sez to my flutterin' 'cart-strings, I sez to 'em, "Peace, be still!"
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Oo said I knew when the Jumner was due?
I'm back to the Army again.

I carried my slops to the tailor; I sez to 'im, "None o' your lip,
You tigh 'em over the shoulders an' loose 'em over the 'ip,
For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid;" an' 'e sez to me, "Strike me dead,
But I thought you was only a rookie!" an' so 'e done what I said.
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
Rather too free with my fancies?—Wot? Me!
I'm back to the Army again!

Next week I'll 'ave 'em fitted, I'll buy me a walkin'-cane;
They'll let me free o' the barricks to walk on the Hoe again
In the name o' William Parsons that used to be Edward Clay,
An' any pore beggar that wants it can draw my fourpence a day!
Back to the Army again, Sergeant,
Back to the Army again,
Out o' the cold an' the rain, Sergeant,
Out o' the cold an' the rain.

'Oo's there?

A man that's too good to be lost you,
A man that is 'andled an' made—
A man that will pay what 'e cost you
In learnin' the others their trade—parade!
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,
But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the street
An' back to the Army again!

* From The Pall Mall Magazine.

APPLIED SCIENCE, INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

A Magic Speaking-Book.....The Latest in Telephony.....New York Herald

Recently a few gentlemen connected with the telegraphic or electric businesses were assembled in a room in the eleventh story of the new Postal Building in Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park. They had not been there very long when astonishment was depicted on their faces and by and by found expression in words. A book on the table about which they stood or sat was speaking. "Is it possible," exclaimed Mr. Chandler, of the Commercial Cable Company, "that those spoken words can come from that book?" "Yes, it is," said Mr. Francis W. Jones, the electrician of the company; "that is Mr. Marshall's telephone." William Marshall, of No. 709 Lexington avenue, had prepared this remarkable feat for the electricians. He began by taking up an ordinary book and placing in the leaves several slips of tinfoil, about one and a half inches wide and four inches long. Then he attached a couple of fine wires, closed the book and carried the other end of the wires to another room, where they were attached to the transmitter of a telephone. Then a conversation began, with Mr. Marshall in one room and one of the persons in the room where the book lay. Each word that came from the book could be distinctly heard in every corner of the room. The visitors had never experienced anything of the kind before, and they said it would eventually revolutionize telegraphy.

I tested the Marshall telephone in Mr. Marshall's house, in Lexington avenue. Any one who has tried to "talk over the wires" on the ordinary instrument knows the trouble it is to hear and to make one's self heard. This invention of Mr. Marshall's does away with the painful "Hullo!" in which so much time is wasted. The new principle is the direct opposite of the Bell principle. The latter is the magneto-receiver; the new one electro-static. As described by Mr. Marshall, the invention consists essentially in the telephonic system, comprising speaking condensers and an induction coil at each station, each induction coil having two secondary wires and a primary wire, the opposite ends of each secondary wire being connected with the opposite poles of the speaking condensers. Mr. Marshall's specialty is electric condensers, and it was while striving to improve that that he discovered about ten years ago the new principle. The book which I saw, or rather "heard," in his house was a common catalogue. He had placed in the leaves eighteen pieces of tinfoil, about two inches wide and five inches long. To this wires were connected alternately with the tinfoil. Against the wall was an ordinary transmitter.

The book, with the wires attached, depended from the wall. Mr. Marshall went upstairs and left me alone. I took up the book to examine it more closely. "How are you?" was the question from the book. I closed the leaves, but that made no difference, for the next question the catalogue asked was: "Do you think it will rain to-morrow?" I was too much astonished to answer, and the book, which appeared to me for the time to be human, may have noticed it, because it began to whistle, as if to give me time to collect my thoughts. Then I went up to the transmitter and inquired: "Can you sing?" "No, I am not much of a singer," came

from the neighborhood of my boots. I had dropped the book and it nearly touched the floor. I went into a corner of the room, and still I heard the book talking distinctly. I squeezed and bent it, but that made no difference—it continued to talk just the same. When Mr. Marshall returned to the room he showed me another modification of his invention which he said cost only five cents to make. Outwardly it was the size of a small circular hand-mirror. The circular part contained annular rings of paper and tinfoil, the outer rim only of tinfoil being compressed, the inner ring being free to vibrate. This was connected with wires in the same way as the book.

Mr. Marshall went upstairs again, and I remained in the parlor with the mirrorlike thing in my hand. Presently I heard Mr. Marshall's voice coming from it. I held it at arm's length, and still the sounds were distinct, far more so than those coming from any telephone I had ever used. When I put it to my ear it was as if the person speaking were at my shoulder talking loudly. Mr. Marshall said that distance would make no difference in the distinctness of the sound. The principle would do away with the receiving instrument of the telegrapher. With such a condenser lying on his desk he could write his message without fear of a mistake. The inventor calls his a telephone system, with speaking condensers, in which a more perfect transmission of the volume of speech can be accomplished than has been possible heretofore in systems of this kind. Mr. Marshall said that in his receiving-speaking-condenser telephone the opposite poles are connected with a line wire and a shunt or resistance coil. He discovered that unless the line wire connecting the stations is made continuous, as by shunting the speaking condenser, the articulation and volume of speech are not perfect, being scarcely audible when more than one speaking condenser is inserted in the line of communication. The condensers speak much louder when the metallic plates are in part not touching or in contact with the insulator, allowing a space sufficient to vibrate freely, and to impart to the air the sound which is transmitted from a distant station so as to be easily heard. The speaking condenser is built up in the same manner as if the leaves of electrometers were intersected into each other, one end of the plates only being fastened. In what I have described as the "hand-mirror" receiver, the middle of the plates are made loose by pressing the circumference together, the plates and insulators bulging sufficiently in the centre to separate themselves. Mr. Marshall's house is filled with the latest standards and testing apparatus, enabling him to produce most accurate instruments, which have made his name famous among electricians.

Daring Engineering Schemes....Facilitating Travel....Providence Journal

For the time being, that man may be called a dreamer who suggested the construction of an ocean tunnel between New York and London. He is a dreamer less on account of the impracticability of the scheme than on account of its commercial unsafeness, its unbusinesslike character as deduced from the relation of its cost to the present needs of traffic. Of course there are those who

say it is wholly impracticable; but in these days one should be careful what he declares to be beyond modern human skill in mechanics and engineering. Certainly the tunnel is not impossible, if you take impossible to mean something contrary to existing and natural laws. People said such things of the ocean cable, but the ocean cable has long since become a reality and a necessity. For the present, however, the suggestion is interesting only as a suggestion. It has not been worked out sufficiently as regards details to satisfy engineers of its value. The inventor of the plan thinks that a huge tube, capable of allowing steam or electric or compressed air trains to pass through it, could be floated in the middle depths of the sea, upheld partially by piers, and partially by its own buoyancy. Vibration in a tunnel thus suspended would be tremendous. Travellers would need to be etherized for a journey through so wobbly a track of transport. This is one of the details our imaginative engineer has not provided for. Still, in many ways, the plan is more nearly feasible than we would have thought it 25 years ago. Our text-books, for example, used to give us to understand that the ocean is 10 or 15 miles deep in places; but it is now definitely known that the average is less than two and one-half miles, and its greatest five and a quarter. What thickness of iron would be needed to withstand the pressure at a depth of four miles the aforesaid inventor could no doubt quite accurately determine, along with the rest of the details. At 1,000 fathoms the weight of the water pressing on all sides of an object immersed to that depth is very nearly one ton to the square inch, or more than one hundred times that sustained at the sea level, and at the greatest depths the pressure is so increased that it would seem nothing could withstand it—in fact, heavy metal cylinders let down with the sounding apparatus are sometimes, on being drawn up again to the surface, found bent and collapsed; strongly made glass vessels which the metal inclosed are shattered into fragments. Pressure offers a real difficulty. As far as the formation of the bottom is concerned, we now know that the floor of the ocean offers fewer difficulties to such a project than we once thought. Instead of being a counterpart of the face of the earth above water, with hills and valleys, with precipitous mountains lifting toward the surface and profound gorges sinking to unfathomable depths, the floor is far less diversified than the land. In general the ocean bottom "consists of vast flat or slightly undulating plains."

Probably the father of this daring idea of an Atlantic tunnel was the long-talked-of and recently revived project for a tunnel to connect England with France. English people like to visit Paris every season as well as Americans, but many are deterred because of the roughness of the Channel water. The chief discouragement of this Channel tunnel has come from the army. Lord Wolseley has stated before Parliament that it would be necessary to maintain an immense garrison at the English end of the tunnel with power to blow up the tunnel at the first attempted invasion. Even with these precautions he enlarged on the danger of possession being obtained of both ends of the tunnel, in which case an army could be placed in England in a few hours sufficient to overcome the small standing army, or rather the small portion of that army kept at home. From time to time work has been commenced on the English shore, but the Government has always

interfered the moment the excavators got outside the imaginary line which divides land from sea jurisdiction. Its cost has been estimated at 80 millions of dollars. Lately it has been urged that an immense iron tube, like that proposed for the Atlantic, would greatly cheapen the construction, as the cost of excavation would be avoided. British capitalists have still another proposition before them to make a land communication between the British Isle and its neighbors. This last is a tunnel under the Irish Sea to give railroad facilities between London and Dublin or Queenstown. Promoters of the Irish tunnel philosophically say that by such a means would English and Irish interests be made more agreeable one to the other. And they have no doubt that the tunnel would pay, because it would shorten the time required for getting from New York to London.

Another proposition looking to increased rapidity of transportation across the Atlantic takes the form of a vessel very much larger than has ever been attempted before. The Great Eastern was nearly 700 feet long and 80 feet wide. The new ship which has been designed and which it is seriously proposed to construct, is more than twice as large as the enormous ship whose maritime career proved such a disastrous failure. The new ship's plans show a length of 1,440 feet, with a breadth in the widest part of 180 feet, and it is to carry 4,000 passengers. No sea-sickness will be possible, because there will be nine hulls of special form so constructed as to prevent rolling of any character. Provision is made for seven engines of 50,000 horsepower, capable of developing a speed greater than that achieved by the fleetest of the ocean greyhounds. Eight million dollars are wanted to construct the ship, and the gentleman of a sanguine temperament who is responsible for the design speaks of the raising of this sum of money as quite a trifling matter in view of the enormous profits the immense ship could earn. A third plan for expediting transportation between the United States and Europe, first suggested ten or twelve years ago, and now being revived by a French company, suggests that light ships be placed in a straight line from Ireland to Newfoundland at about 200 miles distance from each other. This is advocated in an elaborate prospectus full of details and calculations, and it is suggested that ocean travel would be made so easy and safe that people would cross the Atlantic with as little thought as they now take a railroad journey. Figures are quoted to show the profits that could be derived from charges made to steamers along the proposed route, and it is also pointed out what a convenience it would be, especially in the way of mail and telegraph facilities.

In place of the tunnel under or through the English Channel there has been under consideration a bridge. No one has heard of this scheme for years until recently, when the French promoters of the enterprise revived it. Like so many other promoters, they are out with the statement that it is quite as easy as digging a ship canal between Manchester and Liverpool. The bridge would be 34 miles long and would be 150 feet above high-water level. The plans and pictures of this bridge show piles 500 or 600 yards apart, and provide for search-lights and watch-houses from each pile. It is admitted that the bridge would take ten years to construct, and that it would cost \$170,000,000. The estimate appears very reasonable, as the plan includes four parallel tracks, footpaths, and carriageways. It would seem impossible

to attract capital to a project of this character, but the promoters profess to have already obtained great encouragement, and their expressions show a determination to again push the matter forward.

To come to the United States, the most interesting tunnel, partially intended to benefit transportation, is that by which the power of the falls at Niagara is transmitted to various points in Western New York. When a practical method of harnessing the falls was devised, capital immediately essayed the task; and the investment of millions of dollars during the past three years is bringing the enterprise well along towards completion; and within the year the Niagara Falls will be performing other functions than the purely scenic and picturesque. So far has the enterprise advanced that the great tunnel through which the water power will be conducted was put into use the 25th of January. It took about 800 men three years to build this tunnel, which is one and one-third miles long. Water through it will generate electrically 100,000 horsepower, which will be employed by various cities for manufacturing and for street-car propulsion. One of the electrical companies in control, of which Thomas C. Platt is President, will supply the proposed trolley system of towing boats on the Erie canal with electric power. After three years dallying with various plans, the New York Rapid Transit Commission seem at last to have fixed their favor upon a tunnel which shall run beneath one of the small streets parallel with Broadway. The project is a most interesting one from an engineering standpoint and one of very large financial proportions, with practically unlimited capabilities for profit if the enterprise is honestly handled. Broadway is underlaid with a network of pipes, but Elm street is comparatively free from them, and only two blocks away. Engineering News suggests that to get the best plans and estimates for a tunnel along that route premiums offered should be enough to tempt the best engineers of the world to compete.

Printing the New Stamps.....Rene Bache.....Philadelphia Times

I am the first newspaper man to whom has been granted the privilege of witnessing the processes by which Uncle Sam is beginning to print his own postage stamps at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The wheels have started and before many days the machines will be turning out the parallelograms of red, blue and green paper at a rate to supply the Post Office Department with the required forty million sheets per annum. Each sheet, as furnished to the government, will consist of one hundred stamps. The printing is done on queer-looking presses, each of which produces 1,600 stamps a minute, or about 100,000 an hour. Each press has an endless chain that carries four plates, on which the designs of the stamps are engraved. On each plate 400 stamps are represented. The sheets printed from these plates are intended to be cut into quarters eventually, in which shape they will be sold by the Post Office Department. Each plate is carried by the endless chain first under an ink roller, from which it receives a coating of ink of the proper color. Then it passes beneath a pad of canvas, which oscillates so as to rub the ink in. Next it pauses for a moment under the hands of a man who polishes the plate. Finally, a sheet of white paper is laid upon the plate, both pass under a roller, and the sheet comes out 400 printed postage stamps.

The plates revolve in a circle, as it were. More ac-

curately speaking, they move around the four sides of a square in a horizontal plane. While one is being inked, another is being rubbed by the canvas, another is being polished and the fourth is passing under the printing roller. The circuit takes about a minute, during which four sheets of 400 stamps each are printed. The most important part of the work, requiring the greatest skill, is the polishing. It is done with the bare hands, no other method being equally efficient. The object is to leave exactly enough ink for a good impression and no more. One girl lays the white paper sheets upon the plates, while another young woman removes them as fast as they are printed and stacks them up in a pile. This process gives the results of handpress work. Half a dozen presses working together, each turning out 100,000 an hour, can produce a good many millions in a day. Three hands are required for each press—the printer, who does the polishing, and two girls. The printer must account for every sheet of blank paper that he receives. The sheets are counted in the wetting division before they are delivered to him. After they are printed they are counted before they are sent to the examining division, where they are counted again. Spoiled sheets are counted as carefully as perfect ones, because they represent money. If lost or stolen, they could be used. On each sheet appears the special mark of the printer who turned it out. An allowance of one-and-a-half per cent. is made to him for spoilage. If he exceeds that allowance he must pay for the extra loss at the actual cost of paper, ink and labor represented. This rule does not apply yet, for the presses are hardly adjusted, and hundreds of sheets have been spoiled in experiments.

If a sheet is lost, it must be traced back to the last person who handled it and that individual will be required to pay face value for the stamps represented. If the person responsible cannot be found, the division which last handled the sheet must pay. No loophole is left for the loss of a single one-cent stamp. After being examined, the sheets are counted again and are put between strawboards under a hydraulic press to make them lie flat. Thus they are counted more easily and can be made up into smaller bundles. After undergoing this process they are counted once more and are sent downstairs to be gummed and perforated. For these purposes the Bureau of Engraving has purchased entirely new machinery, and the means employed are more than ordinarily interesting. The method of gumming in particular is a novelty, being wholly different from that utilized hitherto in such work. It is much more rapid and efficient, and before long will doubtless supersede the old plan, which is even now applied to the gumming of cigarette stamps for the internal revenue. The paste is applied to the cigarette stamp by hand with brushes. As fast as they are gummed they are laid sheet by sheet on slatted frames, which are piled in stacks. The stacks are wheeled on trucks into a room, where they are placed in front of electric fans, so that the cool air may dry them. Hot air would accomplish the purpose more quickly, but it would be hard on the work-women. For this reason the slower process is adopted. The new method will be an immense improvement in every way.

The machines for this purpose have just been set up. There are two of them, exactly alike, and one will do for description. Imagine a wooden box nearly 60 feet long, 4 feet high and 3 feet wide. From end to end

runs what might be taken for the skeleton of a trough. This skeleton projects from the box for a few feet at either extremity. The box is traversed by two endless chains, running side by side two feet apart. Into one end the sheets of printed stamps are fed one by one. As it is fed into the machine each sheet passes under a roller like the roller of a printing-press, to which a gum made of dextrine is slowly supplied. The sheet takes up a coat of this mucilage on its lower side and is carried on by the endless chain through the long box. The box is a hot-air box, being heated by steam pipes. At the other end of it the sheets are delivered at the rate of eighteen a minute. Just one minute is required for a sheet to pass through the box and it is delivered perfectly dry. The gummed sheets thus delivered are passed over to a long table, where girls pick them up in pairs, and placing the gummed sides together, put them between layers of strawboards. Arranged in this way they are placed under a steam press to flatten them, the mucilage having caused them to curl somewhat. On coming out of the press they are counted again, and now they go to the perforating machines that make the pin-holes by which it is easy to tear the stamps apart.

The perforating machine is an arrangement of little wheels revolving parallel to each other and just far enough apart to make the perforations as one sees them in a sheet of finished stamps fresh bought at the post-office. After the perforations have been made across the sheet one way by one machine, the sheet must pass through a second machine for the cross perforations. In the middle of each machine is a knife which cuts the sheet in two, so that the sheet of 400 comes out of machine No. 1 in two sheets of 200 each, and these are divided into four sheets of 100 each by the second perforating machine. It is an old though not well authenticated story that when the British government wished to discover a way to tear stamps apart readily it offered \$50,000 for an acceptable suggestion. A poverty-stricken but ingenious Englishman proffered the notion of perforating the stamp sheets and received the fortune. The stamps are now done and only remain to be gone over, inspected, counted and tagged in packages of 100 sheets before being sent out. Each package of 100 sheets holds 10,000 stamps, of course. But stay! There are one or two more preliminaries yet. After receiving the perforations, the sheets of one hundred are put under a press to remove the "burrs" around the little holes, otherwise these would greatly increase the thickness of a package. Then they are counted and are placed in steel-clad vaults, from which they are drawn as the Post-Office Department may want them. The Bureau of Engraving has not yet begun to furnish stamps to the government, but it is all ready to do so. In response to orders received from the Post-Office Department it will put the stamps up in packages, address them to postmasters who require them and deliver them at the Post-Office in Washington for mailing.

The Post-Office Department now has an agency at the Bureau of Engraving. When a postmaster wants stamps he makes out a requisition upon the department. The latter will communicate with its agent in the bureau, who will draw upon the bureau every day for as many stamps as he requires to fill the orders thus transmitted to him. All this business used to be done in New York city, where the stamp agent received the stamps from the American Bank Note Company in bulk, his business

being to put them up in packages and send them off by mail. The inks used for printing the stamps are manufactured at the Bureau of Engraving. The materials are bought in the shape of dry colors and linseed oil. The colors come in the shape of powders. The only stamps turned out thus far are two-cent red and the one-cent blue. For the former carmine is employed, and for the latter ultramarine. Both colors are "toned" by the admixture of other ingredients—the carmine with Paris white and white lead. Pure carmine would be very costly. Ultramarine is not very expensive, but it is too "strong," in the printer's phrase—that is to say, too dark. It used to be the costliest of colors, being made from the precious lapis lazuli. But in recent years chemists, having analyzed the lapis lazuli, have produced in the laboratory a successful imitation of the color stuff. For making the ink the color powder is combined with linseed oil and ground between rollers. Each printer receives every morning his allowance of ink, and sharp account is kept of every bit used. Uncle Sam will save about \$50,000 a year by printing his own postage stamps. Congress has given to the Bureau of Engraving \$163,000 for this purpose for the fiscal year beginning July 1. Out of this appropriation some machinery must be bought. The expense used to be \$208,000 per annum. Of course, the government had nearly all of the required plant ready. About fifty new people have had to be engaged to do the extra work. The plates used by the American Bank Note Company for printing the stamps were the property of the government.

Steel Railroad Ties ...Superseding Wooden Sleepers....Pittsburg Dispatch

The use of steel sleepers is now strongly advocated for tropical countries, where the use of timber sleepers is open to many objections. In the official report on the projected Mombasa-Victoria Lake Railway, for opening up communication with the interior of Africa, it is recommended that general use be made of steel sleepers rather than creosoted fir or pingado wood, for the following reasons: A permanent way of this construction is practically indestructible to natives with such few mechanical appliances as are to be met with in East Africa. The custom of firing the grass at certain periods of the year, and the temptation to use the timber sleepers for fuel or hutting purposes, would expose a line laid with timber sleepers to many risks. White ants are numerous in the country and commit great ravages. The steel sleeper has also no tendency to float and be carried away by flood water, which is the case with timber. Further, in India it has been recognized that the initial cost of laying, and the subsequent cost of maintenance, is greater on a road laid with timber than on one laid with steel sleepers. There would be a saving of about \$150 to \$250 per mile of permanent way by using creosoted timber instead of steel sleepers, but this small saving does not counterbalance the liability to destruction and the increased cost of maintenance. Generally it has been thought advisable to provide a permanent way of exceptional strength for the gauge, partly on account of the gradients making heavy engines desirable, partly because such a road offers in such a country advantages in maintenance, and partly because the cost of permanent-way materials and their transport is now so low as to make reduction of its weight of less importance as a factor and consideration than it was some years ago.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

The First Cup of Coffee.....Ingeborg Raunkjær.....Literary Digest

In the Bibliothèque Nationale there is a manuscript (near the end of the Sixteenth Century), written by an Arab, Abdelcader, who declares that coffee was drunk for the first time in Arabia in the middle of the Fifteenth Century. Others think that certain remarks in Persian writings imply that coffee was used in Persia as early as the Ninth Century; but most authors dispute these texts. It is commonly supposed that the use of coffee in its earliest home, Abyssinia, and in its second home, Arabia, is only five to six centuries old.

A legend says that the Angel Gabriel once, when Mohammed was ill, brought him a cup of coffee. Another legend says that a Mohammedan monk discovered that his goats became very lively and full of fun after they had eaten the fruit of the coffee-tree. This observation caused him to make the first cup of coffee. His dervishes enjoyed the coffee, and ever afterward drank it at night, to produce wakefulness, when they kept vigils. Cautious historians laugh at these traditions and prefer to stand by Abdelcader's manuscript. This writer mentions an Arab, Gemaleddin, a judge in Aden, who, while traveling to Persia, or, as the historians correct the manuscript, to Abyssinia, saw people use coffee as medicine. He used it and was cured of a sickness. Later, becoming a monk, he taught his brethren the use of coffee. It was, then, in Aden that coffee-drinking originated. The fakeers even made coffee-drinking compulsory upon their neophytes. Public coffee-houses originated in Aden, and very early in history. We do not find any opposition to the use of coffee until the middle of the Sixteenth Century, when the Egyptian Sultan sent a new governor, Chair Bey, to Mecca. This governor knew nothing about coffee, and was greatly enraged when he saw the dervishes, in the mosque, drink coffee. He believed that which they did was contrary to the teaching of the Koran, and that they became intoxicated. He consulted two Persian physicians, who were opposed to coffee. They declared it was a substitute for wine, which is prohibited by the Koran, and hence coffee-drinking was a violation of Mohammed's law. To prove that coffee-drinking made persons neglect religious duties, they pointed to the fact that while coffee-houses were multiplying the mosques were empty. Chair Bey called a council of physicians, priests and lawyers, and, on their advice, forbade absolutely the use of coffee. The police gathered all coffee that could be found and burned it in the market-place. Afterward, he reported to the Sultan what he had done, and received the following note in reply: "Your physicians are asses. Our lawyers and physicians in Cairo are better informed. They recommend the use of coffee, and I declare that no faithful will lose heaven because he drinks coffee." Since then coffee-drinking has been unmolested and has become a favored drink everywhere.

The English at Table.....British Dining Customs.....Harper's Bazar

In England, as elsewhere, table customs differ very essentially, of course, according to class in life and style of living, so that general statements are impossible; but there are many little manners of personal observation which are not without interest, especially to strangers

and would-be visitors to the land of mutton chops and Bass's XXX. I shall not deal with formal dinner and lunch parties, but only the trifles of ordinary everyday life as I have met with them. In lunching out here for the first time, however informally, the question naturally arises whether or not you will be expected to take off your hat. In America we know that we may do as we please in the case of friends and informal acquaintances, and that at a lunch party we keep on hat and gloves, being shown upstairs simply to put off outside wraps and rearrange disordered locks before presenting ourselves to our hostess. Here you are not expected to lay aside anything. You sit down to lunch, as you would go to an afternoon tea, in all your outdoor wraps, without the intervention of dressing-room formalities, even though you alone are expected to a strictly family affair. You are shown up at once to the drawing-room, and unless your hostess suggests laying aside your coat, you go down to lunch as you are. This is the pure English of it. An Irish lady, on the other hand, will be apt to show you to her bedroom, give you brush, comb and hot water, and expect you to take off your things. A French woman, too, will expect you to remove hat and wraps. As one said to me the other day, "We French feel hurt if visitors will not take off their hats; but these English, they keep on their hats for everything—they eat and go." Remember this, anyone who is going out to lunch in England, and so escape the ghastly moments of my first experience, when I was taken aback by being shown, like an ordinary caller, at once to the drawing-room, while my hostess came to me a few minutes afterward, with never a word, of course, about removing anything, until just as we rose to go down to lunch, when she asked if I would like to take off my coat. Having expected the option of a dressing-room, American fashion, I thought, for full ten awful minutes, that I had made a mistake and was not expected. Both lunch and dinner are either served from the side table, and passed by the servant, or put on the table and helped by the host and hostess, according to style or pleasure, as with us. Lunches are sometimes quite as hearty as small dinners, even though it may be a simple lunch en famille. There are almost always two desserts, and sometimes three—a pudding, and afterwards two "sweets"—a "tart," or what we call a pie, baked in a deep dish, or some delicate custard or "shape" served with a choice of preserves. After this there are often "biscuits" and cheese, with which butter is always served, and celery, also, when in season. Celery is seldom or never served except with the cheese. Olives, too, always come afterward, with the candied fruits and bonbons, and never between courses. Wine, sometimes of two kinds, is almost invariably served, even at a strictly family lunch with ladies only; it is quite as generally used in England as on the continent. The old English custom of not removing the crumbs for dessert is still very general; also that of having no napkins for breakfast and lunch is still in vogue among the more old-fashioned. Another custom differing from ours is the eating of fish with both knife and fork, and sometimes even with two forks, the left-hand one being used like a piece of bread. I have also noticed dessert being eaten with spoon and fork. The

English have brought special dishes for special days or seasons down to a fine point. Among those less familiar to Americans are pancakes for Shrove Tuesday, and salt fish with egg sauce for Ash Wednesday. "Come and have tea after salt fish," is quite a familiar phrase on that day. A "simel" cake is the proper thing to eat on the fourth Sunday in Lent. Its name immortalizes a certain squabble between one Simeon and his wife Nell, one of whom liked currants in the cake, the other not—a squabble which was finally patched up by Nell's making the cake in two layers, one with currants and one without, and so it stands to this day. "Twelfth" cakes belong to Twelfth Night, and, of course, hot cross-buns to Good Friday. Then there is the Michaelmas goose and the Christmas turkey; and, of course, we all know of the Christmas plum-pudding; but we don't know that that Christmas plum-pudding is usually multiplied into fifteen or twenty like unto himself, and made out of the same mixture, of which one, the last one, is always kept over for Easter Sunday.

Speaking of Easter Sunday, don't ask for hot muffins after that day, for you may not always get them. I asked my landlady for some the other day, and was told that they were not often made after Easter. "And why?" I asked. "I couldn't say, mum," she said; "people don't want hot things after Easter, do they?" with that little English rise of the voice at the question mark which implies an affirmative answer. "They will come in again with cold weather." I have often devoutly wished that London would carry this principle to its legitimate conclusion, namely, the realization that if people don't want hot things, they might possibly like cold things "after Easter." I have wandered over London these hot spring-days, which are so enervating, in an agonized search for an ice, and could find none—no, not one. In every little tea and coffee-room, Aerated Bread Company's shop or lunch-room, where the sign raises false hopes of "ices," I am told with an injured surprise, "We do not keep ice until June," and I retreat before a freezing superiority which might do duty for a cart-load of Horton's best; it is an unpardonable sin to want an ice out of season, so I stumble home with sweet dreams of Huyler's and no ice but the shopwoman's look of disdain. Don't hope for even lemonade, nor any cold thing at all before June.

The usual English breakfast consists of tea or coffee, bread, boiled eggs, cold meats and jams of several kinds. Jams and preserves are a distinctive feature of breakfast over here, and are eaten with bread as a second course. The English are inclined to laugh at us for what they call our breakfast dinners, our beefsteak and fried potatoes and other hearty things; but I think we can return the laugh when we often find them mastering five meals a day of no very light character, for some of them still sit down to table at "tea-time" to quite a solid meal of preserves, cake, toasts, cold meat or sausages, even though dinner is in a no very distant future; and supper is often in order before one goes to bed, with more tea and cake and preserves. There is never a time when tea is not on tap. One seems to be always eating in England, and it is indeed necessary in this climate to put fuel on the fire pretty often. In the ordinary English town-house the breakfast or dining-room is almost always the front room of what we should call the first or parlor floor. It is thus not always connected very directly with a butler's pantry, but those inestimable jewels, the English

servants, appear to obviate that difficulty with the greatest ease. If the mother of the Gracchi were alive to-day and living in England, I am certain she would transfer her remark from her sons to her servants. We expect perfection and a finished style from a butler, but I must confess I have not found even the average English waitress far behind him. The regularity of her ministrations approaches nearer to intelligent clockwork than human nature is usually capable of. She knows her business to the extent which makes you certain that you will not be left hankering after more butter, a glass of water, or the gravy. Two maids are frequently present, and are quite as good as two men. They certainly make dining a comfort, both to the hostess and guest, and add to the pleasure of table life in England.

Wine Drinking in Proverbs.....Atlanta Constitution

Far back beyond history, lolling at ease in the lap of legend, is the god Bacchus, his dark clustering curls resembling the bunches of those purple grapes in which his divinity is expressed and communicated. At once antic and antique, as marked "by the mind's eye," the jolly demon-god seems to be having a perpetual smile at a stream of quaint and quizzical things "not dreamt of in the philosophy" of total abstainers. That stream is partly composed of innumerable odd sayings, in which the art and science of drinking are summed up and crystallized. Indeed, the number of these might be called by the name of legion, for every people that possess a literature, and some that have none, bear valuable witness to the virtues or the dangers of the vine. Some of the proverbs are exceedingly bright and picturesque. For instance, this epigram from the French, beginning lightly with a consideration of a lack of wine and wealth, and coming to woman as the climax, is very neat and Parisian through and through:

"A cellar without wine, an empty purse,
Home—but no wife—ah! that's the crowning curse!"

Here is another a little more specific, since it postulates the kind of wine and wife, and at the same time a trifle more rollicky in sentiment as in measure:

"A bottle of Chambertin (Odd's my life,
How it makes the fancy dance!)
With a rich ragout and a witty wife,
Are the finest fruits of France."

A couplet that goes back to the Greeks, when Greece was young, and which is old in many tongues, is this:

"A new, true friend is like new wine;
When old both will be still more fine."

"Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune" is not quite as ancient as its metaphor might tempt one to suppose, being a witticism of the Middle Ages. But the facetious Parisian fancy has invented its contradiction in a song that begins: "Tous les mechants sont buveurs d'eau; C'est bien prouvé par le Deluge," which may be roughly rendered:

"All sinners are water-drinkers—
This truth is clearer than mud—
And I leave it to candid thinkers,
For my proof of it is—the Flood!"

From France, of course, comes the classification: "Burgundy is the wine of princes, sillery of nobles, claret of gentlemen, and port of the vulgar bourgeois." On a par with this judicial dictum is another judgment of later issue: "Burgundy smiles; hock winks; cham-

pagne laughs; but Chateau Lafite puts heart into all." Here is a motto which contains the quintessence of the hospitality of the Moyen age:

"Drink what you fill!
Fill what you will!"

A parallel saying among the Saxons, still current in camps, and often heard among soldiers of the late war, is this: "Whenever you see a glass empty, fill it; whenever full, empty it." The praises of champagne have been sung ad nauseam by bards of all degree. Here is a quatrain from the south of France, however, rather fresh and striking:

"Champagne looks up with peacock eyes—
You cannot count their number—
And every eye, a diamond bright,
Puts poverty to slumber."

"Champagne is like criticism," another adage runs: "there is nothing worse if bad; nothing better, if good." Another is: "Hermitage is a priestly wine in name, in strength and in paternity." What fine humor lurks in this Falstaffian thrust: "Good wine never needs recorking." Another authority informs us that good wine should drink smooth, like liquefied velvet. The enmity that reigns between Bacchus and Venus is frequently made the theme of proverbial epigrammatists:

"Love loves not the intemperate,
But leaves them to a lonely fate,
Though Cupid and champagne, perchance,
May oft exchange a sparkling glance."

For random specimens of practical wisdom bubbling out of the bottle, listen to these: "Toy not with oysters when you drink red wine." "Never drink more than two wines at a sitting." "The bottle is an aristocrat; treat like a gentleman." "The drunkard's fault is not the wine's," cries one, and another answers: "Nay, the most voluptuous of assassins is the bottle." "Wine wit is the rainbow of the soul," sings the Oriental poet, though comparatively little is drank in the East, home of the wise men. "Wine is a turncoat; first a friend, then an enemy." "What soberness conceals drunkenness reveals." "When the wine goes in at the door the wit flies out at the window." "In vino veritas" (truth in wine), says the Roman. "Wine is a mocker," remarks the Hebrew, but this was before the invention of coffee, and the Psalmist classes wine with corn and oil as a thing "that maketh glad the heart of man."

Mysteries of Benedictine.....The New York World

In one of the most romantic districts of France, the lower Seine, is the antique abbey of a very ancient religious order. The records of the Benedictine fraternity date back as far as the first decade of the Sixth Century. Most of their houses appear to have been noted for the industrial just as much as the ecclesiastical aim or tendency. To labor is to pray, seems to have been their motto. Much doubt exists as to exactly what century these monks invented the illustrious old liqueur which to this day bears their name, Benedictine, and which breathes a kind of gentle benediction on the close of many a modern banquet. But no doubt exists as to the excellence of their product. They called it a cordial, from the Latin word "cor," the heart, or core of the body, because they believed it went straight to that spot. One jolly old monk used to say that if Dives had only had a bottle of Benedictine he would never

have been sent to Hades, because his heart would have been so warm he would have invited Lazarus to come in out of the cold and share his earthly prosperity.

Possessed of the secret which they had wrung from Nature's bosom, the strange secret how to concoct this cordial, the monks kept it as they found it, a sacred mystery. For years at the venerable abbey of Fecamp this industry was chiefly located and carried on under the shadow of the rose, which flower by later mystics is supposed to have imparted to the fluid its own rich depth of color. The French Revolution came and on the crest of its crimson billow was cradled the "child of destiny," Napoleon. Gentle, industrious as were the Benedictine monks, the Revolution and its Caliban had no use for them. They and their famous cordial sank into temporary desuetude. But the precious secret did not perish. The monks no longer make Benedictine, but it still is manufactured at Fecamp by a curious corporation, said to be composed chiefly of Socialists. This bears the odd title, "Anonymous Association of the Distillery of the Benedictine Cordial of the Abbey of Fecamp." It has a capital of half a million dollars and a special depot in Paris on the Haussman boulevard. It has no special agents in any country; hence no such thing as a Benedictine trust is possible. No one ever succeeded in making a good counterfeit.

The active principle of true Benedictine, according to chemical analysis, has been found to be almost exclusively derived from certain herbs which grow in wild abundance along the cliffs of Normandy. These are gathered and steeped just at the budding period. By their nearness to the sea these plants absorb bromide, iodide and chloride of sodium and, when transmuted into the sugary spirituousness of the liquid form, they are believed not to lose but to actually develop and intensify the salutary, enlivening principles of these salts. Salt and sugar are chemical cousins. Modern industry generally employs in the fabrication of liqueurs or cordials spirits of barley, wheat and potatoes, more or less rectified, but of which the effects may be harmful in the extreme. Benedictine, on the contrary, is favorable to health, since its alcoholic base is composed solely of eau-de-vie of the first quality. Its virtues may be thus summed up: It has a unique character, a gastronomic individuality, a pointedness of taste under a kind of settled velvet smoothness. Its bouquet, delicious when fresh made, like a good wine, improves with age. No one has ever gainsaid its value, both as an appetizer and a digester, and medicinally it has been held to be a preventive of apoplectic and spasmodic tendencies. In bodily affections of an epidemic nature some celebrated physicians have borne testimony to its help both as a preservative and a preventive. Its daily use in moderation and tempered with pure water, after the fashion of the monks, towards the middle or the end of the day's chief meal, facilitates the functions of a middle-aged or delicate organism. It does not appear to be, however, with American men as favorite a post prandial hold-me-up as *crème de menthe* or *chartreuse*, though far more common in use here than *curaçoa* or *absinthe*, except in New Orleans, where *absinthe* is the *rex* of a daily carnival in the Creole quarter. Benedictine is much liked by American ladies, for there still lingers about Benedictine a flavor of goodness or an odor of sanctity, as it were, a vaporous memory of the sweet-souled old priests who used to make it.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Without Solicitation—Teacher: "Now Willie, suppose you were to hand a playmate your last apple to take a portion of—wouldn't you tell him to take the larger piece?" Willie: "No, mom!" "You wouldn't? Why?" "Cos 'twouldn't be necessary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Impressionist School—Little Dot: "I am improv'in' in drawing." Mother: "I hope so." Little Dot: "Yes. I drew a cake on my slate, and Dick guessed it was an oyster. He knew it was something to eat, anyhow, didn't he?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Laid Up for Repairs—His Mother: "What are you moping around the house for, Tommy? Why don't you go over and play with Charley Pinafore?" Tommy: "'Cause I played with Charley Pinafore yesterday, and I don't s'pose he's well enough yet."—Chicago Record.

Under Surveillance—A wideawake little four-year-old had a pet dog, which, for some reason, he had been whipping. When he was scolded for the offense his excuse was that nobody had seen him. He was told that God saw him; that God followed him everywhere and saw everything he did. He soon afterward started out, with the dog following. When he observed the animal he aimed a kick at him, remarking: "Get out. It's bad enough to have God following me 'round without having you."—Providence Journal.

A Boston Youth—"Remember, boys," said the teacher, "that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." After a few moments a boy raised his hand. "Well, what is it, Socrates?" asked the teacher. "I was merely going to suggest," replied the youngster, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."—School Journal.

Edith's Telepathy—Tommy: "Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him: 'Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day.'"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Amended Petition—A little girl living downtown was saying her prayers the other evening, and had just finished "Give us this day our daily bread," when a precocious four-year-old brother exclaimed, "Say tookies, Fanny; say tookies."—Texas Siftings.

The Two Babies—First Youngster: "I've got a new baby brother, come from Heaven last night." Second Youngster: "That's nothin'. My little baby brother went to Heaven yesterday." First Youngster (reflectively): "Pete, I bet it's the same kid."—Life.

Heredity's Outcropping—Just before Arbor day last year a public-school teacher told the children in her charge that she would allow them to vote for a State tree, and that each child should have one vote. Being a woman and not a politician, her surprise was great when, the next morning, a bright-eyed Italian lad asked how much money each child would receive for his vote.—Harper's Magazine.

A Blessing with a Rebate—Susie had been a very naughty little girl, and her aunt had had to punish her very severely. When she came to say her prayers at

night her little mind was still full of wrath against her aunt, but yet the child did not quite like to leave her name out of her evening devotions, so she compromised matters by saying: "Pray, God! bless father and mother," etc.; then, after a pause, she added: "and bless Aunt Julia, too—but not much."—N. Y. Sun.

Whale Dividends—"Johnny, what useful article do we get from the whale?" Johnny: "Whalebone." "And what comes from the whale that we have no use for?" Johnny: "Jonahs."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Commercial Instinct—The Clergyman: "And why should little boys say their prayers every night?" The Good Boy: "So's the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning."—N. Y. Telegram.

A Study in Phraseology—Amy Ashphaltz (crushing the next-door little girl with a display of her knowledge of style): "W'en you eat yer meal at night do you call it dinner or supper?" Tessie (of the alley tenement): "We calls it lucky."—Chicago Lamp.

Debated Honors—Stranger: "Who owns this store?" Office Boy: "The boss says I do, but I don't."—Detroit Free Press.

Vicarious Mathematics—I do think it is so natural that little children should expect their small supplications to be answered literally. I can so sympathize with the little boy over his sums, who said to his governess in a puzzled, half indignant voice: "I can't do my sum. I can't; and I did ask God to help me; and He's made three mistakes already!"—Boston Herald.

Inside View of Moral Suasion—Old Gentleman: "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little Boy: "Never. We have moral suasion at our school." "What's that?" "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out, and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."

Synonyms Differentiated—The teacher asked the class wherein lay the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough." "'Sufficient,'" answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time that I stopped eating pie; 'enough' is when I think it is."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Fighting Alone—"O, Lord, please make me as strong as lions and things, for I've got to lick a boy in the morning," was a Versailles kid's impromptu addition to "Now I lay me," etc., the other night. He won the fight.—Versailles News.

Taking No Risks—The teacher had notified Hiram Plunkett he would be expected to remain after school was dismissed as a punishment for misconduct. Hiram was one of the big boys, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he came awkwardly up to her desk and said in a low tone: "Miss Jones, I wish you would keep Mamie McGinnis in, too. She done just as much whisperin' as I did. I saw her do it." "Why do you wish to have Mamie McGinnis kept in?" asked the teacher. "I don't want her to git jealous agin," said Hiram, scratching the floor with the toe of his shoe. "Th' other time you kept me in after school she wouldn't speak to me fur a week."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA: RESCUING THE KING

BY ANTHONY HOPE

A selected reading-extract from *The Prisoner of Zenda*. By Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co. The outline of the story is thus given: A bar sinister in the lineage of Rudolf Rassendylls, a young Englishman of to-day, accounts for his having the long nose and red hair of the German house of Elphberg, the reigning family of Ruritania. Wishing to make the acquaintance of his unknown cousins, he sets out for Ruritania to witness the coronation of Rudolf the Fifth, at Streslau. By accident he meets the king at Zenda the night before the coronation, and has a drinking bout with him. In the morning the king cannot be aroused for the coronation, and the English Rudolf is persuaded to personate him, in order to save his throne and intended bride from the wicked designs of his brother, Black Michael. The latter and his confederates have transferred the right king to the fortress of Zenda, where he is kept prisoner, guarded by the terrible Six. By strategy and plot and counterplot, Rassendylls, single-handed, penetrates to the dungeon and frees the king, as he himself tells the story. The book is one of the most thrilling books of romance of the year.

I was tingling in every nerve. I stood on the top-most step, clinging to the threshold of the gate with my right hand and holding my sword in my left. Suddenly I perceived that the gateway was broader than the bridge; there was a dark corner on the opposite side where a man could stand. I darted across and stood there. Thus placed, I commanded the path, and no man could pass between the château and the old castle till he had tried conclusions with me.

There was another shriek. Then a door was flung open and clanged against the wall, and I heard the handle of a door savagely twisted.

I heard a stir on the stairs above me, and I heard a stir down to my right, in the direction of the king's cell. But before anything happened on my side of the moat I saw five or six men round young Rupert in the embrasure of Madame's window. Three or four times he lunged with incomparable dash and dexterity. For an instant they fell back, leaving a ring round him. He leaped on the parapet of the window, laughing as he leaped, and waving his sword in his hand. He was drunk with blood, and he laughed again wildly as he flung himself headlong into the moat.

What became of him then? I did not see; for, as he leaped, De Gautet's lean face looked out through the door by me; and without a second's hesitation I struck at him with all the strength God had given me, and he fell dead in the doorway without a word or a groan. I dropped on my knees by him. Where were the keys? I found myself muttering "The keys, man, the keys?" as though he had been yet alive; and when I could not find them, I—God forgive me!—I believe I struck a dead man's face.

At last I had them. There were but three. Seizing the largest, I felt the lock of the door that led to the cell. I fitted in the key! It was right. The lock turned. I drew the door close behind me and locked it noiselessly, putting the key in my pocket.

I found myself at the top of a flight of steep stone stairs. An oil lamp burned dimly in the bracket. I took it down and held it in my hand; and I stood and listened.

"What in the devil can it be?" I heard a voice say. It came from behind a door that faced me at the bottom of the stairs; and another answered, "Shall we kill him?"

I strained to hear the answer, and could have sobbed with relief when Detchard's voice came grating and cold: "Wait a bit. There'll be trouble if we strike too soon."

There was a moment's silence. Then I heard the bolt of the door cautiously drawn back. Instantly I put out the light I held, replacing the lamp.

"It's dark—the lamp's out. Have you a light?" said the other voice—Bersonin's.

No doubt they had a light, but they should not use it. It was come to a crisis now, and I rushed down the steps and flung myself against the door. Bersonin had unbolted it and it gave way before me. The Belgian stood there, sword in hand, and Detchard was sitting on a couch at the side of the room. In astonishment at seeing me, Bersonin recoiled; Detchard jumped to his sword. I rushed madly at the Belgian; he gave way before me, and I drove him up against the wall. He was no swordsman, though he fought bravely, and in a moment he lay on the floor before me. I turned—Detchard was not there. Faithful to his orders, he had not risked a fight with me, but had rushed straight to the door of the king's room, opened it and slammed it behind him. Even now he was at his work inside.

And surely he would have killed the king, and perhaps me also, had it not been for one devoted man who gave his life for the king. For when I forced the door the sight I saw was this: The King stood in the corner of the room; broken by his sickness, he could do nothing; his fettered hands moved uselessly up and down, and he was laughing horribly in half-mad delirium. Detchard and the doctor were together in the middle of the room; and the doctor had flung himself on the murderer, pinning his hands to his sides for an instant. Then Detchard wrenched himself free from the feeble grip, and as I entered drove the sword through the hapless man.

Then he turned on me, crying: "At last!"

We were sword to sword. By blessed chance neither he nor Bersonin had been wearing their revolvers. I found them afterward, ready loaded, on the mantelpiece of the outer room; it was hard by the door, ready to their hands, but my sudden rush in had cut off access to them. Yes, we were man to man; and we began to fight, silently, sternly, and hard. Yet I remember little of it, save that the man was my match with the sword—nay, and more, for he knew more tricks than I; and that he forced me back against the bars that guarded the entrance to "Jacob's ladder." And I saw a smile on his face, and he wounded me in the left arm.

No glory do I take for that contest. I believe that the man would have mastered me and slain me, and then done his butcher's work, for he was the most skillful swordsman I have ever met; but even as he pressed me hard the half-mad, wasted, wan creature in the corner leaped high in lunatic mirth, shrieking:

"It's Cousin Rudolf! Cousin Rudolf! I'll help you, Cousin Rudolf!" and catching up a chair in his hands (he could but just lift it from the ground and hold it uselessly before him), he came toward us.

"Come on!" I cried. "Come on! Drive it against

his legs." Detchard replied with a savage thrust. He all but had me.

"Come on! Come on, man!" I cried. "Come and share the fun!"

And the king laughed gleefully, and came on, pushing his chair before him.

With an oath Detchard skipped back, and before I knew what he was doing had turned his sword against the king. He made one fierce cut at the king, and the king, with a piteous cry, dropped where he stood. The stout ruffian turned to face me again. But his own hand had prepared his destruction; for in turning he trod in the pool of blood that flowed from the dead physician. He slipped; he fell. Like a dart I was upon him. I caught him by the throat, and before he could recover I drove my blade through his neck, and with a stifled curse he fell across the body of his victim.

Was the king dead? It was my first thought. I rushed to where he lay. Aye, it seemed as if he were dead, for he had a great gash across the forehead, and he lay still in a huddled mass on the floor. I dropped on my knees beside him, and leaned my ear down to hear if he breathed. But before I could, there was a loud rattle from the outside. I knew the sound; the drawbridge was being pushed out. A moment later it rang home against the wall on my side of the moat. I should be caught in a trap and the king with me, if he yet lived. He must take his chance, to live or to die. I took my sword, and passed into the outer room. Who were pushing the drawbridge out—my men? If so, all was well. My eye fell on the revolvers, and I seized one, and paused to listen in the doorway of the outer room. To listen, say I? Yes, and to get my breath; and I tore my shirt and twisted a strip of it round my bleeding arm; and stood listening again. I would have given the world to hear Sapt's voice. For I was faint, spent and weary. And that wildcat Rupert Hentzau was yet at large in the castle. Yet, because I could better defend the narrow door at the top of the stairs than the wider entrance to the room, I dragged myself up the steps, and stood behind it, listening.

What was the sound? Again a strange one for the place and the time. An easy, scornful, merry laugh—the laugh of young Rupert Hentzau! I could scarcely believe that a sane man would laugh. Yet the laugh told me that my men had not come; for they must have shot Rupert ere now if they had come.

For a moment I sank, unnerved, against the door. Then I started up alert again, for Rupert cried scornfully: "Well, the bridge is there! Come over it! And in God's name let's see Black Michael keep back you curs! Michael, come and fight for her!"

If it were a three-cornered fight I might yet bear my part. I turned the key in the door and looked out.

For a moment I could see nothing, for the glare of lanterns and torches caught me full in the eyes from the other side of the bridge. But soon the scene grew clear; and it was a strange scene. The bridge was in its place. At the far end of it stood a group of the duke's servants; two or three carried the lights which had dazzled me; three or four held pikes in rest. They were huddled together; their weapons were protruded before them; their faces were pale and agitated. To put it plainly, they looked in as arrant a fright as I have seen men look, and they gazed apprehensively at a man who stood in the middle of the bridge, sword in hand.

Rupert Hentzau was in his trousers and shirt; the white linen was stained with blood; but his easy, buoyant pose told me that he was himself either not touched at all or merely scratched.

There he stood, holding the bridge against them, and daring them to come on; or, rather, bidding them and Black Michael to him; and they, having no firearms, cowered before the desperate man and dared not attack.

By marvelous chance I was master. The cravens would oppose me no more than they dared attack Rupert. I had but to raise my revolver and send him to his account with his sins on his head. He did not so much as know I was there. I did nothing—why, I hardly know to this day. I had killed one man stealthily that night, and another by luck rather than skill—perhaps it was that. Again, villain as the man was, I did not relish being one of a crowd against him.

"Michael; you dog! Michael! If you can stand, come on!" cried Rupert; and he advanced a step, the group shrinking back a little before him. "Michael, you bastard, come on!"

The answer to his taunts came in the wild cry of a woman: "He's dead! My God, he's dead!"

"Dead!" shouted Rupert. "I struck better than I knew!" and he laughed triumphantly. Then he went on: "Down with your weapons there! I'm your master now! Down with them, I say!"

I believe they would have obeyed, but as he spoke came new things. First, there arose a distant sound, as of shouts and knockings from the other side of the château. The group of servants parted and a woman staggered on to the bridge. Antoinette de Mauban was in a loose white robe, her dark hair streamed over her shoulders, her face was ghastly pale, and her eyes gleamed wildly in the light of the torches. In her shaking hand she held a revolver, and as she tottered forward she fired at Rupert Hentzau. The ball missed him and struck the woodwork over my head.

"Faith, madame," laughed Rupert, "had your eyes been no more deadly than your shooting I had not been in this scrape—nor Black Michael in hell—to-night!"

She took no notice of his words. With a wonderful effort she calmed herself till she stood still and rigid. Then very slowly and deliberately she began to raise her arm again, taking most careful aim.

He would be mad to risk it. He must rush on her, chancing the bullet, or retreat toward me. I covered him with my weapon.

He did neither. Before she had got her aim he bowed in his most graceful fashion, cried, "I can't kill where I've kissed," and before she or I could stop him laid his hand on the parapet of the bridge, and lightly leaped into the moat.

At the very moment I heard a rush of feet, and a voice I knew—Sapt's—cry: "God! it's the duke—dead!" Then I knew that the king needed me no more, and, throwing down my revolver, I sprang out on the bridge. There was a cry of wild wonder, "The king!" and then I, like Rupert Hentzau, sword in hand, vaulted over the parapet, intent on finishing my quarrel with him where I saw his curly head fifteen yards off in the water of the moat.

He swam swiftly and easily. I was weary and half crippled with my wounded arm. I could not gain on him. For a time I made no sound, but as we rounded the corner of the old keep, I cried:

"Stop, Rupert, stop!"

I saw him look over his shoulder, but he swam on. He was under the bank now, searching, as I guessed, for a spot that he could climb. I knew there to be none—but there was my rope, which would still be hanging where I had left it. He would come to where it was before I could. Perhaps he would miss it—perhaps he would find it; and if he drew it up after him he would get a good start of me. I put forth all my remaining strength and pressed on. At last I began to gain on him; for he unconsciously slackened his pace.

Ah, he had found it! A low shout of triumph came from him. He laid hold of it and began to haul himself up. I was near enough to hear him mutter: "How the devil comes this here?" I was at the rope, and he, hanging in midair, saw me; but I could not reach him.

"Hullo! who's here?" he cried in startled tones.

For a moment I believe he took me for the king—I dare say I was pale enough to lend color to the thought; but an instant later he cried:

"Why, it's the play-actor! How came you here, man?" And so saying he gained the bank.

I laid hold of the rope, but I paused. He stood on the bank, sword in hand, and he could cut my head open or spit me through the heart as I came up.

"I should like a turn with you, but it's a little too hot!" said he, and he disappeared from above me.

In an instant, without thinking of danger, I laid my hand to the rope. I was up. I saw him thirty yards off, running like a deer toward the shelter of the forest. For once Rupert Hentzau had chosen discretion for his part. I laid my feet to the ground and rushed after him, calling to him to stand. He would not. Unwounded and vigorous, he gained on me at every step.

It was three o'clock now, and day was dawning. I was on a long, straight grass avenue, and a hundred yards ahead ran young Rupert, his curls waving in the fresh breeze. I was weary and panting; he looked over his shoulder and waved his hand again to me. He was mocking me, for he saw he had the pace of me. I was forced to pause for breath. A moment later Rupert turned sharply and was lost from my sight.

I thought all was over, and in deep vexation sank on the ground. But I was up again directly, for a scream rang through the forest—a woman's scream. Putting forth the last of my strength, I ran on to the place where he had turned out of my sight, and turning also, I saw him again. But alas! I could not touch him. He was in the act of lifting a girl down from her horse; doubtless it was her scream that I heard. She looked like a small farmer's or a peasant's daughter, and she carried a basket on her arm. Probably she was on her way to the early market at Zenda. Her horse was a stout, well-shaped animal. Master Rupert lifted her down amid her shrieks—the sight of him frightened her; but he treated her gently, laughed, kissed her, and gave her money. Then he jumped on the horse, sitting sideways like a woman. Presently he rode toward me, keeping his distance, however. He lifted up his hand, saying: "What did you in the castle?"

"I killed three of your friends," said I.

"What! You got to the cells?"

"Yes."

"And the king?"

"He was hurt by Detchard before I killed Detchard, but I pray that he lives."

"You fool!" said Rupert, pleasantly.

"One thing more I did."

"And what's that?"

"I spared your life. I was behind you on the bridge, with a revolver in my hand."

"No? Faith, I was between two fires!"

"Get off your horse, and fight like a man."

"Before a lady!" said he, pointing to the girl. "Fie, your Majesty!"

Then in my rage, hardly knowing what I did, I rushed at him. For a moment he seemed to waver. Then he reined his horse in and stood waiting for me. On I went in my folly. I seized the bridle and I struck at him. He parried and thrust at me. I fell back a pace and rushed in at him again; and this time I reached his face and laid his cheek open, and darted back before he could strike me. He seemed almost amazed at the fierceness of my attack; otherwise I think he must have killed me. I sank on my knee, panting, expecting him to ride at me. And so he would have done, and then and there, I doubt not, one or both of us would have died; but at that moment there came a shout from behind us, and, looking round, I saw just at the turn of the avenue a man on a horse. He was riding hard, and he carried a revolver in his hand. It was Fritz von Tarlenheim, my faithful friend. Rupert saw him, and knew that the game was up. He checked his rush at me and flung his leg over the saddle, but a moment he waited. Leaning forward, he tossed his hair off his forehead and smiled, and said:

"Au revoir, Rudolph Rassendyll!"

Then, with his cheek streaming blood, but his lips laughing and his body swaying with ease and grace, he bowed to me; and he bowed to the farm-girl, who had drawn near in trembling fascination; and he waved his hand to Fritz, who was just within range and let fly a shot at him. The ball came nigh doing its work, for it struck the sword he held, and he dropped the sword with an oath, wringing his fingers, and clapped his heels hard in his horse's belly, and rode away at a gallop.

And I watched him go down the long avenue, riding as though he rode for his pleasure, and singing as he went, for all there was that gash in his cheek.

Once again he turned to wave his hand, and then the gloom of the thickets swallowed him and he was lost from our sight. Thus he vanished—reckless and wary, graceful and graceless, handsome, debonair, vile and unconquered. And I flung my sword passionately on the ground, and cried to Fritz to ride after him. But Fritz stopped his horse and leaped down and ran to me, and knelt, putting his arm about me. And indeed it was time, for the wound that Detchard had given me was broken forth afresh.

"Fritz!" I said. "Is the king alive?"

He took his handkerchief and wiped my lips, and bent and kissed me on the forehead.

"Thanks to the most gallant gentleman that lives," said he softly, "the king is alive!"

And when I heard that the king was alive I strove to cry "Hurrah!" But I could not speak, and I laid my head back in Fritz's arms and closed my eyes, and I groaned; and then, lest Fritz should do me wrong in his thoughts, I opened my eyes and tried to say "Hurrah!" again. But I could not. And being very tired, and now very cold, I huddled close up to Fritz, to get warm, and shut my eyes again and went to sleep.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Old Jones, Plowman....Interrupted Hymn....Cleveland Plain Dealer

Across the cornfield marched old Jones,
And, as the plow cut through the furrow,
He sang a hymn in dulcet tones
That sent the chipmunk to his burrow:

"Ul-lass 'n did my Sa-vyer blec—
Dand id my suv-ren di-ee,
Woo de devote that sacred h—
—— nation!"

The solemn crow flew o'er the field,
Nor paused to hear the language spoken;
But glad sunlight the cause revealed,
Upon a root the plow had broken.

* * * * *

Another "point" is set in place,
And once again sweet hope is springing—
Old Deacon Jones, the soul of grace,
The solemn stave once more is singing:

"Wah zit fer crimes tha ti have done,
He groaned upon that tree-ee,
Um-ma-zing pit-tee, gra sun-none,
An dlive beyon d—."

The bluejay screams his wild delight,
The blacksnake hides amid the brambles;
By that fierce language put to flight,
The gray squirrel up the chestnut scrambles.

For sin is lurking in the path,
As roots beneath the furrow hiding,
E'er ready to distort with wrath
A faith the firmest, most abiding.

So sang old Jones—and so may we
Go singing down life's yielding meadows,
Our faith turn skyward, just as he—
Nor fear the touch of sinful shadows.

But when the trial comes, ah, then
We fall, like Jones, and raise a ruction;
And rave, and roar, like other men,
Whene'er life's plow meets an obstruction.

The Useful Bamboo.....Mary McNeill Scott.....N. O. Picayune

One night when the hills were drenched with dew,
And moonbeams lay about,
The comical cone of a young bamboo
Came cautiously creeping out.

It tossed its cup upon the ground,
Amazed at the sudden light,
And so pleased it was with the world it found
That it grew six feet that night.

It grew and it grew in the summer breeze;
It grew and it grew, until
It looked right over the camphor trees
To the further side of the hill.

A Japanese phrase the wood-cutter used
("Fine tree" is what we should say),
He chopped it all round till it fell to the ground;
His ox then hauled it away.

He made a fine tub from the lowermost round,
A pail from the following one;
A caddy for rice from the very next slice,
And his work was no more than begun.

The next were tall vases and medicine cases,
With dippers and cups galore;

There were platters and bowls, and pickets and poles,
And matting to spread on the floor.

A parasol-frame and an intricate game,
And the ribs to a paper fan;
A sole to his shoe and a tooth-pick or two,
He make next—this wonderful man.

A pencil, I think, and a bottle for ink,
And a stem for his miniature pipe;
A ring for his hand, and a luncheon-stand,
And a tray for the oranges ripe.

A rake then he made, and a small garden spade,
And a trellis to loop up his vines;
A flute which he blew, a tea-strainer, too,
And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day, if I were to say
All that wonderful man brought to view;
But a traveler I met says he's sitting there yet,
At work on that single bamboo.

In the Market-Place...Margaret Bradshaw...Boston Transcript

"Because no man hath hired us."

The sun wears down its western slopes,
The shadows lengthening lie
Like a fast closing gate of hope
Before the waiting eye
Of idlers in the market-place,
Who now till day's decline
Have sought in vain a master's grace
In every passing sign.

And oh, the fierce revolt of powers
To find their proper aim,
And the hard struggle through the hours
This unused strength to tame;
The maddening fear that runs its race
Tired hope to overspeed!
Poor idler in the market-place,
Thy story we may read!

But when the Master came 't was one
Who knew how sore the day,
That fellows toiling in the sun
Had not a harder way;
And each man's hire that eve was given
In justice fine and true;
Who waits in vain or who has striven,
Each gains the self-same due.

Marriages in Recent Fiction...To Sarah Grand...Westminster Gazette

Tell me, Mrs. Sarah Grand
(What I ill can understand),
Why your men are all so horrid,
All with "a retreating forehead"?

Why your women all are decked
With every gift of intellect,
And yet—invariably wed
These knights of the retreating head?

She, as bright as a geranium;
He, a simian type of cranium—
Why, with decent chaps all round her,
Choose an atavistic bounder?

We are apes—well, let that pass:
Need she, therefore, be an ass?
Tell me, tell me, Sarah Grand,
For I do not understand!

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Romance of Orchid-Collecting...Dangers and Trials...Chambers's Journal

There is no real justification for surprise at the sometimes fabulous prices paid for orchids. The cost of obtaining them is so great, both in money and in human life, that the wonder really is they are so cheap. And some orchids are cheap. You can stock a greenhouse with specimens of a hundred varieties bought at an average of half-a-crown apiece. But you can also spend as many guineas as there are days in the year on one ugly little bulb which is the sole representative of a new species or variety, or which is a departure from the established type of a known variety, either in color or in some other detail. These are the orchids which daring men seek in almost unknown regions. The adventures attending the search would fill many books. Generally Germans, but sometimes Frenchmen or Englishmen, the collectors must have the patience of Job, the courage of Nelson, the lingual fluency of a courier, and the knowledge of a professor of science, combined with power to endure years of hardship. Some years ago a collector for an English firm was sent to New Guinea to look for a dendrobium, then very rare. He went to the country, dwelt among the natives for months, faring as they fared, and living under very trying conditions, and he found about four hundred of the plants. He loaded a little schooner with them; but he put into a port in Dutch New Guinea, and the ship was burnt to the water's edge. He was ordered to go back for more, and he did. He found a magnificent collection of the orchids in a native burying-ground, growing among exposed bones and skulls. After much hesitation the natives allowed him to remove the orchids, some of them still in the skulls, and sent with the consignment a little idol to watch over the spirits of the departed. Little wonder that these plants sold at prices varying from five up to twenty-eight guineas each.

The dangers of the collector's task are terrible. Eight naturalists seeking various specimens in Madagascar once dined at Tamatave, and in one year after there was but a single survivor. Even this favored person was terribly afflicted, for, after a sojourn in the most malarious swamps, he spent twelve months in hospital, and left without hope of restored health. Two collectors seeking a single plant died one after the other of fever. A collector detained at Panama went to look for an orchid he had heard of; and the Indians brought him back from the swamps to die. A man who insulted a Madagascar idol was soaked with paraffin by the priests and burned to death. Mr. Frederick Boyle shows that these dangers must be encountered invariably, if rare or new orchids are to be found, for he speaks of one which "clings to the very tip of a slender palm in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fevers and mosquitoes." And the difficulties of the work are as great as its dangers. One collector was known to wade up to his middle in mud for a fortnight seeking for a specimen of which he had heard; another lived among Indians for eight months, looking in untracked forests for a lost variety. To obtain the orchids which grow on trees, the collector must hire a certain area of woodland with the right to fell the timber. The natives cannot be

trusted to climb to the summits and gather the plants, and the collector cannot spare the time. So the wasteful plan of felling the trees is adopted; natives are employed to do the work, and the collector gathers his specimens from the fallen trunks. This, however, generally takes place far inland; the plants have then to be brought home. In one case they have to be carried six weeks on men's backs from the mountains to the Essequibo river; then six weeks in canoes, with twenty portages, to Georgetown, then over the ocean.

Mr. Boyle talks of a journey to the Roraima Mountain as quite easy travelling, yet it involves thirty-two loadings and unloadings of cargo; and in another direction "one must go in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice alternately for an uncertain period of time, with a river to cross almost every day." Moreover, after all this trouble, the specimens often die on the journey, and the speculator has to risk the loss of £1,000 on a single cargo. What wonder that orchids are often dear? Yet it is not so much the difficulty and danger which make them dear as rarity or peculiarity. Amongst a lot of the commonest orchids, some years ago, was found a plant similar to the rest in every characteristic except the color of its stem, which was green instead of brown. When it flowered, the bloom should have been green; but it was golden, and the plant became in consequence practically priceless. It was divided into two parts, and one was sold to Baron Schröder for seventy-two guineas; the other to Mr. Measures for one hundred guineas. This latter piece was several times divided, selling for one hundred guineas each time; but Baron Schröder's piece was never mutilated, and is now worth one thousand guineas! It would bring that sum, say the authorities, in the public saleroom. The good fortune of orchid buyers is sometimes remarkable. Bulbs which have not flowered, and give no sign of peculiarity, are often treasures in disguise. An amateur once gave three francs on the Continent for an *Odontoglossum*; it proved to be an unknown variety, and was resold for a sum exceeding one hundred pounds. Another rarity, bought with a lot at less than a shilling each, was resold for seventy-two guineas to Sir Trevor Lawrence, who has one of the finest collections, if not the finest, in England.

Simply because the flower has proved to be white instead of the normal color, two hundred and eighty guineas have been given for a *Cattleya*; and hundreds of guineas are available at this present moment over and over again for rare or extraordinary orchids either in private collections or in the market. A plant no bigger than a tulip bulb has been sold for many times its weight in gold; and "a guinea a leaf" is a common and often inadequate estimate of the worth of rarities. Only quite recently there was something in the nature of a pilgrimage of orchidists to the hothouses of Messrs. Sander & Co., of St. Albans, where a wonderful new orchid was on view. It is named "*Miltoniopsis Bleni Nobilis*," and carried sixteen blooms, each nearly five inches in diameter. The color is a flesh white, two rose wings of color spreading laterally, and in the centre of each blossom is a blotch of cinnamon tint with radiating lines. But it is altogether indescribable in the

exquisite beauty of its hues. Nature has rarely been so lavish as over this gem. It is the newest and probably the most magnificent of all orchids. The orchid mania is not diminishing; on the contrary, it is more active now than ever it was. And there must be rarities for many years to come; because, although there are some two thousand varieties of orchids in cultivation, it is estimated that there are probably ten thousand in existence, could they all be found. The search for this wondrous plant has but begun and many exquisite new specimens will delight the collectors of the future.

Vitality of Seeds..... Mystery of Strange Growths..... Science for All

How long will seeds preserve their vitality? So many fables have been, and are still being, promulgated on this subject that a few facts may not be unacceptable. The seeds of the willow will not germinate after having been once dry, and their germinating power is lost in two weeks even if during that interval they have been kept fresh. The seeds of coffee and various other plants do not germinate after having been kept for any considerable length of time. The grains of wheat usually lose their power of growth after a lapse of seven years, though wheat over two centuries old has been found quite capable of being used for food. The stories of "mummy wheat" sprouting after having lain dormant in Egyptian tombs for thousands of years are, to say the least of them, very dubious. No well-authenticated instances of such finds are extant, while among other articles sold by the Arabs to credulous travellers, as coming out of the same tomb as the ancient wheat, have been dahlia bulbs and maize, the deposition of which in the receptacle from which they are said to be extracted necessitates the belief that 3,000 years ago the subjects of the Pharaohs were engaged in commerce with America. Rye and wheat only 185 years old could not be induced to germinate, the place of the embryo being occupied by a slimy, putrefying fluid. If, however, excluded from light and air, and, above all, from damp, seeds have been known to keep for lengthened periods. Seeds of the bean and pea order have sprouted after 100 years' storage in an herbarium, and many similar instances have been recorded. Seeds disinterred from the soil taken from under very ancient buildings and other situations have also sprouted, though the estimates of their age have been all the way from 500 to 2,000 years. They cannot, however, be considered beyond the range of scepticism.

It is also a common matter of observation that no sooner is old ground trenched than plants appear which had never been observed in such spots previously, and that after fires pass over localities plants equally strange to the neighborhood appear. For instance, it is noticed that when an American forest is fired, the trees that take the place of the burnt ones are of a different species to those hitherto observed in that neighborhood; and after the Great Fire of London in 1666 the yellow rocket appeared for the first time in much profusion in the districts swept by the flames. These facts—and they are not to be denied—have suggested the theory that seeds may lie for long periods dormant in the soil, and only spring into life when some stimulus, such as exposure to the sun, rain, or heat is applied to them. The latest report of this description may be quoted as a specimen of many much less authenticated "facts," as well as for its own innate importance. It

is to the effect that Professor von Heldreich, of Athens, discovered that an extensive tract of land, at the silver mines of Laurium in Greece, is covered by a luxuriant crop of horned poppy, belonging to a hitherto unknown species, which he proposes to designate as the *Glaucium Serpieri*. These plants have shot up through soil which has been covered to the depth of nearly ten feet with the masses of cinder and slag thrown out by the workmen in ancient times when the mines were worked by the Greeks, and which have recently been disturbed in order that the imperfectly fused materials might be subjected to a further process of fusion for the purpose of extracting their silver contents. If there is no mistake about the facts, the persistent vitality of the seeds through the interval of 1,500 or 2,000 years which has elapsed since the mines were last worked is certainly a curious fact in physiological botany. This species of *Glaucium* is not known to exist in any other habitat.

Largest Tree in the World.....In Nevada.....San Francisco Examiner

The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a defile in Northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed; but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem. This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like impostors, and compared to it "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some great admiral is but a wand." As for the story of its discovery, it is told by "Dad" Lynn, of Fresno, and supported by other equally well-known people: "Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five left Red Bluff to prospect the then unknown country beyond Honey Lake.

"The Indians—we called them Bannacks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section, we travelled toward Baker County, Ore., through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the waterways. Close to the Baker County line we came to an opening in the rocks, about wide enough for our wagons to go through, and on either side loomed precipices 500 and 600 feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just to the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified tree-stumps of different heights and sizes.

"In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat imbedded in the soil. It was completely petrified, and from the clean-cut fractures of the trunk seemed to have fallen after its petrification. At its butt this tree was quite sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tape-line. It was just 666 feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amber-like beads of petrified pitch or gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of 100 feet or more. Where the huge trunk was broken squarely off the centre seemed transparent, and the growth marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I have ever seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish for some grand building. I don't often tell this story because people do not believe it, but I could go to the place now without the least trouble and point out this wonder."

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Surgical Needlework...Mysteries of Closing up Wounds...New York World

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The knot is the foundation of surgical tailoring, and many forms of knots are used. Some are strikingly ingenious. The square or reef-knot, which is most common, is made by passing one end over the other in both turns; thus, if the end held in the right hand is passed over, and turned around the end held in the left, it naturally passes into the left hand. In making the second turn, the same end, now held in the left hand, must be passed over and around that held in the right. In this way the motion of the hands is reversed, and it is here that the tendency to error appears, for it is more natural to

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bring broad surfaces into apposition. The needle is passed for the first stitch and the thread tied and then is inserted upon the same side as it emerged and passed through both lips of the wound in opposite directions. Thus the direction of the needle is reversed at each stitch and the external loops of the stitches, instead of lying across the incision, lie upon the skin on each side. This makes an excellent suture where the skin is thin, and also when the skin is bound down by cicatricial tissue, as around old fistulae. It is a capital suture for bringing the deeper parts of a wound in compact, as in laparotomy. Still another variety of the continuous suture is the "cobbler's stitch." This is applied by a needle set in a handle, with an open eye near the point, catching the thread in hook fashion. The needle is passed through both lips of the wound at once and one end of the thread caught and pulled through on the withdrawal of the needle. The thread is allowed to remain in the needle and the latter is again passed through the lips of the wound, forming the second stitch, when the thread is removed from the eye and the other thread caught up in its place and pulled through by withdrawing the needle. Thus both threads pass through each puncture of the needle by its entrance and withdrawal, but in opposite directions. When the wound has been closed the ends of the thread are tied.

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In cases of incipient insanity, Dr. Robinson says the most prompt and reliable cure is effected by the use of static electricity, and he advises practitioners not to waste their time on faradic machines, where the current is generated by battery, but to employ the static or influence machine, where electricity is obtained by the friction of the surface of large revolving glass disks. He gives this method the preference on account of its great power to strengthen and tone up the depressed nervous system. The patient sits upon a stool, which rests upon an insulated platform. One pole of the machine is attached to him while the other is connected with the ground, and the current flows gently and silently into the patient, saturating the whole system and escaping into the air from the various prominent points of the body. Dr. Robinson demonstrates that static electricity has a powerful action on mental affections in their early stages, and that many cases of insanity, or rather of mental disturbance leading to insanity, may, if recognized in time, be treated by this agent, and the outbreak of the developed disease avoided.

Bodily Effect of Emotions.....A Study in Disease.....Revue Scientifique

Many serious maladies have been attributed to the action of moral influences. Sennert believed that fear was capable of inducing erysipelas. Hoffman also made fear and the consequent adynamia play an important part as a predisposing cause in contagious disease. Dr. H. Tuke laid especial stress on the influence of fear in the contagion of rabies, and, in fact, there are innumerable cases on record of emotional patients who suffered all the pains and inconveniences of numerous maladies, inaugurated solely by emotional disturbances. Depressing emotions frequently appear to play an important part in the development of tuberculosis. Puerperal fever is also encouraged by depressing moral emotions. "I have often," says M. Hervieux, "seen young women in a fair way of recovery hurried into mortal illness by reproaches or mental agitation from whatever cause." This view finds very general support among the members of the profession. The emotions also play an important part in the evolution of diseases following surgical operations. The facts observed under this head are apparently in harmony with modern theories as to the cause of contagion and of immunity of infectious disease. On one of these theories, the mesodermic cells, and particularly the white corpuscles, are charged with the function of protecting the organism against the invasion of disease microbes. We know that these leucocytes or phagocytes, as they are variously termed, possess the power of sending out prolongations, and of enveloping the object of their attack. In this way they destroy the invading foes by a process of real intracellular digestion. Now, dilatation of the peripheric vessels occurs in asthenic emotions, as is manifested by the ruddiness of the skin, increase of volume of circulation, contraction of the blood vessels and a condition unfavorable to activity of phagocytes.

Asthenic emotions may thus be regarded as corresponding in their action to traumatisms, chill, fatigue, inanition, loss of blood, etc. It is not merely that the condition of the vessels changes under emotional disturbances, but the phagocytes themselves exhibit the influence of the changed conditions in apparent loss of vitality with corresponding loss of the property of being attracted to the invading microbes or the products of

their secretion. It has been observed, too, that under defective conditions of nutrition, as well as after nervous excitement or emotional disturbance, the liability to infection is greatly enhanced, and this appears easily explicable on the theory that the whole organism is, under such conditions, impregnated with a poison sufficient to engage all the activities of the leucocytes, to the neglect of the invading foe. The influence of the emotions on infection is, moreover, susceptible of direct experimental demonstration. Having under my care a number of feeble-minded persons capable of taking interest in a monotonous exercise, I made use of them to try the effect of fear upon a considerable number of small animals—pigeons, rabbits and white mice. Both the frightened animals and others which had been left at rest were then inoculated with cultures of pathogenic microbes—carbuncles, chicken cholera, pneumo-enteritis and Fraenkel's pneumo-coccus. In all the experiments, without exception, the frightened animals were the first to succumb, if the culture were violent enough to cause death, while if the cultures were attenuated only the frightened animals died. We have seen animals little susceptible to an infection succumb to it readily under the influence of fear. Moral shock is in reality equivalent to a cerebral commotion, and, without forcing analogies too far, it is easily comprehensible that it is capable of provoking cerebral lesions.

Blood Inoculation for DiphtheriaA New Cure.....New York Tribune

So many thousands of children are annually carried off by diphtheria, the sufferings caused by the disease are so agonizing and the remedies hitherto at the disposal of the medical profession so inadequate, that the news of the introduction into the Berlin and London hospitals of a new and efficacious cure for this fell malady cannot be regarded otherwise than as a matter of public interest. Very little has been heard about this remedy until now, owing to the fact that the distinguished bacteriologists engaged in its discovery have been unwilling to subject themselves to the same disadvantage as Dr. Koch, whose cure for consumption has been unjustly proclaimed a failure, merely because it was published to the world prematurely and before it was ready for medical application. The new cure, briefly speaking, is one of inoculation, with this difference that, instead of injecting the poison into the system of the patient, one injects the blood of an animal which has been inoculated with a weak culture of the diphtheria bacteria—the virus of the latter being, however, of so weak a character that it does not affect the animal with the malady, but merely renders it immune thereto. Repeated experiments made of late have shown that a few drops of blood from a horse, or any other animal thus rendered immune, injected into a human being suffering from diphtheria are sufficient to arrest and cure the disease. Of course it is too soon as yet to quote the statistics of the few hundreds of cures which have been effected in Berlin and London by this treatment, which is to be fully discussed in all its complicated scientific aspects at the forthcoming international congress of hygiene in September at Buda-Pesth. But, whatever the ultimate result of its application, it has at least one advantage over all other forms of inoculation hitherto discovered, namely, that the matter injected into the system of the patient is perfectly free from poison, and, consequently, it is harmless in every way.

WISDOM IN QUATRAINS: CONDENSED PHILOSOPHY

Pessimistic Poets...Thomas Bailey Aldrich...The Chap Book

I little read those poets who have made
A noble art a pessimistic trade,
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

To My Dog.....Carrie Blake Morgan.....Overland Magazine

Thy speechless tongue, my dog, I envy thee;
Whatever be thy faults in sight of heaven,
The stab of venomous words thou hast not given,
And so thy dumbness seemeth good to me.

The Actor.....Clinton Scollard.....Poems

Night after night a mimic death he died,
While sympathetic thousands wept and sighed;
But when at last he came in truth to die,
No teardrop fell from any mourner's eye.

The Prodigal.....Louise Chandler Moulton.....The Independent

Sinner and penitent—beloved of God thou art;
Thy wandering feet he welcomes home, at night;
Dearer than those who never did depart,
The Prodigal returning, in His sight.

Reciprocation.....Bettie Gariand.....Southern Magazine

Like startled dove she turns her lifted head,
Opes wide her eyes: they catch the love in mine,
Brim o'er, and in these cups she bears the wine
Of life to me by paths that angels tread.

Disappointment.....Thomas S. Collier.....Atlantic Monthly

From dreary wastes of unfulfilled desire,
We harvest dreams that never come to pass;
Then pour our wine amid the dying fire,
And on the cold hearth break the empty glass.

God's Handmaids...Goode King Feldhauser...Godey's Magazine

The universe hath two handmaids
To serve about the cloud-swept throne:
'Tis Science tracks the path of power,
The muse unveils God's smiles alone.

A Suicide.....Julia Ditto Young...Thistle Down (Peter Paul)

Could he but sell that which he casts away,
This man of life's sweet a-weary gown,
A million times the wealth of famed Cathay
Were his, and kings would crawl before his throne.

Divine Paradoxes....Wm. Hamilton Hayne...Sylvan Lyrics

It seems impossible to understand
How Joy and Sorrow may be hand in hand,
Yet God created, when the Earth was born,
The changeless paradox of Night and Morn.

The Singers (Milton, Beethoven, Payne)...Susan M. Spalding...Poems

One, blind, has taught how beauty should be sung;
One, deaf, all silence turned to music sweet;
From one who wandered homeless in the street,
A rapturous, deathless song of home was wrung.

Dandelion Down....R. K. Munkittrick....Harper's Weekly

The dandelion down blows far and free
About the fields the sunny summer hours;
It seems the madcap wind is setting free
The spirits of a host of golden flowers.

In a Garden....Frank Dempster Sherman...Youth's Companion

Throughout the long enchanted summer hours,
In treasuries of honey-wealth untold,
Here in their bright metropolis of flowers
The banker bees are busy with their gold.

His Vast Soul....Robert Loveman...The Southern Magazine

His vast soul is the firmament,
Wherein he long hath sought,
And watched and prayed until the dark
Shone with a starry thought.

Attainment.....Mary A. Lewis.....The Independent

The soul that longs for higher things unknown,
Shall not forever long unsatisfied;
The heart's desire shall of itself alone,
Lift up the soul to that for which it cried.

Points of View.....Thomas Bailey Aldrich.....The Century

Bonnet in hand, obsequious and discreet,
The butcher that served Shakspeare with his meat
Doubtless esteemed him little, as a man
Who knew not how the market-prices ran.

Raising of the Dead...Julia Ditto Young...Thistle Down (Peter Paul)

I smile to hear the scoffer falsely say
That never corpse again to life did rise,—
No less miracle, O love, to-day
The waking of my heart beneath thine eyes!

Tireless Patience.....Alice W. Brotherton.....Poems

Before the close-barred gate of paradise
A poor man watched a thousand years; then dozed
One little instant only, with dulled eyes;
That instant open swung the gate—and closed.

Woman's Swan Song....Ella Higginson...America's Younger Poets

When a woman boasts that she is happy,
Sings it loud and sings it long,
Then, I think, she feels the knife-point, as the swan,
Dying, sings its sweetest song.

Mors et Vita.....Julie M. Lippmann.....The Independent

The self-same hour that tells the "dead of night,"
Mid sky, shade-shrouded, as in grief's array,
Declares, behind the clouds, in heaven bedight
With moon and stars, the joyous birth of day.

Ambition.....William W. Martin.....By Solent and Danube

The royal eagle hawketh not for flies,
Nor mates the soaring skylark with the wren;
So, scorning narrow aims of lesser men,
Move to their goal, the minds of high emprise.

In the Square of St. Peters.....Geo. W. Woodberry.....Poems

How brave with heaven St. Peter's fountain copes,
And sheds the rainbow round, and silvers all!
Man's heart is such a fountain, so his hopes
The rainbow shed and through the rainbow fall.

Poetry.....Charles E. Markham.....Magazine of Poetry

She comes like the hushed beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

Joy.....Paul Hamilton Hayne.....Poems

Joy is a Nymph so shy, so winged of feet,
Vainly we follow her untracked retreat;
But on some morn, when Hope has ceased to chase,
Of her own will she meets us, face to face.

Her Love.....James B. Kenyon.....In Realms of Gold (Cassell)

She would not stir a single jetty lash
To hear me praised; but when my life was blamed
Her parian cheeks were kindled like a flash,
And from her cheek a sudden love upflamed.

BELLE-PLANTE'S NEW COAT: THE MISER'S WOOING

By CLAUDE TILLIER

A selected reading extract from *Belle-Plante and Cornelius*. Translated from the French by Benjamin R. Tucker. The Merriam Company. The story is a character-study of the two brothers: Cornelius, gay, free-hearted and visionary, a poet, inventor and philosopher, and Belle-Plante, whose sole ambition is to "get more," and who carries his avariciousness to the smallest trifles. During the absence of his brother, Belle-Plante determines to woo Louise, the sweetheart of Cornelius, and in the enthusiasm of his courting determines to even go to the awful extremity of buying a new coat.

Meanwhile Belle-Plante pursued his project of marriage with the tenacity misers show in everything.

But, first of all, Belle-Plante had to get some new clothes; for there can be no marriage without a new coat; and I very much doubt if the omission of this formality, if the case were handled by a good lawyer, would not nullify the matrimonial contract. So Belle-Plante submitted to this necessity, but not without a long and comprehensive calculation of the means of rendering the burden as light as possible.

One morning he called upon Couture, the local tailor.

"Couture," said he, "you must make me a coat."

This word coat on the lips of Belle-Plante made such a deep impression of astonishment upon Couture that his legs uncrossed, and he found himself sitting on his bench like a natural person, without understanding how it had happened.

"Yes," said Belle-Plante, who noticed his astonishment, "a coat. Do you hear me, you scamp?"

"Very willing, Monsieur Belle-Plante; but are your father's clothes, then, all worn out at last?"

"And why should you blame me, Couture, for wearing my father's old clothes? Am I not my father's heir, Monsieur Couture?"

"Undoubtedly you are, in your right. Your father's vests fitted you wonderfully. Such things are precious relics, to which a son should cling as long as possible."

"If you wish to retain my custom," said Belle-Plante, "this coat must be firm among the firmest, and you must not be saving of thread."

"Monsieur Belle-Plante, I will make it as firm as a monument. It shall be a coat that will wear out three Belle-Plantes, and I will sew it, if you like, with fishing-twine. What color shall this coat be?"

"Earth color," said Belle-Plante, "as well as the pantaloons, and waistcoat."

"What, Monsieur Belle-Plante! You are to have pantaloons and waistcoat also? You are a fine-looking man, a very fine-looking man, one of the finest-looking men in Clamecy; but in your coat you will look a hundred times better still. Believe me, there is nothing like the tailor's handiwork to improve a man. I am going to send my wife to Clamecy to get the cloth."

"Not so fast, Monsieur Couture, if you please; I am no idler, and I will go buy the cloth myself."

"As you like, Monsieur Belle-Plante; but, then, if you are cheated so much the worse for you; it will not be my fault, and I wash my hands of the matter."

"All right!" said Belle-Plante; "how many yards of cloth will it take to make me a full suit?"

"Four yards, Monsieur Belle-Plante—not an inch less; there will be hardly enough to cover the buttons."

"Four yards! do you wish, then, to make a dress-

ing-gown for yourself at my expense? Noyon, of Clamecy, would require only two yards. That is what comes of patronizing one's neighbors."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur Belle-Plante; you do not know Noyon. There is no tailor in the department whose scissors are more voracious. He would ask you for six yards, and I will return to you the pieces."

"Two yards," said Belle-Plante; "otherwise we will assume that I have said nothing of the matter."

"So be it; but then your coat will have no tails."

"And of what use are the tails of a coat? What signifies the yard of cloth that flaps about a man's thighs, carefully gathering the mud of the streets. When he passes among thorns, does he not run a risk of losing his coat-tails? God is a much better tailor than man. See how he has dressed the animals! Have they on their bodies an inch of skin not of use?"

"Undoubtedly, Monsieur Belle-Plante, you are right; your criticism is excellent and very ingenious; but then, fashion is custom, and custom, as you know, reigns despotically over society."

"Well, three yards, Monsieur Couture."

"Four yards, or your coat will have only one tail."

"Well, have four yards, then, miserly cloth-eater. But," he added to himself, "once is not a custom, and if I am caught this way again——"

"And the buttons, Monsieur Belle-Plante?"

"Another absurdity of the tailors. They put buttons and button-holes on all their coats, and we never button them. Is it not as if a blind man were to wear glasses? What perverse and corrupt creatures tailors are!"

"I hope," said the tailor, "that there is nothing personal in your remark, and I beg you to observe, moreover, that I am not the inventor of buttons."

"It is true," said Belle-Plante, "I do you so much justice; you never invented anything. But, to dispose of this matter, there are some metal buttons on one of my father's old coats, and I will use those."

"What are you thinking about, Monsieur Belle-Plante? I undoubtedly profess a very great respect for your father's wedding-coat, as well as for the buttons with which it is trimmed; but my impartiality obliges me to tell you that they look more like pot-lids than buttons. You cannot attach such old iron to a new coat; you would look like a dealer in cymbals."

"And I tell you that they must be used."

"Then you will put them on yourself; to do it you will need bolts and nuts. However, I wash my hands of the matter; but I do not wish the children to say when they see you pass, 'It was Couture who put those buttons on Monsieur Belle-Plante's coat.'"

"Do, then, as you like, detestable hunchback! But I await your bill."

Sunday morning Belle-Plante went to Couture's. His coat was ready and hung on a hook in the shop. Belle-Plante tried it on; but, to have an excuse for beating the tailor down, he pronounced it a very bad fit. The tailor, on his side, in order to be paid more willingly, maintained that the coat fitted him divinely.

"Well," said Belle-Plante, anxious about the price, "how much do you want for your work?"

"For my work and for my materials, if you please."

"How! materials? Did I not furnish the cloth?"

"Is there nothing but cloth in a coat? See, here is your bill; that will tell you what I have furnished."

"I will examine it," said he, putting it into his pocket.

"You will examine it later as much as you like; but it is receipted, and I need the money."

"What, knave! Do you distrust me, then?"

And the tailor, who had no further reason to be cautious with Belle-Plante, because he knew that this was the only coat that he would ever make for him, said:

"Monsieur Belle-Plante, your father called me Monsieur Couture."

"Monsieur Couture! A fine monsieur you are! A beggar without a sou, monsieur! The word must have been invented for you."

"If you go on in that way," said the tailor, "I will add your insults to the bill."

"Well, then, animal, read me your bill! Do you expect me to trouble to decipher your scribbling?"

"For cutting a yellow coat, and pantaloons, and waistcoat of the same color, six francs twelve sous."

"Too much by half," said Belle-Plante.

"Do you know," answered the tailor, "how much time I have spent; how much thread and wax I have used, and how many needles I have broken?"

"Not at all," said Belle-Plante.

"Then why do you say it is too much?"

"Because it is too much."

"That's the way they all talk," said Couture; "the doctor, who takes one franc a visit; the lawyer who charges six francs for three dozen words; the officeholder, who receives a thousand francs a month for a hundred signatures—all say to the working-man who asks two francs for a day's work it is too much!"

"Well, here are your six francs sixty centimes," said Belle-Plante. "Now give me a receipt."

"Wait a bit; we are not at the end. 'For lining, three francs—'"

"Lining, lining! And who told you to line my coat? I will not pay for this lining."

"We shall see," said Couture; and he continued: "'For buttons, three francs.'"

"What! three francs for buttons! You are joking, Monsieur Couture. Take back your buttons directly. I can get as handsome ones for one franc."

"I," answered Couture, "am a tailor who sews, not a tailor who unsews. 'Received the sum of twelve francs, twelve sous. (Signed) COUTURE.'"

"Knock four francs off that and I will pay you."

"I will not knock off a sou."

"Will you take ten francs," said Belle-Plante; "yes or no?" "No," said the tailor.

"Well, then, you can sue me."

"It is you who will sue me to get your coat, for I shall keep it as security for what you owe me."

"Couture," said Belle-Plante, "you have played me a dirty trick, and you will lose my custom."

"Fine custom, yours! Much water will flow under the bridge before you order another coat."

Belle-Plante was generally too good a manager to pay a total without getting a reduction, but this time he had to pay to the last sou, the tailor persisting in keeping the coat if he were not paid.

An hour later Belle-Plante was clad in the complete epidermis which Couture's scissors had cut for him.

He had had a shirt plaited, whose starched collar rose around his cheeks like a brick set edgewise; and, to cap the climax of his seductive costume, he had borrowed of his servant, although it was then dog-days, a pair of Angora gloves. Really, Belle-Plante was not altogether ugly in his new coat; but he was as stiff, awkward, and embarrassed in this unusual costume.

In this magnificent costume he went to the house of M. Desallemagnes. Father and daughter were in the kitchen. "Goodness! Monsieur Belle-Plante," said Father Desallemagnes, "how fine you look!"

"Cloth at fifteen francs a yard, Monsieur Desallemagnes, nothing less."

Louise understood at once what Belle-Plante's full suit meant. Her disposition suddenly soured. She did not pout, because when she pouted she did not look well; but she gently thrust forth, from the velvet of her pretty paw, five little claws hard and sharp.

"One could not too highly compliment Monsieur Belle-Plante on the color he has chosen," said Louise; "he looks like a hare in a shirt-collar."

"Always facetious, Mademoiselle Louise," said Belle-Plante, calmly.

"And your gloves," said Louise, "produce a magnificent effect at the end of your long, yellow arms. Are you afraid of getting chilblains?" Belle-Plante was beginning to get angry, especially as the money he had spent upon his dress had failed in its effect.

"And why should I not wear gloves?" said he; "have I not the means? There are people in your commune who wear them and who have not a sou."

"Well, they do not borrow them of their servants."

"The only difference, mademoiselle, is that they borrow them of their merchant."

Louise, wounded in the person of Cornelius, started like a lioness about to throw herself upon the imprudent assailer of her young.

"Perhaps," said she, "that is due to the fact that the persons of whom you speak have some relative, some good brother, perhaps, who has stripped them of a part of their inheritance."

"Well," said Father Desallemagnes, who understood nothing of this conversation, "perhaps you will tell us for what purpose you have gone to this expense?"

"In truth, that concerns you," said Belle-Plante, "and if you will send for a bottle of wine I will tell you why while we break a crust."

"Since you talk of breaking a crust, I may as well invite you to breakfast."

"As you like, but I have already eaten at the house, and I accept simply not to disoblige you."

"It is undoubtedly your yellow coat that inspires you to breakfast twice," said Louise.

"Louise," said M. Desallemagnes, "I do not know what is the matter with you to-day. Get us something to eat, since Monsieur Belle-Plante is willing to accept our breakfast. Prepare some ham, kill a chicken, make an omelet; we must do honor to Monsieur Belle-Plante's new suit."

"Oh, Monsieur Desallemagnes, not so much ceremony over my suit, I beg of you."

But the fact was that internally he voted for the murder of the chicken. He calculated that he could dispense with eating at home for the balance of the day, and he looked upon this saving as in some sort a deduction from Couture's bill.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Building of a Picture.....M. H. Spellman.....London Graphic

Sir Frederic Leighton, in common with Mr. Watts, thinks out his whole picture before putting brush to canvas or chalk to paper; but, unlike his friend, once he has decided upon what he is going to do he never changes his composition by so much as a hair's breadth. In this, in fact, his picture-making may be compared with the verse-writing of Mr. Swinburne—the work is done, begun and finished with the head, before the obedient hand is brought in, not to experiment or “work up,” but to record. For his scheme of color, the “line” and arrangement of figures and drapery together form a pattern, in which each detail bears a proper and predetermined relation with the rest; so that any subsequent alteration would disturb the whole plan of the painter. Having thus imagined and decided upon his subject and arrangement, he makes a slight but comprehensive sketch upon brown paper with black chalk, the lights being heightened with white. Such a sketch is that reproduced of Elisha Raising the Son of the Shunamite, where the drapery and design in general are treated in masses, but everything is accurate. This is done, and especially are the folds of the drapery determined before the model is called in, for no nude model to the end of his or her career ever stands or sits with precisely the degree of freedom as when draped, not from any sense of constraint, but on account of the unusual liberty experienced by the limbs. To this sense of liberty there is naturally a certain response when the confinement and discipline of clothing is removed, sufficient to make a sensible difference in the artist's design.

The model is now summoned and posed as nearly as possible in the attitude required, and from the model the painter makes a careful outline on brown paper—a true transcript from life which may exact some slight alteration or modification corresponding to the difference in the actual model from that sketched from imagination. Up to this point the painter's attention has been exclusively engaged by form, color having been considered subjectively. The figure is now placed in its surroundings as it will eventually appear in the picture, and a first true and entirely accurate sketch of the whole, built up of the two previous sketches is the result—with figure, or figures, and background complete. Of course, every detail of accessory and background has a study to itself. Sir Frederic now turns to a small canvas and makes his first colored design in oil, in which he confirms the scheme of color he has imagined, treating the subject with great breadth, no matter on how small a scale he may work. The complete brown-paper design is now “squared-off” on to the large canvas, that is to say, by the usual device for enlargement the design is transferred to, or rather redrawn upon, the canvas to the scale required for the picture. The outline is redrawn in careful facsimile and in accurate detail, and the whole figures highly finished in the nude in monochrome. Every joint and muscle, every crease and shadow are painted, though all this beauty, maybe, is to be covered eventually with draperies; but Sir Frederic regards this as the only method by which perfect accuracy of drawing may be attained. The fourth stage

being thus completed the artist returns to his brown paper, and recopying the outline accurately from the picture, but on a larger scale than before, he resumes his studies of draperies in greater detail and with the extreme of precision, dealing with them one by one as sections of a whole. The draperies are now arranged with infinite care upon the living model, and are made to conform as far as possible with the first sketch, which, it will be remembered, was accurately worked out, and must, therefore, be strictly followed.

Latterly Sir Frederic has sometimes made a rough statue from the living model, and arranged his draperies over that. This method has special reference to the process of painting, giving not only form and chiaro-scuro, but values and relation of tones. The draperies, which are now drawn over, must conform exactly to the figures from the nudes painted in monochrome on the picture, because the folds have been designed to fit them with mathematical precision. These studies are now “squared off” as before and transferred to canvas, whereon they also are painted in a dainty brown monochrome over the delicately painted nudes, and they are so placed while the artist keeps prominently in his mind the character and grace of the naked figure, lest, in the final execution, the draperies and not the human forms they clothe speak too plainly to the eye. The primed canvas has been prepared with a lighter or darker tone of gray according to the requirements of the design, and the backgrounds and accessories are now added, so that the picture somewhat resembles a mezzotint printed in a light and delicate tone of warm color. Washes of flat local color, or their complementaries, are now added, strong but thin enough to allow the drawing beneath to be seen through. It thus sometimes happens that strong, blue mountains, so beloved of the President, may appear in a strong orange-colored tint, or the blue sky—so integral and essential a portion of his designs—as a soft and ruddy color. The picture in its structure is now complete, and the artist, having accomplished his drawing with absolute accuracy, confines his attention to the color, which, already thought out and unmistakably indicated, proceeds at a rapid pace. With his palette, set more often with secondaries and tertiaries than with primaries, he paints swiftly, laying on his colors with precision and softening his touches where necessary with the finger-tips.

Tendencies of Modern Art.....Paul Flat.....Revue Bleue

It appears to us that sincerity, the supreme reason for the existence of art, is that which makes a man address others because he has something to say to them. True artists paint in order to express outwardly their spontaneous emotions, to give pleasure to themselves. They are the representatives of the doctrine, judiciously understood, of art for art's sake. And as we use this expression, it seems well to us to pause and search for the reason of its present disfavor. This is only an excessive reaction, and will probably have but a short duration, but it is so significant of our times that it merits attention. The mania of lecturing, which has become a veritable plague, furnishes a striking example of the manner in which art is disfigured through its sub-

mission to the idea. The mania of the sermon has been developed side by side with the resurrection of the mystical and idealistic tendencies which, in painting, as in literature, are a consequence of the extreme reaction from the too long omnipotence of the realistic movement. In itself the reaction is only good and praiseworthy since it shows a spiritual ambition of a higher order and nobler artistic vision. But the tendency is not enough. It should find life in brains sufficiently inventive to express it in works. It is precisely this which impresses us: the too manifest lack of proportion between the ambition of artists and their powers of expression. For the representation of certain subjects a rare spiritual culture is necessary. An eye accustomed to regard paintings is soon able to discern whether a composition corresponds to the intimate and spontaneous desires of the artist who produced it, or whether, on the contrary, it is only a manifestation of an artificial state of mind which conforms to the taste of the moment, to the fashion, to the appetite for success. From such tendencies, from such disfigurements of the true artistic ideal, we turn with envy to the time when the worship of the Beautiful was its own sufficient reason and its justification. We are perfectly willing to resign all pretension to be considered modern rather than accept the idea of art which is implied by the phrase. If it is necessary to choose between the two extremes, we shall accept the one which refuses to acknowledge that art has any other mission than that of expressing Beauty. The day will come, we have an inward conviction, when the doctrine of art for art's sake, broadly understood, disengaged from exaggerations, will regain its rights, when it will again be thought that the highest function of the artist will be to express beautiful things.

Osuculation on the Stage.....Different Actors' Methods.....New York Sun

If there is one thing that the matinee girl knows more about than all the rest, it is the stage kiss. She doesn't go to the matinees fifty-two times in the year, besides twice in Christmas week, for nothing. There are a great many kinds of stage kisses, and the matinee girl knows them all. She chattered about it at the lunch counter the other day with her mouth full of sweetbread patties and olives. "There's Henry Miller," she said, "when he's telling the heroine that he loves her he always closes his eyes and seems to grow pale. And Jean de Reszke has a tender way of taking the soprano's face between his hands, bending down, and kissing the parting in her blond wig that is perfectly lovely—makes the little cold chills run up and down your back, like Paderewski's playing. Mr. Bell, Maud Harrison's husband, is the most chivalrous, high-minded lover, and deposits all his kisses on the soubrette's front hair. In all the times I have seen him, and they are not a few, I never knew him to get any nearer her lips than her bang. You know the stage lover is so artistic in his respect for a bang, too. He is satisfied without rumpling it all up and smoothing it over back until he takes the curl all out of it, unlike a real lover.

"Barrymore swaggers toward a girl with a half sad smile and a languid, world-weary look in his eyes. Sothern either stammers over it in supposed confusion or comes out with it defiantly and takes his stand on it. Mantell glares and leans over the back of her neck. Kelcey puts so much reverence into his kisses that I don't believe he enjoys it or the girl either. Otis

Skinner is noted as an electrical kisser, and owes his training to Margaret Mather, who is a realistic kiss artist. Henry Hallam's kisses are so cold they just gave the Casino star bronchitis, and De Wolf Hopper can make you laugh more with his kiss than in any other way. Mr. Robson as 'Bertie,' the Lamb, always delighted the girls. You know he told her he was going to kiss her—the most absurd thing, too. She hung her head, flushed, and yielded. As if any girl ever would after he asked her, no matter how much she wanted the kiss. He pecked at her pretty face first, her forehead, then her cheek, and then at her lips. But the greatest kiss was Alvary's Siegfried kiss. Forty-two seconds it lasted by the watch, and the music played softly all the while. The Cayvan kiss just makes you faint sometimes, it is so slow and sweet. I believe it was that lingering kiss of hers that gained her the reputation for womanliness. In the play they have just discarded, the prettiest scene was the kiss between Miss Cayvan and Mrs. Whiffin. Anybody would know that gentle little Mrs. Whiffin and the leading lady loved each other by that kiss.

"Mrs. Kendall, too, knows how to do such pretty things with kisses. I heard a man say once that in *The Squire*, after she had persuaded her husband to write and announce the marriage to his mother, the way Mrs. Kendall suddenly stooped down and kissed the hand with which he was writing was the most 'fetching' thing he ever saw a woman do, except perhaps letting down her back hair. You know a woman can do things by letting down her back hair before a man, especially if the hair is blond and wavy and there is plenty of it, that she cannot do in any other way. Mr. Glendenning, the man who played leading parts with Mrs. Kendall on the other side, says that the first time he played *The White Lie* with Mrs. Kendall he was a little timid about making the advance the part called for, and, seeing his embarrassment, she graciously came to the rescue and told him to act as unconstrainedly toward her as he would toward his wife, and not to hesitate to smooth her hair or caress her all he liked. The very cutest kissing is done by Marie Tempest. She has a trick of placing her thumb nails to her lips and kissing the space between them, making a distinctly audible sound. To all appearances she has the tenor's face between her hands and her lips pressed to his, whereas there are the hands between them. They say the tenors do not like the Tempest kiss, but it goes, for Tempest is the prima donna, and they must submit."

Modern German Musicians.....Felicia Buttz Clark.....Christian Advocate

There is, undoubtedly, no country where music-lovers can enjoy such rare opportunities for the cultivation of a musical taste as in the German Fatherland. In the principal cities one concert follows another in rapid succession, and the best classical music is performed. As time makes us familiar with the wonderful compositions which the gifted men of Germany, France, Italy, Hungary, and Russia have produced during the past three centuries, we enter more and more into the spirit of them. In imagination we see Beethoven's massive head and rugged features bending over his work as he composed his symphonies and sonatas, not one word of which can he ever hear, for his ears are closed to sound; or Mozart, who, in his poverty-stricken home in Vienna, gave sweet strains to the world, the profit or

honor of which he was destined never to realize. We see Schumann and Schubert, whose lives were ended so soon, and Mendelssohn's pure and intellectual face, which is typical of beautiful and harmonious music. The complicated themes of Sebastian Bach and the sweet melodies of Handel remind us of these two great contemporaries, who were born in the same year and spent the latter part of their lives in darkness, passing sightless out of the world. The compositions of these men must be properly interpreted in order to be thoroughly understood, and this work remains for the musicians of the present day. Would Schumann's music have become as popular with the Germans if it had not been for his gifted wife? On account of an injury to one of his fingers, Robert Schumann was prevented from bringing his own works before the public. It was young Clara Wieck who interpreted them, to the great satisfaction of the composer, before the critical audience at the concerts in the old Gewandhaus at Leipsic years ago. After her marriage to Schumann they visited the different courts of Europe, and were highly honored. Since her husband's death Frau Schumann and her daughters have resided in Frankfort, and a few persons have been privileged to come under her instruction. As she grows older it is seldom that she can be prevailed upon to play publicly. When she consents, such is the demand for tickets that scarcely standing room can be obtained. It is a pretty picture that the old lady makes, dressed in a plain black silk with a black lace scarf picturesquely draped over her white hair, as she sits at the piano. She plays with all the fire of youth, and her touch is as delicate as that of a young girl.

But all composers do not belong to the past generations. One of the most conspicuous musicians of the present day is Moritz Moskowski, the young Pole whose peculiar style of composition has already become very popular in Europe and America. Moskowski is not more than thirty-five years of age, has blue eyes, and fair hair, and on account of his slender figure looks somewhat younger than he is. As he leads an orchestra of finely trained musicians while they render a symphony of his own composition, through which a wild melody runs, combined with a most unique accompaniment, he waves the baton vigorously in the air and grows more and more excited. An item in one of the papers says that Moskowski has recently composed an opera, called *Boabdil*, which has proved to be a great success. At another evening concert a white-haired man brings a violoncello to the front of the platform. He seats himself quietly and begins to play. The audience is perfectly silent as the deep, rich tones of the instrument resound through the room. It is only the old melody of *Traumerei*, one of Schumann's sweet songs, but it brings tears to one's eyes, and the gray head of the famous 'cellist, David Popper, moves in time with the music which he plays.

One of the most popular of modern composers is Brahms. His music is always harmonious. What a treat it is to hear him play the piano in one of his own concertos, while accompanying him, playing stringed instruments, are four men, each of whom is a superior soloist! The composer's long gray beard gives him a benevolent appearance, and he looks what he is, a kindly, genial gentleman. A short time after seeing Brahms we have a glimpse of another of Germany's favorites. Pablo Sarasate, a man of medium height, shaven face, large

dark eyes, and iron-gray hair, steps out upon the platform with his violin under his arm. The orchestra plays a few opening bars, and a long note sounds from Sarasate's violin. It is followed by a simple melody which shows no elaborate execution, but a purity of tone and a sweetness of expression which leave nothing to be desired. Each note is perfect; the strains rise and fall; one can almost hear the singing of the birds and smell the perfume of the flowers. Breathless, the audience sits, until, with the softest and clearest of tones, the music dies away in the distance. The birds and flowers are gone, the sunshine of spring has disappeared; in their place are the gray sky, the chilly wind, and the dampness of a German winter's day.

One morning, when we look in the daily paper for the programme of the next concert, we see that "Anton Rubinstein" is to lead the orchestra. As one of our earliest recollections is hearing *How Ruby Played*, declaimed by some budding elocutionist, we are very anxious to hear Rubinstein perform upon his favorite instrument, the piano. But this pleasure is not for us. It is reserved for those hundreds of Germans who crowd the concert rooms on the Sabbath day. On the following Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, a concert was given, in which Rubinstein played four pieces with wonderful brilliancy, it is said. However, it is a privilege even to see the great master. A very tall, thin man ascends the leader's stand. He has a mass of dark-brown hair, which is cut off straight at the base of his neck. As he turns to bow to the audience who are giving him a cordial welcome, we see that his eyes are small, black, and deep-set; that he wears no beard; that his face is somewhat wrinkled, and his forehead high and broad. At first he is very quiet. The baton moves slowly, and his left hand hangs at his side. The orchestra is playing a symphony of his composition. The first sign of the change from the man into the musician comes with the raising of his left hand. Soon both hands mark the time; a vigorous stamping of the feet adds to the effect; sharp reprimands are delivered to the players; he runs his hands wildly through his hair and is evidently absorbed in his music. The loud applause which follows the conclusion of the symphony is acknowledged by a short bow, and in a moment the next piece is begun.

This is Rubinstein, the man who lives so quietly nearly all the year in his Russian home, where he writes the beautiful music which has made his name famous all over the world. He has no desire for notoriety. In fact, he shuns it. It is seldom that he will consent to play publicly in these his older days, and those who hear him enjoy a rare treat. These are a few of the musicians and composers to be heard and seen in Germany at the present time. Some of them have found their way across the ocean to our own land, where they have given a few concerts, charmed thousands of listeners, and whence they return with their pockets filled with more gold than they could earn here in a lifetime. Once Rubinstein went, and came home laden with the riches of this world, but when asked to make a second visit, he said: "No, never again." For some reason America did not please him, and as he is a man of simple habits, the prospect of wealth cannot entice him from his quiet home. Those of us who wish to see the master, who is already growing old, must go to him, for he will not deign to come to us.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA: THE MAJOR'S STORY*

By L. COPE CORNFORD

"Talking of the opera," said Major Bethune, "did I ever tell you how I heard Grisi for the first time?"

"I was at Addiscombe (which was the Sandhurst of my time) when Grisi first came to town, and my great chum there was young Anthony Hambledon, the present baronet. I think he must have been the slackest man ever constructed, and the ugliest. A pale, sombre face he had, red hair, no eyebrows to call such, and when he was quiet, which was but seldom, you would take him for a man incapable of mirth and sunk in hopeless melancholy; but the moment he began to speak there would be a mime fit to make you die of laughter.

"He had a passion for music, and when the report of Grisi's wonderful success reached us, nothing would serve but he must go to hear her, and I with him.

"I was a sad dog in those days—ah, they were days," said the Major with an accent of regret. "So we laid a careful plan, and one night had a chaise-and-pair waiting for us at the cross-roads. Early hours were the rule at Addiscombe, and as soon as the lights were extinguished we were out of the window and over the wall.

"It was a fine dry night, with a broad moon and the roads rang under the galloping hoofs. We put up at the sign of the Golden Sun, close to the Opera House.

"All the way up Tony had been like a boy possessed—he shouted and sang, driving at a hand-gallop the whole time—but the moment the music began he fell under its spell, sitting as quiet as a dead man.

"When the curtain fell he woke as if from a trance, and began to look about him. 'By the Lord, Jack!' he whispered, 'there's my venerated father yonder in a box; and, what is more, he's just spotted his darling son, and there'll be the devil's own trouble.'

"Sure enough, I was presently aware of burly red-faced old Sir John Hambledon, fixing Anthony with an angry stare. 'Anthony!' he cried in his great voice, so that half the theatre turned to look, 'Anthony! what the devil may you be doing here, sir?'

"Tony, who had been absently biting his nails, looked up blankly. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, mildly, 'my name is John Bethune. Not Anthony; nothing like it. Some mistake, sir, some mistake!'

"Old Sir John was taken aback for a moment, his face purpling above his white stock and the veins in his forehead swelling.

"'Oh!' he said, with a strained calmness. 'Ah! You are not my son Anthony Hambledon, aren't you? Not my son! And there's some mistake, is there? By the Lord, young man, you're right!' and he swore aloud.

"Anthony turned a bewildered face to me. 'The old story,' he remarked in a loud aside, and shook his head. 'Sad, isn't it? My dear sir,' he said to the fuming baronet, 'I know very well you think you are perfectly sober, and I give you every credit for it; but the fact remains, you are quite seriously the reverse. It's a wise son that knows his own father, but it's a drunk father that doesn't know his own son. Attendants, remove this gentleman!'

"Sir John lost his temper, and broke into imprecations; the bell rang for the rising of the curtain; a

storm of shouts, mingled with hisses and howlings from pit and gallery, assailed him; and the end of it was the old gentleman had to retire to his box again.

"All through the act I could see Sir John in his box keeping a watchful eye on his outrageous son; but at the end there was a scene of great enthusiasm, the whole audience rising to its feet with cheers. Tony touched me, and we whipped out of the theatre.

"We had every sleepy ostler in the inn-yard broad awake and stirring for dear life in two minutes; Tony spared neither language nor half-crowns.

"'Sit tight!' said Tony, as we shaved the corner post. 'Did you ever see me drive, because you're going to now? Shout, man, shout like — till we're clear of the streets, or we'll kill somebody!'

"The horses laid their ears back, and the chaise leaped and bounded on the roadway; a frenzy of excitement rose in me, like a draught of wine, and I screamed and halloed like a madman. Windows were flung up and heads thrust out; every vehicle we met swerved into the pavement, or charged up by-streets to avoid us; the foot-passers scurried in all directions.

"Tony never slackened the pace from one end to the other; bare-headed, with his lank, red hair blown off his forehead, eyes alight and teeth clenched, he looked extremely like a demon in a pantomime, I thought. How we got safely back I shall never know.

"'Now,' said Tony, as he got into bed, 'if I know anything of my misguided parent, he will shortly be on in this scene; but I think I can work him.'

"I suppose we had been in bed about half an hour, when we heard the sound of horse-hoofs coming rapidly down the road at a heavy trot; the bell clanged loudly, there was a noise of arrival, and presently a tramp of heavy steps along our corridor. The door opened, and in came the governor himself, bearing a lighted candle, and followed by Sir John Hambledon.

"I need not say we both feigned the profoundest slumber, as the governor flashed the light in our faces.

"'I told you so, Sir John,' he said, irritably. 'Here is your son safe in bed and sound asleep. You must have been deceived by some chance resemblance.'

"'Chance resemblance!' retorted the baronet, passionately. 'Look at him, and then tell me if there could be another boy in the compass of the three kingdoms with a face on him like that. Wake up, sir!' and he shook his son by the shoulder.

"Tony woke with a really admirable start. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes, blinking stupidly at the candle; affected suddenly to recognize his father, and his face changed to an expression of the wildest alarm.

"'Father!' he cried; 'father!' breaking into a passion of tears. 'My mother!' he sobbed; 'I know she must be dying, or why—why—should you be here? Tell me—tell me; she's not—dead! Oh, tell me, she's not dead!' and his voice rose to a shriek.

"What followed I don't exactly know, because I was taken with a spasm of laughter, and had to retire under the bedclothes, trembling with the fear of discovery. I could hear nothing but a muffled sound of voices and the door closing behind our visitors. We were saved."

* By L. Cope Cornford in Jerome's weekly, To-Day.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Puzzle Buildings.....Conundrums in Architecture.....London Standard

Innumerable are the structures to which this title applies, if it be understood to mean buildings of which the record is lost. Stone circles, Cyclopean walls, the Cloacæ of Rome, the "mounds" of western America, and countless others are as puzzling as could be. We would limit the term, therefore, to elaborate edifices, the mere use or design of which is unintelligible. Even then very few examples out of a multitude can be dealt with in our space. The Noraghe of Sardinia, perhaps, have exercised human ingenuity upon a greater scale, for a longer time, than any other structure on earth. Greeks and Romans speculated over them, and learned men of all countries are speculating still. Aristotle mentioned them with admiration; so does Pausanias. They are, in brief, towers standing on an artificial mound, 30 to 60 feet high, and 100 to 300 feet in circumference at the base; some which have a lower platform are more than double this latter dimension. The material is stone, regularly worked with the hammer; they show neither sculpture nor inscriptions nor cement. Some of the blocks are immense. A very low entrance, but broad, leads by a gentle incline into a passage of good height, communicating—by another very low doorway—with a domed chamber, 15 to 20 feet in diameter, and 20 to 25 feet high. Small holes on either hand betray the existence of two or four cells, cut in the thickness of the wall, several feet in width and depth and height. From this dome a spiral passage, rising steeply, takes one to another just above, somewhat smaller, and on again to the broken top of the Noraghe—for none is entire. What can we make of buildings like these? More than three thousand have been counted. Some authorities argue that they were tombs, some trophies of victory, some fire-temples, some observatories, some even houses. It is easy to show that several of these explanations will not serve, but one cannot possibly tell what forms of building religion may command. On that account only it may be supposed that the Noraghe were temples or giant altars for sacrifice. Nothing has been found in them. But other remains, not less puzzling, are generally found close by, and—be it remarked—nowhere else. These are the "Sepulchre de is Gigantis" (giants' graves). Low walls of rough stones inclose a parallelogram, sometimes forty feet long and six feet broad, paved with enormous slabs. They always lie northwest to southeast, and at the latter angle stands a "headstone," a single block not less than ten feet high, often fifteen. Behind this, away from the "grave," the walls are prolonged to make the segment of a circle. At the foot of the headstone is a square aperture finely cut. Of these extraordinary objects many hundreds remain. They represent prodigious labor and no little skill in mechanics; but all that research or ingenuity has discovered is, as yet, that nobody was buried in them.

We have a variety of puzzle buildings in this country. The term may be applied to the Denes of Essex and Middlesex—perpendicular shafts sunk in the earth, with lateral chambers at the bottom. The most ingenious antiquaries have not yet shown who dug these extraordinary caves, nor what was their purpose. But it is evident that they might serve either as granaries, or

dwellings, or places of refuge in time of trouble; all these theories have been argued. Therefore the Denes and other such unexplained but not inexplicable mysteries may be put aside—the Martello Towers, for example. Things downright unaccountable remain. The most speculative only venture to suggest that such or such may have been the object in building the Rathes of Kerry. Hundreds of these Rathes are still untouched, hundreds have been explored, and hundreds, at least, destroyed. They are apparently mounds of earth overgrown with grass, perhaps twenty feet high and sixty feet in diameter. When the turf is removed, we see an outer wall of stone encircling the space, supporting generally a roof of large slabs; but sometimes the substructure is sunk in the ground, when the slabs do not appear to form a roof, but a pavement. Somewhere in this wall is the entrance, a narrow hole upon the level of the earth. Crawling through it—but mindful of the poisonous gases which accumulate under such conditions—we find that the inclosed space is intersected by walls which split it up into chambers—not less than six—ten to twelve feet long, and four and a half to five feet high. They all communicate with one another by holes just large enough for a man to crawl through; but the archway is hewn stone excellently fashioned. Each chamber has an outlet for ventilation in the surrounding wall. Sometimes there is a rude fireplace in that most distant from the entrance, though it remains to be discovered—a minor puzzle—how the occupants escaped suffocation when the fire was lit. The floor of a Rath is always dry—for a spot with natural drainage was chosen. There is nothing more to be said about them. No tool nor bone has ever been found, excepting objects evidently introduced at a modern date. What can be the purpose of these buildings? They were not meant as hiding places, for the Rath always stands conspicuous. They were not in the way of forts, since an enemy had but to close the ventilators and all within must stifle. If they were dwellings the people who used them must surely have been dwarfs, for the shortest men of European race could not stand upright therein. It has been suggested that they were the cellars of a small village or communal house, built upon the roof, of perishable materials; but in that stage of civilization, cellars are quite unnecessary. We must give it up, for the present, at any rate.

Let us turn to Japan. Cave dwellings of elaborate construction have been familiarly known and used in many districts from time immemorial. Of late much attention has been paid to them. Mr. Shogoro Tsuboi published a striking account of his discoveries in the Asiatic Quarterly Review some years ago. He removed the earth from a hillside, near Tokyo, where a few caverns were visible, and found it actually honeycombed with them. No less than two hundred and thirty-seven were explored. They are hollowed in tufaceous sandstone after a style of architecture always the same. Mr. Tsuboi does not give the height or width of the entrance, but since he mentions that it was necessary to walk "with our bodies bent," the aperture must be low. It is carefully shaped. A few feet within, the passage widens, forming a chamber one metre square; grooves

in the walls, the roof, and sometimes the pavement suggest that a slab of stone here or some sort of door shut off communication. But how could this be? The living-room beyond had neither light nor air, for it is cut in the solid rock. This living-room, so to call it, is always square and domed. It has an area generally of six to nine feet, and the top of the dome "is little less than six feet from the floor." Here again a race of dwarfs is suggested. We do not learn at what height the domed roof springs from the walls, but it would be very awkward if the males of the family could stand upright only in the middle of their parlor. Moreover, there are holes, sometimes four to four and a half feet above the pavement, which look as if they were designed to receive joists for a ceiling. Shelves and cavities are hollowed in the walls. Every chamber has a bed place—the larger, two or three; that is, a divan, six inches high or so, and six feet long, which is so described. Channels in the pavement served for drainage. Many of these caves are so close together that the partition walls are barely a foot thick, but in only three instances has any communication been observed; and one of them was clearly accidental; though the smoothness of the sides displays that advantage was taken of the accident. We have here the dim suggestion of a romance, for the builders evidently did not desire that their families should hold intercourse with one another inside the cave. As for the contents, very many objects were discovered, some of vast antiquity; but all of the historic time, left doubtless by people who used these dwellings before they were buried. Mr. Tsuboi found even a series of marks, which have no resemblance to the Japanese or the Chinese alphabet. All is mystery.

Bibliophiles' Pets.....Twenty-five Highest Prices.....New York Tribune

The fabulous prices often paid for books seem astonishing to all save the bibliophiles themselves. Small fortunes have been given for books, the contents of which, in the opinion of many people, were not worth the paper upon which they were printed. The following interesting list—interesting even to those to whom a handsomely bound volume is of no more value than a paper-covered one—has been prepared by Henri Buag-neaux, an authority, giving the actual and estimated value of some of the most precious books in the world:

The Mainz Book of Psalms. Louis XVIII. bought a copy for 12,000 francs, and presented it to the National Library in Paris. Quaritch, in London, owns a copy of the second edition, 1459. He asks the unheard-of price of \$25,000.

Boccaccio, edition of Venice, 1471, printed by Valdarfer. The Marquis of Blandford sold in 1820 a copy of the same edition for \$5,460.

Les Figures de Molière, by Boucher. It was sold at the auction of the library of Baron Pichon for \$5,400.

Boccaccio, 1476, On the Downfall of Noble Men, printed by Colard Mansion, of Bruges. It was purchased at the Techener auction in 1888 by the Duke D'Aumale for \$4,000.

L'Offici de la Toussaint. It was sold at the Lacarrelle auction for \$4,500. The same copy had been purchased by a certain M. Pichon in 1847 for \$9.

Boccaccio, Decameron, first edition of 1471. It was sold in 1812 to the Duke of Marlborough for \$11,300.

A Rabelais. Printed by Etienne Dolet. This brought \$2,800 at the second Techener auction in 1887.

Monument du Costume, by Freudeberg and Moreau, was sold for \$4,524 at the Béhaque auction in 1880.

Ovid's Metamorphosis, with illustrations, by Moreau and Boucher, went for \$2,600 at Marquis sale in 1890.

Entrée de Henri II., Paris, et de Charles XI., two volumes, with the coat-of-arms of De Thon, was sold at Destailleur's auction in 1891 for \$4,040.

La Chasse Royale du Charles IX., printed in Paris, in 1625, went for \$2,530 at the Béhaque auction.

Daphnis and Chloe (1718), with illustrations, brought \$3,400 at the auction of Quantin-Boucher.

Polyphils Traum, edition of 1499, with a sixteenth century binding, was purchased by Lord Gosford in 1822 for \$2,960.

Les Quatre Dernières Choses, Bruges, 1474, was purchased by Quaritch, London, for \$2,500.

A Virgil on vellum paper, Rome, 1470, was bought for \$5,000 by Quaritch.

Homer, Alde edition, 1504, was sold to the same buyer for \$3,300.

Orlando Furioso, first edition, Ferrara, 1516, was purchased by Quaritch for \$2,500.

Aulus Gellius, first edition, 1469, on vellum paper. It was purchased by the Duke D'Aumale from Sunderland in 1882.

Monstrellet, edition of 1500, on vellum paper, brought \$5,600 at the Techener auction of 1887.

St. Alban's Book, 1486. Owned by Quaritch, London, and is valued at \$3,700.

Liber Historiarum Romanarum, Venice, 1470, folio edition, \$4,000. It is owned by Quaritch.

Shakespeare's original edition of 1623 is held by Quaritch at \$6,000.

The Bible of Thirty-six Lines, printed by Gutenberg, in Strassburg, three volumes, second edition, 1459, is owned by Quaritch and valued at \$15,000.

Recently there were several important auctions at the Hotel Drouot, at which rare books were sold for high prices. For instance, an Office de la Semaine Sainte went for \$6,000. This particular copy bears the coat-of-arms of Louis XVI., who presented it to the Princess de Lambelle. For the last thirty years it was owned by Count L'Hommedieu du Tranchant de Lignerolles, who was one of the best-known collectors in France.

Modes of Salutation.....Interchanging Courtesies.....Yankee Blade

The ancient Greeks used to say to each other at meeting and parting "Chaire" ("Rejoice"). The Romans, when meeting, said, "Ave" ("Greeting"); on parting, "Vale" ("Remain in health"). Among the Israelites intimate acquaintances kissed each other's hand, head and shoulder. The fashion of uncovering one's head did not come into vogue before the Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century. In many German countries it is customary to kiss a lady's hand, whereas in Italy this custom is confined to intimate friends. Russian ladies reciprocate the hand kiss of a gentleman to whom they may show a certain degree of partiality by kissing him on the forehead. In Protestant Germany the usual greeting is "Good-morning"; in Austria, "Serous"; in South Germany, "Grüss Gott" ("God greet you"), whilst the Roman Catholic parts of the country have adopted the formula recommended by Pope Benedict XIII., in 1728, viz., "Praised be Jesus Christ," with the response, "For ever and ever, amen." In modern society the older expression, "Gott befohlen" (French,

"Adieu"), used at leave-taking has been changed to "Empfehle mich" ("I commend myself to your good wishes"). In the mining districts you are saluted with "Glückauf" ("Safe return to bank").

A Russian throws himself on the ground at his master's feet, clasps his knees, and kisses them. A Pole bows down to the ground, or kisses his master's shoulder. A Bohemian kisses the lower hem of the garment worn by his superior. At meeting a Russian says, "Sdraffsvuitye" (French, "Au revoir"); when separating for a lengthened period, "Proshtchaitye" ("Pardon"—i. e., for leaving you so soon). An Englishman salutes his friend with "How do you do? Good-by; Farewell." Similarly the Dutchman, "Vaar wel"; and the Swede, "Farval." A Frenchman says, "Bon jour! Au plaisir" (i. e., "De vous revoir.") An Italian, "Buon giorno! Addio! A rivedere!" A Spaniard, "Buenos dias! Adios! Hasta la vista!" (French, "Au revoir"). The Turk folds his arms across his breast and bows his head towards the person whom he salutes. The common Arab says, "Salem aleikum" ("Peace be with you"), he then lays his hand on his breast to show the wish proceeds from his heart.

The Hindus in Bengal touch their forehead with the right hand and bend their head forward. As a mark of profound obeisance they place their right hand first on their breast, then on the ground, and lastly on their forehead, whilst calling themselves the "obedient slaves" of the object of their adulation. In Ceylon a man will prostrate himself on the ground before his superiors, incessantly repeating the names and titles of the latter. In the East, and more especially among the Mongols, most styles of salutation bear the impress of a servile disposition. In China, if two persons on horseback happen to meet, the inferior dismounts and stands waiting for the other to pass. In Japan a man of low degree must in the presence of his superior take off his sandals, thrust his right hand into the left sleeve, let his arms glide slowly down to his knees, walk past the other with measured tread, and exclaim in tones of abject terror, "Augh, augh!" ("Do me no harm!")

Molecular Life in Diamonds....Sir Robert Ball's Theory....New York Herald

If you think your polished diamond is a mere aggregation of inanimate crystals, you are away wrong. If you imagine that its components are devoid of orderly, coherent motion, you are equally mistaken. It has come to pass that we are given to understand that diamonds are masses of active molecules. Inasmuch as every body is composed of multitudes of exceedingly small yet not indistinguishable molecules, it might be concluded that in a solid, at least, these particles would be clustered together in an indivisible mass. This theory as applied to diamonds is incorrect, and has been completely overthrown by the researches and experiments of Sir Robert Ball, of Liverpool. The facts set forth by Mr. Ball with reference to the structure of the diamond are fascinating. He asserts that were the sensibilities of our eyes increased so as to make them a few million times more powerful, it would be seen that the diamond atoms, which form the perfect gem when aggregated in sufficient myriads, are each in a condition of active movement of the most complex description.

Each molecule would be seen swinging to and fro with the utmost violence among the neighboring molecules, and quivering from the shocks it receives from

encounters with other molecules, which occur millions of times in each second. The hardness and impenetrability so characteristic would at first sight seem to refute the supposition that it is no more than a cluster of rapidly moving particles; but the well-known impenetrability of the gem arises from the fact that, when attempt is made to press a steel point into a stone, it fails, because the rapidly moving molecules of the stone batter the metal with such extraordinary vehemence that they refuse to allow it to even mark the crystalized surface. When glass is cut with a diamond, the edge which seems so hard is really composed of rapidly moving atoms. The glass which is cut is also merely a mass of moving molecules, and what seems to happen is that as the diamond is pressed forward, its particles, by superior vigor, drive the little particles of glass out of the way.

The Upper Chambers of the World.....Westminster Review

The United States—Senate: 2 senators for each State, elected by the State Legislatures for six years.

France—Senate: 300 members, elected for nine years, from citizens of at least forty years of age, one-third of them retiring every three years. The electoral body is composed of (1) delegates chosen by the Municipal Council of each commune; and (2) the Deputies, etc., of each Department. Life senators were gradually abolished by an Act passed in 1884.

Germany—Bundesrath: 58 members, appointed by the governments of the individual States for each session of the parliament.

Belgium—Senate: the constitution is being revised at the present time. The Senate, in the past, has been elected by the same voters as the House of Representatives, the number of senators (69) being one-half of that of the members of the Lower House. The members of the Senate have been elected for eight years, one-half of them retiring every four years.

Italy—Senate, consisting of princes of royal blood, and an unlimited number of members appointed by the king for life, a condition of nomination being the holding of high State offices, eminence in science, etc., or the payment of 3000 lire (\$600) in taxes. In 1890 there were 335 senators.

Spain—Senate: three classes of senators: (1) king's sons over twenty-one years of age; "grandees" having an income of 60,000 pesetas (\$12,000); captains, generals, admirals, etc.; (2) about 100 senators nominated by the Crown, not to exceed 180, when included with the first-class; (3) 180 senators, elected by the States, the Church, Universities, and learned bodies of the nation for a term of five years.

Portugal—House of Peers: an act of 1885 abolished the hereditary House by a gradual process, and substituted 100 life peers, appointed by the king, not including princes of royal blood, and 12 bishops. There are also 50 elective peers, 45 of whom are chosen indirectly by the administrative districts and five by various scientific bodies.

Netherlands—First Chamber: 50 members elected by the Provincial States from among the most highly assessed inhabitants, or from high functionaries. They are elected for nine years, one-third of them retiring every three years.

Greece—No Upper Chamber. The only Chamber is the Boulé, which consists of 150 members, elected for a term of four years.

Austria-Hungary—The connecting link between the two portions of this empire is constituted by a body known as "the Delegations." This consists of a Parliament of 120 members, one-half chosen by the Legislature of Germanic Austria, two-thirds of the members being elected by the Lower House, and one-third by the Upper House, the other half, similarly elected, representing Hungary. The acts of "the Delegations" require confirmation by the representative assemblies of their countries. The delegates are chosen for one year.

Denmark—Landsting: 66 members; 12 nominated by the Crown for life, and 54 elected by indirect universal suffrage for eight years.

Sweden—First House: 147 members, elected by the provinces and municipalities for nine years.

Switzerland—Ständerath: 44 members nominated by the cantons, 2 for each canton, for three years. The terms of nomination rest with each canton.

Marked Obsolete Words on the Retired List Philadelphia Times

Words, like dogs and bonnets, have their day, and when that day is past they seem to be laid on the shelf like old-fashioned pieces of china, to be regarded only as curiosities. The dictionary that still keeps them in remembrance, but marks them with the fatal "obs." (obsolete), represents the closet-shelf where the old china is still tolerated, not for its use or beauty, but because of its very antiquity. Even the presence of these words in the dictionary does not argue that they are known outside of it. For only a few weeks ago, in an article describing the old piece of embroidery known as a sampler, the word "accend," in the motto worked upon the sampler, was corrected by the printer to "accent." "May heaven accend thy words with power." Less than a hundred years ago accend meant to kindle, to set on fire. Now it is marked obsolete in the dictionary, and no new word has come to replace it. There seems no more reason for it to be laid on the shelf than for that little old-fashioned cream pitcher, with its quaint form and indescribable decoration of green lines and purple dots that represent no vine and flower known to botany, to be set upon my chimney-piece. It has not outlived its usefulness just because it is old. There are other words the dictionary marks obsolete that are current in old-fashioned country places, such as outlander, a foreigner, which, like its neighbor, outlandish, has taken a meaning slightly uncomplimentary. Aroynt or aroint, meaning stand back or get behind, is still used by the milkmaid in speaking to the cow that will not stand in her place to be milked. "Contrist that fellow!" one boy says of another who teases him, and the dictionary says it means "to make sad," but that it is "obsolete."

We should not ascribe any departure from what we are used to in our daily conversation, either in grammar or pronunciation or meaning of words, to the ignorance or stupidity of the speaker. It may not be bad but only antiquated English. Such as ourn for ours, umbril for umbrella, afeard for afraid, riz for risen, to ax for ask, outen for put out or extinguish, even "put them things away," for those things. However, these expressions have had their day and are no longer good English as they do not conform to the present use and custom that must be our standard in speaking and writing. The same may be said of certain ways of pronouncing words now used only by uneducated or old-fashioned

people, as contrary, mischievous, blasphemous, with the accent on the second syllable. It is easy to prove that these are not mispronunciations, but only an old pronunciation retained by the people after the educated classes had given it up. Dr. Johnson gave the accent to the first syllable in academy, like melancholy and parsimony, with Shakespeare as his authority, and Walker praises those "who, grieved to see the compound depart so far from the sound of the simple," with "heroic fortitude" have opposed the multitude by pronouncing the first of the word knowledge as it is in the word to know. He says the "pulpit and bar have for years given a sanction to this pronunciation, but the Senate and the stage hold out inflexibly against it, and the nation at large seems insensible to the improvement." They continue even in our day to pronounce as in the old ludicrous rhymes:

Among the mighty men of knowledge
That are professors in Gresham College.

The lexicographers maybe, were a little too easy with the "nation at large," and perhaps that was why they seemed "insensible to the improvement."

In Southern Pennsylvania, where many examples of metonymy have been observed, cucumber is often replaced by the general name of pickle, as the thrifty gardener, anticipating the briny fate that awaits it, designates the vine and its fruit. Lantern, Dr. Johnson says, is by mistake often written lanthorn, because transparent cases for candles were generally made of horn, and those who did not know the derivation of the word from the Latin *lanterna* were satisfied that this was the true etymology. The wicker-basket-covered glass jars, used by European peasants and sailors, were by them called "Dame Jeannes," Anglicized into demijohn, and known to the colored servants on an old Southern home as the "Jimmy John." Archaic, is another word that in common use has lost its classic pedigree and has degenerated into "arky," denoting something very old-fashioned, with an imaginary reference to Noah's ark. Words spelt one way and pronounced another by some people who are what some other people would call "heavy," are, wreck, pronounced wrack, which gives us "wrack and ruin"; weapon, which they turn into weep-pon, and wound, which they rhyme with sound, following the old lexicographer, who tells us "wound, woond, is a capricious novelty." Another of this class of words is chap, in some localities still pronounced chop. Walker says the etymology of this word will not suffer us to write it chop; and universal usage will not permit us to pronounce it chap. So that it must be classed among those incorrigible words, the pronunciation and orthography of which must ever be at variance. On the other hand, the Irish are reproved by the same authority in the year 1815, for pronouncing palm, balm and psalm as if spelled pawm, bawm, psawm, and now, with a little less breath than is the accepted way in England and permissible in America. But will the day ever come when a collusion will mean, as it does in some places, any large or remarkable kind of a gathering, even a funeral? It is probably a corruption of collision, for in the same neighborhood two wagons running into each other would be called a collusion. Here, also, they say, instead of "lighting a lamp," "making a candle," and anything that burns easily is "combustious." But the same prophecy was once made in regard to "clever" and "fun," neither of which could now be spared.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Corea and Her People.....In the Hermit Kingdom.....New York World

The invasion of the pith helmet and the repeating rifle on the one hand, and of the Bible and missionary tracts on the other, have robbed the semi-civilized nations of the Orient of some of their most picturesque manners and customs. Corea, which has involved the East in a lively muddle, is a notable exception to this rule. The helmet and gun have had engagements elsewhere, expecting to get around to Corea in the course of time, however; and the Bibles and tracts have not made much more impression than if they were so much brown wrapping-paper. In the "Hermit Kingdom"—so called because it is so bitterly opposed to any connection with the outer world—everything, according to the civilized way of looking at things, seems to go by odds and opposites. It is not a proof of ignorance by any means if you do not know exactly where Corea is located. It is a peninsula pendant on the eastern coast of Asia. Nominally it is under China; but in reality it has been for centuries living utterly within itself and doing about as it pleased. It has from 8,000,000 to 20,000,000 inhabitants upon its 79,000 square miles of area. The religion is Buddhistic if it is anything. But the years in Corean chronology are reckoned from the date of the overthrow of the Buddhist priests, when the progenitor of the present line of monarchs became king. Buddhism swept down upon Corea early in the Christian era, when it swept down upon the whole East. By the thirteenth century the priests had become licentious and corrupt, and when they were overthrown it was ordered that they should never show their heads in Seoul, the capital of the realm, again. They fled to the mountains, where they have lived since their downfall. They have been completely separated from the Buddhists of other nations. They are still licentious, and possess none of the learning which was once their boast. The few scientists who have travelled in the mountains—and all of these have considered themselves lucky to get back to the cities alive—relate that the monks are fat, lazy, and greasy, with shaved heads and loose, dirty gowns, and that they lie in the sunlight and snore and wink, and think they are thinking, for they all pretend to be divine seers. They are sticklers for precedent in Corea just as the Chinese are, and because the first of the line of monarchs ordered the monks to be sent to the mountains, and ordered the peasantry to give them the pay of a soldier, which is a certain amount of rice—just enough to keep a lazy man in good condition—each day the peasantry have to furnish the monks with their subsistence.

The peasantry live like pigs in huts with roofs of thatched straw. Their most lucrative product is silk, but it is much inferior in quality to that produced in China. They live almost entirely upon rice, and possess neither the industry nor the cleanliness of the Chinese. Their tools for farming are of the rudest imaginable sort. The Japanese have swarmed into Corea since 1882. The stupid peasants are easily their prey, and now the Japanese have practically control of the business of the country, and they fill most of the most important positions in the business world of "the Hermit Nation." Naturally the peasants hate the Japanese quite as venom-

ously as they hate the ruling class. The name of the monarch is Li. Li is the twenty-sixth Li, the name of all the monarchs of the present royal house having been Li. In Corea, instead of saying so many years A. D. or B. C., they say so many years Li. Li is a young man. He wears a bell-crowned hat, held upon the head with a string tied tightly under his chin. He has a retinue of some five or six hundred men and one hundred kising or dancing girls. Still, he is constantly complaining because his retinue is too small. As he "drives" in the park he is carried about in a litter by four stalwart subjects. His Prime Minister is Cho Pyong Sik, an old gentleman whose greatest delight is costly dinners, to which he invites his political henchmen and entertains them with sul, the national drink, and dancing girls. Sul is an infernal decoction distilled from rice. Any traveller who has sampled it can testify to its effectiveness as a jag-producer. Only a Corean stomach can stand it, and the Corean nobleman is very proud of his ability to drink great quantities of it. When he has become hardened to it, whiskey or gin or any strong beverage for civilized people to his palate is mawkish and tame. Sul has undoubtedly done a great deal towards ruining the minds and physiques of Coreans. Its effect is quite as bad as that of opium.

Like all office-holding classes, the Corean nobility like good things to eat as well as to drink. The Europeans in China have taught many of the native cooks how to prepare European dishes. The Corean palate has taken a particular liking to foreign delicacies, and most of the noblemen have Chinese-European cooks, whom they have obtained at phenomenally large salaries (for Corea) from Hong Kong and Peking. Corean potentates have vied with one another in giving elaborate European dinners, and all the time the simple-minded peasant has been paying the piper without enjoying any of the dance. In fact, the rebellion can be traced almost directly to the transplanting of European luxuries of the table to the tables of the noblemen. If the office-holder had stuck to his sul and to the privileges he already had—by all means the greatest privileges enjoyed by an office-holding class in the world—he would still be happy and undisturbed in his luxury, idleness, licentiousness and power.

Jealous feuds are constantly going on among the gentility, because there are more applicants for office than vacancies, although Corea has more officers according to population than any other nation in the world. But no matter how bitter the hatred between two noblemen, they are always ready to join hands to down the peasantry. It is just possible that civil service reform originated in Corea. For years it has been the custom that all public officials shall pass a prescribed examination. These examinations are a complete farce. Pull, money, and family alone count. These examinations are supposed to be a test of the literary ability of the applicant. The literature of Corea consists of a few little red-covered books in the Chinese language. The art of Corea is wholly represented by the monasteries, some of which are rather quaint and pretty. The Corean has none of the faculty for drawing possessed by the Japanese. Sul and European dinners are more

to his taste. The flowers in Corea blossom before they leave, which shows that even nature has been turned upside down in the Hermit Nation. There are a great many august formalities among the officeholders. They invent pretty names for one another, such as Dewy Morning, Beautiful Flower and the like, and when one Corean meets another and wishes to be flattering, he says: "Good morning, Beautiful Flower! You are looking very aged to-day." It is a great honor to be considered aged. In sending an invitation for guests to a feast the Corean host always starts his lengthy and flattering epistle by mentioning the season of the year and saying that it is the time to dine and make merry. It does not matter what the season is. One serves as well as another. When a dignitary sends out an official order he usually begins by mentioning the names of all his ancestors. The principal diversion of the males is archery. Contests of skill among Corean Robin Hoods on the hillsides, adjoining the villages, are very common. Kite-flying also absorbs the attention of children. The kite is always made in the form of a dragon, a scorpion or some other hideous thing. The peasant women wear white entirely. They wash their gowns annually—have a sort of picnic and do it up all at once—by way of celebrating the Corean New Year.

In Dakota's Roaring Cave.....R. J. Tanner.....Pittsburg Dispatch

This wonderful cave was discovered by a cowboy in 1884, and was named "Wind Cave," from the roar of an outrushing torrent of air at the entrance. The original opening was an oval-shaped hole about 8x12 inches across. Soon after its discovery the hole was enlarged to 18x30 inches. Nothing further in the line of development was done until the spring of 1890, when its present owner made an entrance easy by blasting out the solid rock. Since that date explorations have been made until at this time about 2,100 subterranean chambers of various sizes and shapes have been found, connected by 77 miles of passages. Enough has been learned to justify the popular verdict that Wind Cave is the largest and most wonderful cave in the known world. It is situated about twelve miles north of Hot Springs, S. Dak., and about fourteen miles northwest of Buffalo Gap. The entrance to the cave is covered by a small pine shanty; when within twenty-five or thirty yards of this the outrushing current of air sounds like the roar of a large waterfall. Before entering the cave the guide fitted me out with a rubber suit and hat. These suits are worn to prevent the grease from the candles spoiling one's clothes. As soon as the door was opened my candle was blown out and my hat sailed out into the cañon. I secured my hat and we entered. It was impossible to carry a lighted candle, so I held on to the guide's coat, and we felt our way downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs we came to a passage leading off to the left. This passage was pitch dark, but still the wind blew so strong we could not light our candles. After following this passage 300 or 400 feet we passed into a small chamber. I found the wind had ceased blowing and we lit our candles. Strange to say, after this small chamber is reached there is no more wind in any part of the cave. A walk of about five minutes brought us to the large chamber called the "post-office." The chamber is a most remarkable freak of nature. The sides and top of it are covered with hundreds of stone boxes about the size of

ordinary post-office boxes; almost every tourist who has visited the cave has left a card or envelope in one of the boxes, until the chamber looks like a real post-office. After leaving the "post-office" we passed many passages leading off in all directions. The guide informed me that these passages were several miles long. Again we came to a stairway leading downward; we descended to find ourselves on another floor or passage, with many passages leading off in all directions, the same as the floor or passage above us. "This floor is No. 2," said my guide. Again we descended another stairway, down, down, down, until floors Nos. 3, 4, and 5 were passed. "This," said the guide, "is floor No. 6, and the bottom of the cave, 350 feet below the surface of the earth." I looked around me, and what a sight! Large passages leading off in all directions; mammoth chambers with snow-white walls; huge banks of snow lay around us; but when I touched them I found that instead of snow they were solid rock. Myriads of miniature stalactites sparkled and glittered like so many diamonds as the light fell upon them. Enormous stalactites, as large around as my body, hung above us. Looking up I could see large black holes, but could not see the end of them; looking down around me I could see deep, dark holes, some of them forty feet wide. Ghostly shadows were to be seen everywhere, and a deathlike stillness prevailed here that made the cold chills creep over me. The ghostly shadows, flitting here and there as we moved about with our lights, would almost lead one to believe that this weird and wonderful cavern was once the home of a multitude of ghosts, hobgoblins, demons, and fairies. The guide led the way to the side of one of the deep, dark holes near us, and then picked up a rock as large as a bucket and threw it in the hole. Down, down, down it went, but we never heard it strike bottom.

"This hole we call 'The Devil's Pit,' and we have let down hundreds of feet of rope in this hole, but have never been able to find the bottom," he said. Again we passed on. "This is the 'Snow Storm Chamber,'" said my guide. "The small formations of white rock on the black walls of the cave gave this room the appearance of a snowstorm. Next we entered 'The Queen's Drawing Room.' Here beautiful white draperies hung from the top of the chamber, and the walls were a solid mass of glittering particles of white rock. Leaving the Queen's drawing-room—and I am sure no Queen ever lived who possessed so magnificent a drawing-room as this one—we came to a narrow passage, and just in front of the opening lay an enormous turtle with head erect, as if startled by our coming. This turtle is more than four feet across its back; but it is solid rock, and is Mother Nature's own work. We soon reached the "Garden of Eden." The top of this large and beautiful chamber is a solid mass of glittering stalactites, and the walls are covered with little white trees with branches about two inches long, which resemble spun glass. This chamber is beautiful beyond description. The "Garden of Eden" is three miles from the entrance of the cave. Next we visited "The Popcorn Room," where it looks as if someone had thrown a carload of popped corn against the walls and it had stuck there and petrified. The "Confectionery Department" is a chamber with its walls covered with small white and brown rocks which look exactly like chocolate-cream caramels. The "Petrified Waterfall" looked as if a waterfall had burst

through the top of the cave and was instantly turned into stone. Taking another passage we soon came to the "Big Lands." The enormous chambers in the Big Lands contain one and two acres in a single chamber. In the centre of one of these chambers we found a small lake about ten feet long, six feet wide and 12 inches deep. The water came down drop by drop from a large stalactite which hung down from above. This miniature lake is the only water to be found in the cave. We were now eight miles from the entrance of the cave, and 330 feet below the surface of the earth. The air is just as pure here as it could possibly be outside the cave. On our return, before the entrance was reached, we had to crawl through a small hole from one chamber to another. This hole they call the "Fat Man's Misery." Some time ago a fat man tried to crowd through, but got stuck in the hole and it took his friends four hours to get him out. At last we reached the entrance of the cave and once more stood in the glorious sunlight, of which not one single ray ever penetrates the total darkness which prevails in those weird and wonderful caverns in Wind Cave. Up to this date they have never been able to find the end of this remarkable cave. Wind Cave is surely one of the grandest sights to be seen in this strange and curious old world.

*Impressions of China. . . A. B. Simpson. . . Larger Outlooks on Missionary Lands**

The first impression a stranger has of the streets of Canton is the thronging crowd. What myriads of human beings, pushing, jostling, shouting, tramping, on—on—on, with their curious, various loads and costumes and faces, through these narrow, crowded passages evermore. Go where you will, it is ever the same dense, teeming crowd. You can gather a mob of thousands in any part of Canton inside of three minutes. You have but to stand on the street and they are around you so thick that you can scarcely move; you have but to enter a store, and you have a score to witness your bargain and inspect your purchase. You have but to look around, and voices are calling, "Riksha," "Chair," "Coolie," which means "Do you want a jinriksha, or a Sedan chair, or a Coolie?"

And what strange mixtures are in that crowd! Here come three bearers carrying a Sedan chair, with a lady inside, carefully curtained from view. Here comes a water-carrier, with his two great vessels of water balanced on a bamboo pole over his shoulders. Here is another man, with two baskets similarly balanced containing a nice fat dog in one and several cats in the other; of course, they are for the cat and dog market, which we will soon reach. Here are two Chinamen carrying an enormous pig in a basket, hung from a bamboo pole. And as they all go dashing on, they are shouting and screaming to clear the way, and every pedestrian is expected to make way. The first time we went through the streets, we, too, had a chair, and our runners made room, and then stood a moment and said, one to the other, "Foreign devils!" At other times we walked more leisurely, and let the strange scenes slowly fix themselves on our imagination.

Then one is struck with the narrow streets. We have seen narrow streets in Jerusalem and Cairo, but never such streets as these. Why, some places they are not more than four feet wide, and we need not say that no wheeled vehicle, not even the narrow jinriksha, ever

passed through the intricate maze of these labyrinths. Then the smells! They are of all sorts. There are religious smells, from incense tapers and burning papers, and there are the most vicious odors conceivable from foul accumulations and fetid markets, and decaying fish and vegetables, and crowded tenements. And yet the worst street in Canton is a paradise to one of the temples of Benares. Of course we went to the "Temple of the Five Hundred Gods," and saw the coarse, jovial-looking deities in brass; images which looked much more like a crowd of jolly Dutchmen in a lager-beer saloon than anything divine or even Chinese. Two of the five hundred were near the entrance, and they had their arms full of babies, and they seemed to be the favorites, for their shrines were full of burning incense placed there by their worshippers.

At the "Temple of Longevity" there were several huge deities in brass who must have lived a long time to grow so big, but they all had the same jovial look of coarse animal enjoyment, showing the Chinamen's highest ideal of a superior being in a very humbling light. At this temple the crowd was very rough, and two of us received slight blows from some young rascal in the mob, but no serious injury. We had a lady with us, and she was the occasion of most of the excitement and curiosity. For a lady to appear publicly on the streets of China is very unusual, and the freedom of Europeans always attracts much attention among Celestials. The "Temple of Horrors," is also one of the sights of Canton. It contains a number of representations of future punishment that are vivid enough to make even a Chinaman sober. Each little chapel contains certain representations of the torments of the damned. In one they are being boiled in oil, in another encased in a hollow tree and sawn asunder down the whole length of the timber, and so on through a dozen different progressions of every conceivable torture. In each scene the god of the lower world is represented in some horrible form, and the poor culprits who are waiting for their turns are standing in the background with much concern and terror depicted on their faces. This temple is farmed out every year to a speculator who pays a large rent for it, and receives all the offerings of the worshippers in return, and, it is said, always makes a fortune out of it. The practical Chinaman is not unwilling to make money even out of a subject so horrible. The place was full of money-changers and various professions and offices, and seemed a strange mixture of sordid avarice and ghastly superstition.

The public execution grounds were not much less revolting. Here is an open triangular piece of vacant ground, with a number of large crosses leaning against the wall, where not less than three hundred persons every week, on an average, are publicly executed. One of the executioners, a brutal-looking creature, wanted to show us the swords they use, but we could not stand this. Here, men and women are tortured to death at the rate of fifteen thousand a year, in the name of justice. They are sometimes fastened to these crosses and hacked to pieces as they hang there; sometimes sliced into a dozen pieces and slowly tortured to death, and sometimes more mercifully beheaded or strangled at once. In China any man may be arrested on suspicion and lodged in jail, and when his trial comes off there is no lawyer to defend him; lawyers are unknown in China; but he must plead his own cause before a magistrate

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who is always open to bribery, and from whose decision there is no appeal. Every accused person is bound to prove his innocence, and, unlike English law, is assumed to be guilty unless he can do so. Unless an accused person has money he rarely escapes condemnation. Thousands of innocent persons languish in prison without a hearing, or die on the execution grounds as brutes, and there is none to help or pity, and the great crowd rushes on and misses them not. If Solomon had seen Canton he could not have given a better account of it than his sad refrain over human wrongs: "So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter. Wherefore, I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive."

Our circuit led us out through the city gate to a lofty hill on which stands the Five-Story Pagoda, and from the top of this we got a good view of the great city below us, with its almost countless houses, apparently built in one solid mass, with just a narrow path between them. These high buildings, that rise here and there to eight or nine stories, are the pawn-shops, and in their upper stories are the accumulated pledges of years, on which money has been loaned at exorbitant interest, and, in almost every case, they become at last the property of the money-lender. These men are the millionaires of China, and in these odd tower-like places are stored away vast quantities of treasures of great value. Yonder, in the distance, is the Roman Catholic church, with two great spires cleaving the sky, which have been a constant offense to the Chinese, who hate any sharp point in the air, because, they say, it obstructs the Dragon as he flies, and makes him angry. They would have torn down the old cathedral long ago had it not been for foreign protection which deterred them. Here, just under us, are far-extended hillsides covered with the graves of many generations. On several of them we can see the fires burning where incense has just been offered and paper money burned, that it may go to them in smoke and become currency for them in the other world. On others there are great offerings of rice, or sometimes a fowl or a piece of meat, which the poor Chinaman really needs for himself, but offers instead to his deceased father, and expects the spirits to carry it off that night and give it to him. It usually does disappear that night, but it is into the mouth of some hungry Chinaman or wandering pariah dog.

They also burn over the graves suits of paper clothes for their departed friends to wear. You can buy these suits in the stores, but you must not be surprised if the trousers have only one leg and the tunic one side. As it is only a spiritual transaction, the Chinaman believes that half a coat will represent a suit as well as a whole one, and there is no harm in saving even that much tissue-paper. Indeed, they have an idea that they can cheat the gods; and so we heard, the other day, of a little girl that had a boy's name, and the mother said, in explanation, "You know the gods don't like little girls, and so we want them to think this is a little boy; and they won't know the difference." Poor, groping heathenism—strange they will not consider! As we afterwards passed more leisurely through the narrow streets, we had a better chance to see the shops and stores. Some of them are rather fine, with a good deal of costly

carving and gilding. They are all on the same pattern, with a counter on one side and a set of nicely carved seats or benches on the other side for the customers to sit down; for bargaining is a leisurely business in China, and the merchant will take any amount of trouble for you, and gladly show you all he has, whether you purchase anything or not. The class of goods to be seen is very ordinary and exceedingly monotonous. There is little of the exquisite fancy-work and infinite variety of novel, ingenious and attractive things to be seen in a Japanese store. One can walk the streets for hours in Canton without seeing anything that he cares to buy, even as a novelty. The Chinese mind is intensely practical and rather commonplace. Their finest work is embroidery and silk weaving. We went through one of the silk factories. We saw the whole process, from the spinning of the silk thread to the completion of the web. Every part of it was by hand, and our surprise was to see the beautiful and perfect work that came out of such crude machinery. The hand looms were very simple, but the work was perfect.

A Lake of Snow....W. M. Conway....Climbing in the Himalayas (Appleton)

What a glorious sight it was! The glacier, cut across by the curved outlines of deep crevasses, showing near their lips just a suggestion of blue, dropped steeply away from our feet, leaving for foreground a single tower of ice, fringed with icicles and tinted blue on its steepest face. Below the first slope the glacier swept grandly from us in the gracefulest curves, turning one jutting headland after another, and then putting on its dark cloak of moraine and vanishing under it in the far distance, beyond our sight.

We drank in with delight this perfect prospect, with every feature of which the last weeks had been rendering us familiar, and then we turned our backs upon it toward the unknown that would soon be revealed. A long snow-slope was before us, wide and gentle, terminated above by an almost flat line. Beyond this there was the sky, but not the sky alone. One magnificent peak, a pinnacled rock tower, reared its sharp summit aloft; cliff above cliff, ridge above ridge, sharp, graceful, defiant, and apparently inaccessible. As we advanced, the courtiers of this king of mountains appeared supporting him on either hand. . . . The view ahead absorbed all our attention, for our fate lay in its grasp. It was beyond all comparison the finest view of mountains it has ever been my lot to behold, nor do I believe the world can hold a finer. . . .

Before us lay a basin or lake of snow. This lake was bounded to the north and east by white ridges, and to the south by a splendid row of needle peaks, the highest of which, the Ogre, had looked at us over the pass two days before. From the midst of the snowy lake rose a series of mountain islands, white like the snow that buried their bases, and there were endless bays and straits as of white water nestling among them. It was the vast blank plain that gave so extraordinary a character to the scene, and the contrast between this and the splintered needles that jutted their 10,000 feet of precipice into the air and almost touched the flat roof of dark, threatening clouds that spread over them. I forgot headache, food, everything, in the overwhelming impression this majestic scene produced upon me, and the hour and a quarter we were privileged to gaze upon it passed like the dream of a moment.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

It is said that since his lectures on the Ascent of Man, which have been put into book form, Prof. Drummond's name has been dropped from both Chautauqua and Northfield. They fear he is too much of an evolutionist.

Sir Edwin Arnold said the other day that he heartily indorsed a remark once made by Chauncey M. Depew, "Fame depends upon being civil to interviewers."

Murray, the London publisher, says no works should be admitted to public libraries until they have proved they are worth something by living five years.

Dr. C. H. S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn., is said to have one of the finest libraries in the State of Connecticut. Dr. Davis is the editor of *Biblia*, a monthly journal of Biblical and theological literature and a joint editor of *Ancient Egypt*. His collection of ancient Egyptian archaeological remains is said to be the largest of its kind in the United States.

William E. Norris, the popular English author, is described by the *London Literary World* as a tall, elegant, extremely well-dressed man, with large gray eyes and curly chestnut hair. His face, with its unmistakable breeding and handsome regular features, clean-shaven except for a light mustache, would do admirably for a Guard's officer, and in keeping with it he has a slow, aristocratic way of speaking.

Edmund Gosse will issue a new volume of verses next autumn. It is nine years since the appearance of his last book of poems, *Firdausi in Exile*.

As an illustration of the enormous development of newspapers in the United States, it is related that in 1880 the newspaper and press associations received only 28,000,000 words by telegraph, while last year they received by wire 1,800,000,000 words.

The H. Sellschoff Printing and Publishing Co., of Chicago, are publishing an exquisite portrait series of theatrical celebrities under the title *Stage Favorites*. It is the finest work of the kind ever published in this country, a marvel of photographic reproduction, and when complete will form an invaluable collection. Each number contains six to eight portraits printed on heavy paper and of large size showing with remarkable clearness every detail of the face.

A Roman Catholic bishop in Syria has pronounced a great curse on all who read or receive the sermons of Spurgeon. Priests have, pursuant to this order, publicly burned all the copies they could reach.

The new Dictionary of the Bible, planned by the late Professor Robertson Smith, is to be edited by Professors Cheyne and Dr. J. Sutherland Black. Professors Toy, G. F. Moore, and Francis Brown will represent the United States on the staff of contributors.

It is said that Aubrey Beardsley, the art editor of *The Yellow Book*, secures his admirable contrasts of black and white by placing his drawing-block on the floor, when working, and stooping over it from a chair.

A curious provision is contained in the will of the late Edmund Yates, recently probated, dealing with a personality of £31,719. Mr. Yates desired that immediately after his death his jugular vein should be

opened, for which the operating surgeon was to receive a fee of twenty guineas. Such provisions in a will are usually traced to a dread of premature burial.

Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, well known for her translation of Spanish fiction, recently sailed for Spain, where she will study contemporary Spanish literature.

In Portugal if the wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once. Here is a tip for Dakota.

Miss Agnes Repplier, who is now visiting London, has become a literary lioness in that city. Andrew Lang has given a dinner in her honor, among the guests being Professor Max Muller, the philologist.

Lafcadio Hearn, the now famous writer of magazine stories and books of travel, once published an illustrated weekly newspaper in Cincinnati called "*Giglampz*" which had a painful, protracted existence of three weeks. Mr. Hearn is of mixed Greek and Irish parentage.

It appears that G. Colmore is a *nom de plume*, and the true name of the novelist who has become famous as the author of "*A Daughter of Music*" is Mrs. Georgina Dunn, the wife of a London barrister, Mr. Colmore Dunn, who lives near Hyde Park.

The *Outlook* says: According to that successful historical novelist and uniter of the charms of Scott and Dumas, Mr. Stanley Weyman, the history of France is more picturesque than that of England, as French characters and French scenes are always apt to be more dramatic than those across the Channel. Mr. Weyman says further, the scope of a novel is "properly limited to providing wholesome amusement. The novelist should not strive either to preach or to prove, but merely to portray."

The *Westminster Gazette* says: "There is no truer poet in England to-day than Mr. John Davidson."

Mark Twain tells us that there are three "infallible ways of pleasing an author: 1. To tell him you have read one of his books; 2, to tell him you have read all of his books; 3, to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2, admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart."

George Manville Fenn, the novelist of adventure, is now sixty-four years old. He does not look his age, however, for he has a tall, light, active figure, thick, fair hair and beard, and keen blue eyes.

Editors of newspapers throughout England have been appealed to, through a circular signed by 105 members of the House of Commons, asking them to cease to demoralize the people by reporting sensational cases of immorality or brutality, and in other ways appealing to the sensual nature of man.

Miss Braddon has just purchased Gascoignes, in the heart of the New Forest, comprising a comfortable house, stable, and about six acres of ground.

Paul Sabatier's *Life of St. Francis of Assisi* has been crowned by the Académie Française. The English translation of this work is published by the Scribners.

H. C. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*, an author of delightfully refreshing short stories, is, according to the

London Literary World, "a short, dark man, with a rather whimsical face. He still wears the old barristerial side-whiskers, and in general appearance is remarkably like the make-up of Cayley Drummler in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*."

Over a hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold of *Caligula*, the book by Professor Guidde, which is thought by many to refer to the present Kaiser.

M. Arsène Houssaye, the French librettist and writer, is now over eighty years of age.

A superb history of the glories of the World's Fair is *The Book of the Fair*, issued by the Bancroft Company, of Chicago. It is issued in parts and gives a complete account of the Fair from its inception, through the building period, through the days of its glories, illustrated with thousands of beautiful reproductions. No other work on the subject can compare with it in its scope, elaborateness and completeness.

Grant Allen said recently: "Pessimism is the keynote of men of the middle epoch—the playful pessimism of Lang, the sombre, ironical pessimism of Hardy."

An edition of twenty volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson's writings will soon be published in England. It will be subdivided into sections, as *Travels and Excursions*, *Tales and Fantasies*, and the volumes in the different sections will be numbered separately, so that future works can be added to each.

Several writers of repute, says the *London Athenæum*, are paid at the rate of £12 a thousand words for their short stories; but no novelist, we believe, has received so much for his serial rights as the editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* have paid Mr. George Meredith for *Lord Ormond and His Aminta*. The price, it is said on the best authority, was £10 a thousand words.

A youthful enthusiasm for Mr. Swinburne, says the *London Speaker*, easily passes into a reasoned apprehension of his merits, a clear view of his achievement.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet-case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking-glass and comb, attached to the lining of his gray hat. He often removes his hat to look into the mirror to see how his hair is lying. If it is not rough enough to suit his fancy, he uses the comb to give it the requisite tangle.

The *Westminster Review* says of Miss Mary E. Wilkins's new book, published by Harper & Bros.: "Of all the stories of New England peasant life which Miss Mary Wilkins has given us we are inclined to think that *Pembroke* is the best. It would be difficult, even among the masters, to find a work of this class which showed keener observation, fuller knowledge, a truer sense of what is artistic and pathetic."

It is worth while to note what so brilliant a veteran as George Meredith thinks is "the best dialogue he has seen in contemporary writers." It is that which he has found in the short stories of Anthony Hope (Hawkins)—stories which are about to be republished in book form under the title of *The Dolly Dialogues*.

"*The Son of the Marshes*," whose delightful out-of-doors studies have achieved such a success in England, still works at his trade regularly in spite of his literary successes. He is a house-painter rather than a carpenter,

as has been stated, and has a wife who thoroughly sympathizes in the work which makes him so worthy a successor to Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies. He has always held rather aloof from his fellow-workmen, devoting his "public-house time" to the studies in natural history which have given him his fame.

The successor of Edmund Yates, as editor of the *London World*, is Major Griffiths, who has long been a contributor to the paper.

Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, the author of *A Social Departure*, is the daughter of Charles Duncan, of Brantford, Ontario. After teaching a while she entered upon journalistic work, and in her journey around the world was correspondent for several English papers. She is now the wife of Professor Cotes, who holds an important position in the Indian Museum, Calcutta.

Sir Austen Henry Layard, whose death in London was recently announced, was one of the most celebrated archaeologists of his time. The specimens of ancient Assyrian art in the British Museum were secured by his labors. Among his writings are several books on Nineveh and an edition of Kugler's *History of Italian Painting*.

André Chevrillon, a nephew of Taine, has written a review of Rudyard Kipling and his work which will shortly appear in the *Revue de Paris*.

A Browning bibliography has been compiled by Mr. T. J. Wise. The volume is divided into five parts, dealing respectively with first editions and their reproductions, separate issues of single poems, collected editions, the published letters of the author, and *ana*, which includes the writings of others on the poet.

Grant Allen says: "The young man is no longer overshadowed by the giants of made repute; the incubus of greatness no longer weighs upon him. He is respectfully treated; he is listened to with sympathy; he is taught by kindly critics to take himself seriously."

R. D. Blackmore is a big, burly man, but very shy, with so much of the plain West-country farmer about him still that one can easily understand the genesis of Lorna Doone's hero. Few authors in their lifetime have been so canonized in the scene of one of their books, for around Exmoor a stranger cannot speak to a native without being asked in matter of fact tones: "Of course you have read Lorna Doone!"

The Danish poet Holger Drachmann is now nearly fifty years old. He was for a long time a marine painter, but finally found that his profession lacked the power he must put into his pictures. In 1870 his poetic genius ripened, and his virile originality has made him a great favorite with critics and public.

Miss Ethel Harraden, a sister of the author of *Ships That Pass in the Night*, has written the music of a fantastic opera entitled *The Taboo*, which has been successfully given in London.

The competition of the great gods of literature, says the *London Academy*, having been suddenly removed, we have seen the lists cleared for Kipling, Barrie, Zangwill, Watson, Davidson. The Boom has become the rule. It has rigged the market. It began with Anstie Guthrie, Hugh Conway, Fergus Hume: it has continued with Conan Doyle, Norman Gale, Francis Thompson, Anthony Hope, and S. R. Crockett. We wake up each morning and find a new man famous.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

Playing Craps.....M. M. S.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

De wood's piled high on de cypress wharf,
 An' de shingles higher still;
 De moon shines bright, thoo de summer night,
 Down by de ole sawmill;
 Dere is room ter hide, an' mo' beside,
 Ef we hears de peeler's shrill.

I sen' my whistle thoo de night,
 I shakes it long an' low,
 An' echoes soun' from de shadows roun'
 An' eyes begin to glow.
 De coast is clear! De gang's all here—
 Gin de craps a show!

We kneels togedder in a ring—
 "Up wid yo' nickles, men!"
 I hear de bones on de pebble stones,

"Hi, Pete! You fade again!
 I'll sebben twice, wid my hoodoo dice,
 Dey ain't no second ten!"

Dey crowd aroun' an' dey breaf comes hot.
 "My las' fling—let 'er go!
 A nachal! Crack! Bring de quarter back.
 Sebben, Got 'er, sho'!
 Phoebe five, as I'm alive!
 Crack! Comes a little Joe!"

Up jumps a debbil! Caught nine twice—
 No nine on de dice fer you.
 Gwine ter git aped!—What's dat dat scraped?
 Was dat a coppy blew?
 Light out, chaps—run till you draps;
 Dis is er busted game er craps.

Temptations of Nicodemus.....How it Happened....The Chicago Times

My name is Nicodemus, an' the white folks calls me John,
 I'm a-worken in the vineyard of the Lawd;
 I work also at whitewashin', or anything that's on,
 But life fur us pore cullahed folks at times is very hard.

I was bohn in ole Kentucky, an' was raised upon a farm;
 I was always kind to turkeys, chickens, ducks, an' even goats;
 I've hatched out gobs o' gobblers, and they fattened like a charm;
 I'm very fond o' 'possum, sweet potatoes, an' roast shoats.

I wuz gwine home from preachin', and the night wus monstus thick
 Fur ye can't scoop in the sinnahs widout work,
 W'en I heerd a somethin' seemin' to be callin' fur me quick,
 An' ye know John Nicodemus an't a cullahed man to shirk.

I fetched up nigh a tree wid de turkeys on its limb,
 W'en one big gobbler tumbled off an' fell down at my feet;
 Thinks I the devil's temptin' me, an' I looked aroun' fur him.
 Too dark to see the devil—gobbler fat an' fit to eat.

So I picked up that big turkey an' put him in the tree.
 Mr. Devil, ye can't tempt me, says I, I ain't sech a goose;
 An' then, jest as a sort o' remuneration fee,
 I borrowed a small turkey hen—the hen was layin' loose.

Didn't ole King Davy cut up bad about Uriah's wife?
 Didn't Peter lie and cuss until the rooster fetched him to?
 Didn't pore ole Noah git so drunk he stripped off—Oh, all life
 Is full o' sech temptations laid out fur me an' you.

Now I'm willin' jest to pony up and pay fur that ar hen,
 An' I'm willin' to forgive the pore sinnah, the accuser;
 We will drop the subjec' now; let's hereaftah all be men.
 If the devil evah tempts us we'll confess an' pay the loser.

Chiquita.....Capt. Jack Crawford.....Minneapolis Journal

Yes, sir, I married an Injun wife—
 What is it to you? If you cast a slur
 Towards Chiquita you bet your life
 You'll wish you never laid eyes on her!
 Her skin is brown, but her heart's as white
 As the snow up thar' on the mountain peaks,
 An' I'm allus ready to strip an' fight
 When anybody ag'inst her speaks.

She ain't no beauty, as beauty goes,
 An' she don't sling style like an Eastern dame,
 An' she wears red leggin's an' Injun clothes,
 But she squar' an' legally bears my name—
 An' I reckon there isn't a married man,
 Be he prince or pauper, this side the line
 O' the New Jerusalem does or can
 Think more o' his wife than I do o' mine.

'Twar r'isin o' seven years ago,
 When one o' the Navajo hostile bands
 Crossed over the Gila a mile below
 This spot whar' my little cabin stands.
 They struck a camp o' Apaches thar',
 An' didn't leave one to tell the tale
 Exceptin' a gal that run up 'yar,
 With the yellin' devils clus on her trail.

Did I pertect her? I wouldn't see
 Advantage took of a homeless dog—
 I tol' her to stay right 'yar with me,
 An' punchin' a chink from under a log
 That rifle o' mine begun to bark,
 An' spit cold lead through the cabin crack,
 An' every ball found a redskin mark,
 Till they jumped the game an' skedaddled back.

I'm tough as they make 'em, but I don't care
To witness grief such as that gal felt,
Fur she knowed her father an' mother's hair
War danglin' then in a Navajo's belt.

Injuns has feeling just as fine
As them wrapped up in a paler skin,
An' the cries she uttered jest brought the brine
To these ol' peepers ag'in an' ag'in.

Time passed along, an' one day I saw,
Jest crossin' the top o' the rise up there,
A runnin' towards me an Injun squaw,
The wind a snappin' her long, black hair.
"Go, quick!" she cried, as she caught her breath,
"Geronimo's less than a mile away
With his hostile band, an' he seeks your death—
In a minute they'll sight you! Go quick, I say!"

I didn't wait to hear no more
From Chiquita, but takin' her trembling hand,
We tried to make yon gulch, but afore
We'd hardly started, down swooped the band.
An arrow pointed sharp as a V
In my bosom shure'd 'a found a nest,
But the gal throw'd herself in front o' me,
An' caught the shaft in her own brown breast.

Did you ever see a tornado when
It laid the trees and the bushes low?
That's just how Lawton brought down his men
A nosin' the trail of Geronimo!
The gallant captain war' in the lead,
Spurrin' his hoss to its fastest lick—
So help me Christo, I never seed
A band of Injuns done up so quick.

Of course you've guessed that the wounded squaw
War' the gal I saved from the Navajoes.
I made her mine by the white man's law,
An' thar' she stands in her Injun clothes.
She totes the scar of an arrow point
That but for her 'd 'a' snuffed my life,
An' it knocks my temper cl'ar out o' joint
Fur a slur to be cast at my Injun wife.

My Wife's Advice...In Lancashire Dialect...John Rawcliffe...Blackburn Times

Let's go back hooam to England!
Aw corn'd be happy here,
Where everything's a foreign look,
An' fooak are o' so queer.
Aw've tried and tried, and better tried—
An' Jack, aw's never like—
An' as for thee tha'r goin' deawn
Like water deawn a dyke.

Come, let's go hooam to England!
It meks me ill to see
Tha mope abeawt, tha'r nod th' same mon
As whod tha used to be.
Tha use to sing when we were there;
Aw wish we'd never stor'd:
Oh! England, England—write it deawn—
Ther's music into t' word.

Come, let's go hooam to England!
For here tha'll never find
A hooam nor friends nor nowt at o'
To satisfy thi mind.
An' th' summers here's to' hot for thee,
An' th' winters are to' cowl,
An' English comfort corn'd be bowt
Wi' dollar bills nor gowd.

Let's ged back hooam to England;
Corn'd stop to wark an' slave,
For brass aw's happen hev to spend
To buy a foreign grave.

We'n poo'd so long together neaw
Whol it would break mi heart,
If aw'd to leave thy booans to rot
I' this wild foreign part.

Come, let's go hooam to England,
Aw've nod forgotten yet
Thad stile an' gate an' hawthorn bush,
Where we've so often met
I' th' spring o' th' year, when th' larke were up
An' carroling 't t' sky,
An' cowlips bent to steal a kiss
Fro' t' stream as wander'd by.

Come, let's go hooam to England!
Aw like as aw con see
Tha trippin' up an' leanin' o'er
Th' owd style to look for me.
Then hand i' hand we'n wander'd deawn
Thad pad bi th' side o't wood,
When th' English trees were nice an' green,
Or burstin' into bud.

Come, let's go hooam to England!
Aw'd rayther starve or clam
Or wark my fingers deawn to t' booan,
Than tarry where aw am.
Neaw come—neaw do—for my sake do—
An' hev a bit o' thowt;
Afooar whod bit o' brass we hev
Hes twindled deawn to nowt.

Come, let's go hooam to England!
An' try to settle deawn
I' some nice little humble cot,
A mile or two fro' t' teawn;
Where t' English birds 'll come an' sing,
Where th' air is pure an' sweet;
An' primrooses tha likes so weel
Shall blossom reawnd thi feet.

To be a Brakeman....The Height of Ambition....The Chicago Record

I want to be a brakeman,
Dog gone!

Legs hangin' over the edge of a flat car,
Train goin' 'bout twenty-five mil'n hour,
Kickin' the dog fennel 'long the track—
That's what a brakeman does.

I want to be a brakeman,
I jing!

Makin' the boys git off the platform,
Cussin' the drayman if the skids is lost,
Hollers, "Back 'er a length," and the engineer has to—
That's a brakeman for ye!

No conductor for me, jüst a brakeman,
By hen!

Can make a couplin' on dead run,
Has spring-bottom pants 'n braid on his clothes,
Carries a lantern at night 'n cap over his ears—
That's a brakeman, I'll tell ye!

I want to be a brakeman,
Geeminently!

Stand in with the agents and op'rators,
Gits to Peru every night 'n sees the show,
Knows the numbers of the trains, chaws terbacker—
He's a regular one, you bet!

'N I want to be head brakeman,
Gol-lee!

Twistin' 'er hard, smoke rollin' round ye,
Country people stoppin' work to look,
Girls wavin' at ye all the way to Peru;
I'll be one, too, some day.

THE LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The aim of this department is to give in a few lines the scope, object, point of view, and manner of treatment of the principal books of the month, so readers can tell just the ground covered by each, with no attempt at extended criticism.

Historic and National:—

Maximilian and Carlotta (Putnam). A study of history, graphic and fascinating as a romance, is John M. Taylor's story of Mexican Imperialism of the time of our Civil War. The author keenly analyzes the motives of Louis Napoleon under his avowed friendly spirit, the character of Maximilian, the attitude of the United States and its political wisdom, all are carefully studied in their relations. Mr. Taylor has touched upon a page of history that has not heretofore received the attention it deserves, and he has made it clear, interesting and vivid in its picturing.

Meneval Memoirs of Napoleon. The third volume of the Memoirs, just published by D. Appleton & Co., treats of the ill-fated Russian expedition, the collapse in the Peninsula, the invasion of France by the allied powers, the abdication and banishment to Elba, of Marie Louise and her unfortunate child, of the Congress of Vienna, the return from Elba, Waterloo, and the exile in St. Helena. The interest of this intimate narrative by one who was in daily association with Napoleon as his private secretary, steadily increases, and this concluding volume, with its wealth of dramatic pictures, will be found most absorbing from beginning to end. This volume completes one of the most interesting books of memoirs of recent years.

Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). "In this book Dr. Griffis first describes the country and the people; then, drawing upon a rich store of erudition gained from long research in Dutch and American archives, he traces the progress of events down to modern times and shows the debt that England as well as America owes to the sturdy little country by the North Sea. Dr. Griffis points out the striking analogies between the Dutch system of federal government and our own; praises the Dutch public schools sustained by taxation long before this country was settled, and compares the liberation of the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke to our own revolt against British tyranny."

Town Life of the Fifteenth Century. By Mrs. J. R. Green (Macmillan & Co.). In this excellent history the salient points which Mrs. Green brings out in regard to the state of the towns "are the autonomy enjoyed by each, the immense variety of constitutional development and experiment in them, the incessant change and struggle that was going on, the extraordinary complexity and overlapping of institutions in the same narrow boundary, chiefly exemplified in the interaction and interchange of powers and persons between the trades and the municipal bodies. It is a book of exact knowledge, careful inference and logical discussion, as well as graphic statement and brilliant summary. In fact, it is history written as it ought to be written, a branch at once of science and of literature."

The United States of America. Edited by Prof. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler (Appleton & Co.). With the coöperation of a corps of historic experts, Prof.

Shaler has made a complete epitome of our history within two larger. The work covers a description of the country, its inhabitants, its natural features, its industries, its inventions, its government, and its political conditions traced through all their phases. The separate chapters are written by authorities on the special subjects of which they treat. This brief notice is but to call attention to a most valuable historic work which will be noted more fully in our October number. The superb illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of these volumes of most interesting historic literature.

Poetry of the Month:—

Old English Ballads. Selected and edited by Francis B. Gummere (Ginn & Co.). An interesting ballad collection in the excellent Athenæum Press Series "intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time." The introduction discussing the ballad and its place in history, the substance of which was given in one of the lecture courses at Johns Hopkins University, and an appendix, with explanatory notes and glossary.

Favorite Poems (E. D. Dutton & Co.). These two dainty little volumes are compiled by Amy Neilly; the one is devoted to children's poems and contains many pretty little selections of verse on child-life, the other aims to bring together current humorous poetry from its fugitive existence in the newspapers to the more dignified and permanent life in book form.

Bogland Studies. By Jane Barlow (Dodd, Mead & Co.). This series of seven studies, or pictures, of Irish peasant life show the extraordinary insight, the great pathos, the simple power, and the vivid focusing of whole scenes into a word or phrase—the qualities shown so strongly in Miss Barlow's prose work. The Ould Master, the opening and the longest poem, is the story of the return of a prodigal son, found drowned on the shore near his father's house. The collection is brimming with sympathy for poverty and its sorrows.

The Universal Name. By Mrs. E. V. Blake (Chas. Wells Moulton). A collection of about one hundred poems from famous poems in honor of the name Mary, which, under modified forms, is known all over the world. The book contains Mary, Call the Cattle Home, Burns's famous poem to Mary, Mary Queen of Scots, and others to the famous personages of this name in history, in literature, and in the mere imagination of the poet.

Roses and Thorns. By Rufus C. Hopkins. A collection of poems, published doubtless for circulation among friends. The verse itself is for the most part commonplace, and has little to commend it. The book is most beautifully printed, and the binding is rich and artistic.

The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry. By Horace Parker Chandler. It was almost an inspiration to arrange a collection of love poems from the authors of the world, so that there would be one for every day of the year, making each day a new voice of protestation of love and faith. The work is in two volumes, and all the poems are selected with care and a rare critical judgment. A similar series, with the subtitle *Married Life and Children*, forms a delightful supplement to the

first, the four volumes together forming one of the best anthologies of love poems in the language.

Religious and Philosophic :—

Assyrian Echoes of the Word. By Rev. Thomas Laurie, D.D. (American Tract Society). An interesting and valuable work on the progress of archæologic research, showing how the facts of history in the royal inscriptions, and many incidents recorded on the tables illustrate and confirm the Scripture record. It gives the results of the labors of Botta, the late lamented A. H. Layard, Prof. Lassen, Prof. Delitzsch, Prof. Sayce and other students and investigators of Assyrian life and literature. It is admirably indexed and illustrated, and is an excellent addition to religious literature.

Larger Outlooks on Missionary Lands. By Rev. A. B. Simpson (Christian Alliance Pub. Co.). A delightful, gossipy chronicle of a missionary journey through Egypt, Palestine, India, Burmah, Malaysia, China, Japan and the Sandwich Islands. The book shows the quick, fresh observation of a keen student of manners and men, who views all things through a spirit of deep spiritual purity and reverence. It is valuable as a survey of the missionary field and of great interest as a mere work of travel. The fine illustrations accompanying the work add greatly to its value.

The Church of England and Recent Religious Thought. A most suggestive and thoughtful work on the attitude of the Anglican Church to problems and thought of the day. It is divided into four parts: (1) The Church of England To-day, a study of the internal growth of the Church, the development of its clergy, and its weakness and strength; (2) Church and Dissent, a study of Dissent, is accompanied by suggestions toward reunion; (3) The Alienated Class, treats of men of culture who are interested in religion, yet have no special knowledge of theology or science; (4) Theology, gives an excellent review of the work of the Cambridge and Oxford theologic movements.

The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer (D. Appleton & Co.). Professor Wm. Henry Hudson here gives what he modestly terms an outline-map or hand-guide to the work of Mr. Spencer. It aims to give an introduction to the relative and historic relations of his philosophy, and especially to show its significance in connection with those questions with which we are all of us directly concerned—the questions of conduct, society and religion. The book is divided into a biographical sketch, Spencer's earlier work, the synthetic philosophy, the Spencerian sociology, the ethical system of Spencer, and religious aspects of his philosophy.

Literary and Musical Helps :—

Five Hundred Places to Sell Manuscripts (Chronicle Press, Franklin, Ohio). Valuable information on manuscript markets is here given in a condensed form by James R. Reeve, the compiler of this little book. It contains a list of publications that buy literary material, with a brief synopsis of the classes of work used by each, with a statement of the general and maximum length of article. Those that pay on acceptance are honored with a star. A list of publications that buy serial stories is also given.

Tables for Writing Harmonic Exercises (Pond & Co.). Students of Harmony will find ample directions in the second series of the Tables for the Writing of Harmonic Exercises, arranged by Professor C. C. Müller, well-known as a composer and teacher. In this little book he sets forth, step by step, what the student should con-

sider and apply, and enables one to progress thoroughly and surely. This second series treats principally of the harmonization of melodies, both in major and minor keys. The first series is devoted to the formation of chords, the third to chromatic alteration and modulation.

Sociologic and Political :—

An introduction to the Study of Society by Albion W. Small and George E. Vincent (American Book Co.). This guide to the elementary study of sociology is arranged under heads: the origin and scope of sociology, the natural history of a society, social anatomy, social physiology and social psychology. The matter is clearly and carefully presented and shows a most able grasp of the vital elements in all their relations. It is weighted with the views of authorities and is a most excellent text-book, the first that has appeared on this subject.

The Ills of the South (Putnam). The author, Charles H. Otken, L.L.D., believes that the South of to-day has not made the advance that its natural opportunities and advantages would warrant. Some of the obstacles to this, he thinks, are the credit system, the lien laws, the exclusive devotion to cotton and neglect of food crops, the careless and wasteful farming so often practiced, the congregation of the towns, and, of course, the race question. The author believes the true solution to this problem is the colonizing of Africa with Christian negroes from our Southern States.

Common Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage. By Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi. The author of this volume in Putnam's Questions of the Day believes that the woman's suffrage problem is a momentous one and one that should be decided not upon any sentimental grounds but squarely as an issue of justice and equity. She reviews the evolution of the status of woman and shows the wonderful enlargement of the recognition of her rights and the legislation that has gained those rights. The book is most interesting from its massing of facts, even aside from the interpretation of them.

The Sphere of the State (Putnam). This study by Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman of the people as a body-politic, aims to clearly present the large political problems that confront our Nation in a clear and concise manner, to be helpful to the voter who desires to see clearly the essentials of current questions. It discusses the true function of the State, the relation of the State to education, owner and control of property, corporations, taxation and money. Social questions, such as the care of criminals, the care of the poor and problems of municipal government, are treated with clearness and fairness.

The World's Congress of Representative Women (J. M. Hill & Co.). This official report, by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair, contains a wonderful amount of valuable sociologic material. To attempt to concisely epitomize the broad scope of the book seems an almost hopeless task. Every phase of woman's condition, in all countries, is critically discussed. What she has done, and what she can do, toward advancing education, literature, art, science, religion, philanthropy, and moral and social reform, especially as they apply to women, is eloquently told. Her social and political status, in every quarter of the globe, is treated of by eminent women native to the lands of which they speak. Her hopes and aspirations; what she has won for her sex and how she won it; her struggles to be placed on equality with man; in how far she has succeeded are herein set forth.

TWELVE YEARS AFTER: THE NIGHT OF THE STORM*

AN IRISH STORY. BY WILLIAM B. YEATS

A violent gust of wind made the roof shake and burst the door open, and Peter Herne got up from his place at the table and shut it again, and slipped the heavy wooden bolt. His father and mother were at the table, but his sister, Oona, unmindful of her mother's call to supper, was sitting near the door listening to the wind among the fir-trees upon the mountain slope above them. Peter Herne, made lonely by a glimpse of the dishevelled night sky through the open door, turned toward her and said in Gaelic, "It is the blackest storm that ever came out of the heavens."

"Twelve months ago this night," answered the girl, "it was as black and as bitter, and the wind blew then, as now, along Bulber and out to sea."

Peter Herne and Simon Herne started and looked at each other, and the hand of old Margaret Herne began to tremble. A year that night Peter Herne had killed, with a blow from a boat-hook, one Michael Creed, the master of a coasting smack, who had long been the terror of the little western ports because of his violence and brutality, and the hatred of all peaceful households, because of his many conquests among women.

Until this moment Oona had never referred, even indirectly, to this quarrel and the blow.

"Mother," she went on, speaking in a low voice, "when those who have done crimes, when those who have never confessed, are dead, are they put in a place apart, or do they wander near to us?"

"Child," replied the old woman, "my mother told me that some are spitted upon the points of the rocks and some upon the tops of the trees, but that others wander with the season in the storms over the seas and about the strands and headlands of the world. But, daughter, I bid you think of them no more, for when we think of them they draw near."

"Mother," said the girl, with a rapt light in her eyes, "last night, when you had all gone to bed, I put my cloak over my nightgown and slipped out, and brought in a sod from his grave and set it on the chair beside my bed; and after I had been in bed a while, I heard it whisper and then speak quite loudly. 'Come to me, alanna,' it said; and I answered, 'How can I come?' And it said, 'Come with me when the wind blows along Bulber and over the sea.' Then I was afraid, and I put it outside on the window-sill."

The old woman went over to the little china font which hung upon a nail by the window, and wet her fingers and sprinkled the holy-water over the girl, who thanked her in a low voice. For but a moment the brooding look went out of her face.

"Put such things out of your head," said Simon Herne, angrily. "Had not Peter struck a straight blow the devils had been one less, but the disgraced and shamefaced of the earth one more."

"Come to the table," cried Peter Herne, "and eat your supper like another."

The girl made no answer, but gazed upon the smoke-blackened wall as though she could see through it. With an oath the old man began his supper, and Peter Herne busied himself filling his father's noggin and his own

from a jug of Spanish wine out of a recently smuggled cargo. Margaret Herne kept glancing at the girl from time to time. Meanwhile the wind roared louder and louder, and set the hams that hung from the rafters swaying to and fro. The girl was singing a fitful, exultant air in a low voice. The words were inaudible, but the air was marked and familiar.

"Be silent!" cried the old man, going over and striking her on the mouth with his open hand; "that is an evil air, and no daughter of mine shall ever sing it. O'Sullivan the Red sang it after he had listened to the singing of those who are about the fairy Cleena of Tor Cleena, and it has lured, and will lure, many a girl from her hearth and from her peace."

The girl heard and saw nothing of the things about, but sang on as if in a trance. And now some wild words of love became audible from time to time, like a torch in a dim forest, or a star amid drear clouds; and the others could not help themselves but listen while she sang, an icy feeling beginning to creep about the room and into their hearts, as though all the warmth of the world was in that low, exulting song.

"It is very cold," said Peter Herne, shivering: "I will put more turf upon the fire." And going over to the stack in the corner he flung an armful upon the flickering hearth, and then stooped down to stir the embers. "The fire is going out," he said; "I cannot keep it alight. My God! the cold has numbed my feet;" and, staggering to his chair, he sat down. "One would think, if one did not know all such things to be woman's nonsense, that the sea-bar, whose coming kills the body of man, was in the storm listening to his evil song."

"The fire has gone out," said the old man.

The eyes of the girl brightened, and she half rose from her chair, and sang in a loud and joyous voice.

While she had been singing an intense drowsiness had crept into the air, as though the gates of Death had moved upon their hinges. The old woman had leaned forward upon the table, for she had suddenly understood that her hour had come. The young man had fixed his eyes fiercely on the face of the girl, and the light died out of them. The old man had known nothing, except that he was very cold and sleepy, until the cold came to his heart and his head fell backwards, convulsed. At the end of the song the storm began again with redoubled tumult, and the roof shook.

Suddenly the thatch at one end of the roof rolled up, and the rushing clouds and a single star became visible for a moment and then were lost in a shapeless mass of flame which roared but gave no heat, and in the midst of the flame was the form of a man crouching on the storm. His heavy and brutal face and his part naked limbs were scarred with many wounds, and his eyes were full of white fire under his knitted brows. The rest of the roof rolled up and then fell inward with a crash, and the storm rushed through the house.

The next day the neighbors found the dead in the ruined house, and buried them in the barony of Amharlish, and set over them a tombstone to say they were killed by the great storm of October, 1765.

* From the London Speaker.

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR AUGUST, 1894

Art and Music

Coleman Collect'n of Antique Glass: Russell Sturgis. Cent.
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Old Dutch Masters; Quinten Massys: T. Cole. Century.
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Lowell's Letters to Poe: James Russell Lowell. Scribner's.
Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. Atlantic.
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My Contemporaries: Jules Claretie. North Amer. Review.
My First Book: A. Conan Doyle. McClure's Magazine.
Nikola Tesla and His Work: F. J. Patten. New Sc. Rev.
Personal Recollections of Sherman. McClure's.
Poe in the South: George E. Woodberry. Century Mag.
Pope Leo XIII. and the Consistory: C. H. Adams. Godey's.
President Sadi Carnot: Henri Minaud. Chautauquan.
Queen Louise: Theodore Schwartz. Munsey's Magazine.
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Sketch of William Mattieu Williams. Pop. Sci. Mo.
Reminiscences of Famous Men: W. W. Scott. So. Mag.
The Astor Family: Harold Parker. Munsey's Magazine.
The Diamond King: W. Freeman Day. Munsey's.
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Thomas Paine: Moncure D. Conway. New Science Rev.

Historic and National

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Marie Antoinette in Petit Trianon: Ger. Bapst. Cosmop.
The Bravest Deed of the War: T. J. Mackey. McClure's.
Washington Before the War: M. E. W. Sherwood. Lippin.

Literary Criticism

Cure for Foreign Dialect English: Eliza B. Burnz. Arena.
Distribution of Gov'tment Publications: E. S. Morse. P. S. M.
Newspaper "Faking": George G. Bain. Lippincott's.
Productive Conditions of Amer. Lit.: H. Garland. Forum.
The Authors' Club: Gilson Willets. Godey's Magazine.
The End of Books: Octave Uzanne. Scribner's.
Why Certain Novels Succeed: M. Wilcox. New Sci. Rev.

Natural History Sketches

A Family of Water Kings: C. M. Weed. Pop. Sci. Mo.
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August Birds in Cape Breton: Frank Bolles. Atlantic.
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OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this column on all literary questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received.

65. *Learned Fools*: Who is the author of the stanza?

"For many a lad returns from school
A Latin, Greek, or Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skilled in hic, haec, hoc."

From what poem is it taken?—B. F. R., Athens, Ga.

66. *Submarine Navigation*: Please inform me through Open Questions, what attempts have been made in submarine navigation—successful or unsuccessful—and what books or papers have been written on this line that I may get?—C. E. F., Madison, Ga.

[See *Submarine Navigation*, Forum, vol. II., page 470, and *Cosmopolitan*, vol. XI., page 303. We cannot find any books on this subject, though space is given to it in the latest editions of the great encyclopædias.]

67. *Dickens and Little Nell*: Would you kindly inform me through Open Questions where I can procure a picture of Dickens's Little Nell? I believe there was a picture in one of last August's magazines.—V. J., New York City.

[See *Harper's Weekly*, No. 1835.]

68. *Books on New Zealand*: Can you very kindly inform me where I may find books concerning New Zealand, general description rather than statistics?—A. M. C., Boston, Mass.

[Explorations in New Zealand, by F. H. H. Nicholls (Scribner & Welford). In the New Zealand Alps, by G. E. Mannering (Longmans, Green & Co.). Rambles in New Zealand, by F. S. Denton (Lee & Shepard). Travels in New Zealand, by Maturin M. Ballou (Ticknor). Roundabout New Zealand, by E. W. Payton (Scribner & Welford). Handbook of New Zealand, by F. W. Pennefather (Chapman & Hall).]

69. *Gringos*: What is the meaning of the word as applied in the title to Mrs. Atherton's novel?—Chas. McE., Rochester, N. Y.

[Los Gringos is the name applied by the inhabitants of Southern California and of Mexico to the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a term of contempt, said to be equivalent to the slang "greenhorn."]

70. *Use of the Kola Nut*: I think it was in your February number of Current Literature that you had an article on the Kola nut. I write to ask if you can let me know the best form in which to take this nut for medicinal purposes? One can obtain it here in the Champagne, and also the nut in crude state and the same state, ground. At present I am buying it crude, unground, and eating it by breaking it with a hammer. Is that the best way? If not, kindly let me know through your Correspondence Department how to take it, and the quantity.—H. H., St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, West Indies.

71. *The Pilot's Story*: Will you please inform me where I can find *The Pilot Story*.—A. G. C., Milburn, N. J.

[There are two poems with this title. W. D. Howells wrote one under this name. The story was of the suicide of a mulatto woman slave on a Mississippi river-boat. (One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 19, p. 108). The second, a tale of the heroism of Mr. Brown, the first mate, in saving two children from the wreck of a burning steamer, is by R. L. Cary, jr. (Ogilvie's Recitations, No. 5, p. 92).]

72. *Chatterton's Fame*: Can you or any of the many readers of Open Questions tell who wrote the following lines, inscribed, I think, to Chatterton:

"In after ages men have praised his name;
For only when life's light went out came fame."

—A. B., New York City.

73. *Lost Arts*: What are the lost arts I find so often referred to?—Swift, Louisville, Ky.

[Among the lost arts, or arts practiced by the ancients but unknown to the moderns, are dyeing the Tyrian purple, pyramid building, engraving on crystal stones, welding of the Damascus steel, painting on glass, and making glass flexible.]

74. *Lariat Bill*: Can you inform me in what periodical the Lariat Bill was published?—J. C. E., St. Paul, Minn.

[Puck, Christmas number, 1886.]

75. *Susan M. Spalding*: The poem entitled Fate, in the July Current Literature, is the one desired by your correspondent (No. 28, June Current Literature). In looking up this poem I find it was published in 1884 in an English annual, and it was then published anonymously. When did the poem appear in the Detroit Free Press? Who is "Susan Spalding"? Has she written any other poems?—F. P. R., New York City.

[Mrs. Spalding has written other poems, for the most part sonnets of beauty and power. A sketch of Mrs. Spalding appears with portrait in The Magazine of Poetry, vol. II., p. 387, published by Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.]

76. *The White Queen*: The other day I came across a reference to the White Queen. Can you tell me who she is?—Ignaro, Spruce Creek, Pa.

[La Reina Blanche, or the White Queen, was Mary Queen of Scots, so called because she dressed in white in mourning for her husband.]

77. *The Heart of Mabel Ware*: Before me lies a volume bearing this title, and purporting to be "A Romance." Most earnestly and eloquently written, I have always regarded it not as a romance, but as a record of reality. It is as painful and pitiful a story as Hawthorne's wonderful Scarlet Letter, and is told with the rarest delicacy. I believe it one of the most singular and powerfully-told stories in American literature. Who wrote it, and under what circumstances was it penned? It was published by J. C. Derby, of New York, as long ago as 1856.—H. H., Salem, Mass.

78. *Use of Words*: Please inform me of some work containing sentences from various authors designed to illustrate the best usage of English words, and likewise to explain the most proper mode of constructing sentences from an idiomatic and syntactic point of view.—S. D., Baltimore, Md.

[Richard Grant White's Words and their Uses (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) and Bardeen's Rhetoric (A. S. Barnes & Co.) will prove of service to you. They are sharp, discriminating, practical and reasonable.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

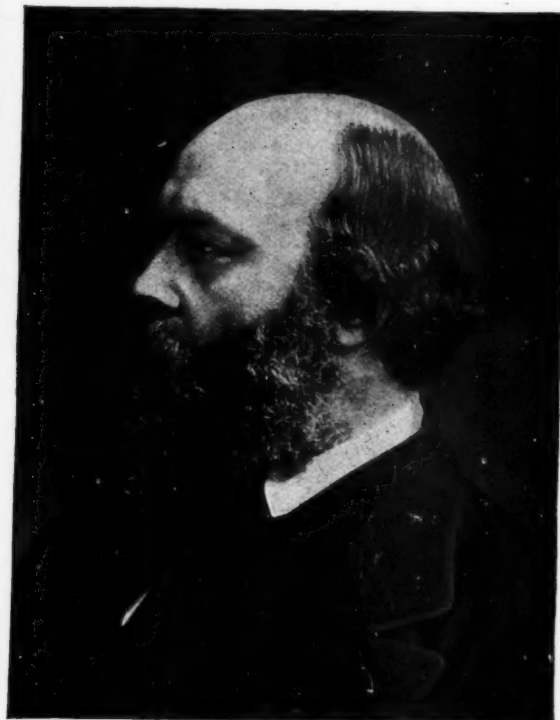
41. *Longest Word*: Apropos of the discussion of the longest word, permit me to call your attention to this communication, in the Youth's Companion, of a German word of sixty letters. How it would delight the heart of Mark Twain! Twice around the alphabet and eight letters over! "A correspondent sends us a German word, copied from a German periodical, which is longer than the word of forty-two letters printed recently in the Companion. It is as follows: Napolitanerdudelsackspfeifergesellschaftunterstützungsverein. This word contains sixty letters. It means, approximately speaking, 'The Neapolitan aid association of bagpipe players.'"—Verbal, Dayton, O.

64. *Amy Levy's Verse*: Referring to question No. 64, would say that Amy Levy's published books of poems are: Xantippe and Other Verse, 1881; A Minor Poet, and Other Verse, 1884; and A London Plane Tree, and Other Verse, 1889. The first mentioned book was published in Cambridge, England, in 1881, and is now out of print. The other two were issued by F. A. Stokes Company (White, Stokes & Allen)—F. R. R., New York City.

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HER MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

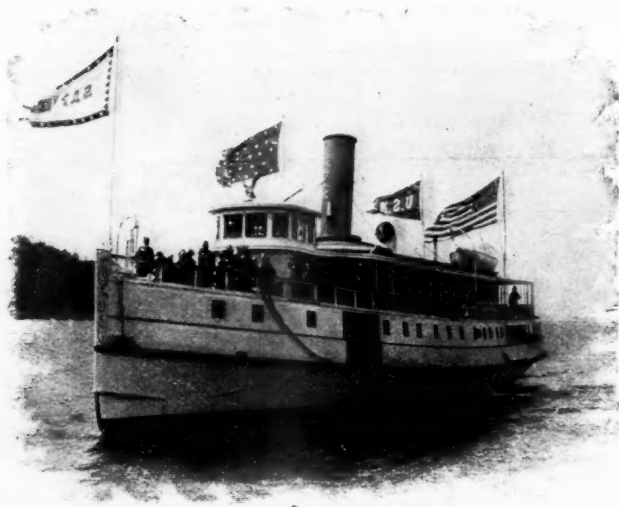
Specimen Portraits from McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." New Edition, brought down to date (1894), with new Introduction, etc. (Lovell, Coryell & Co., Publishers, New York.)



READING THE DEATH-WARRANT TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

From Green's "History of the English People." New Edition. (Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.)

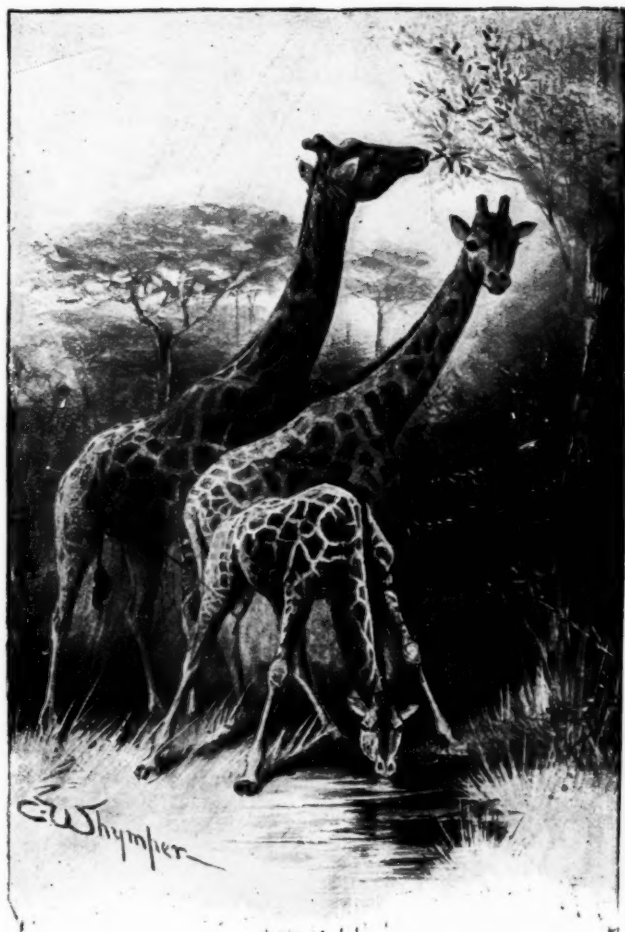
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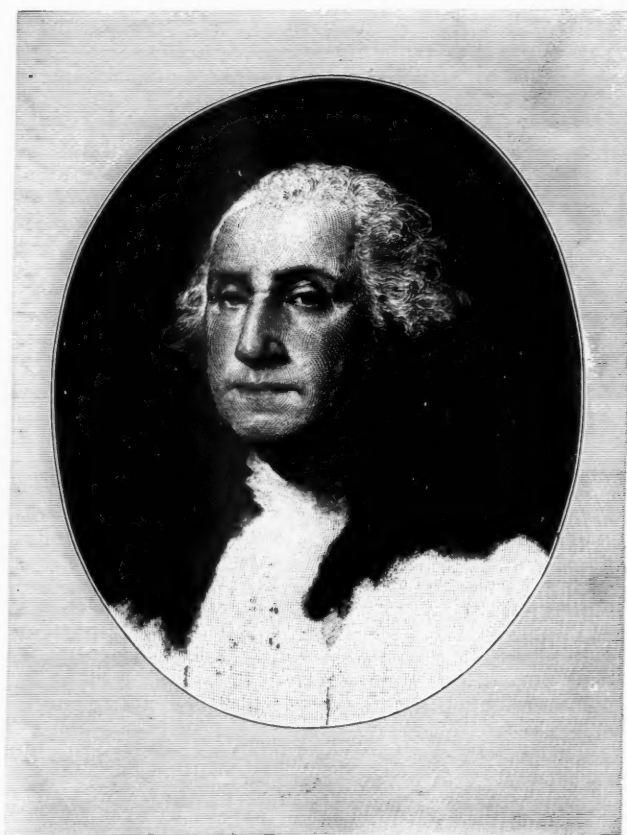
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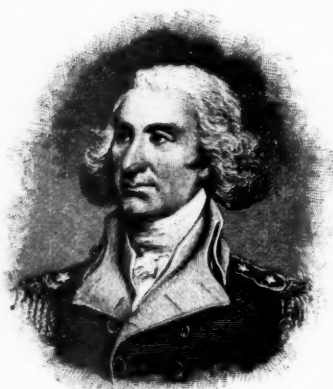
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